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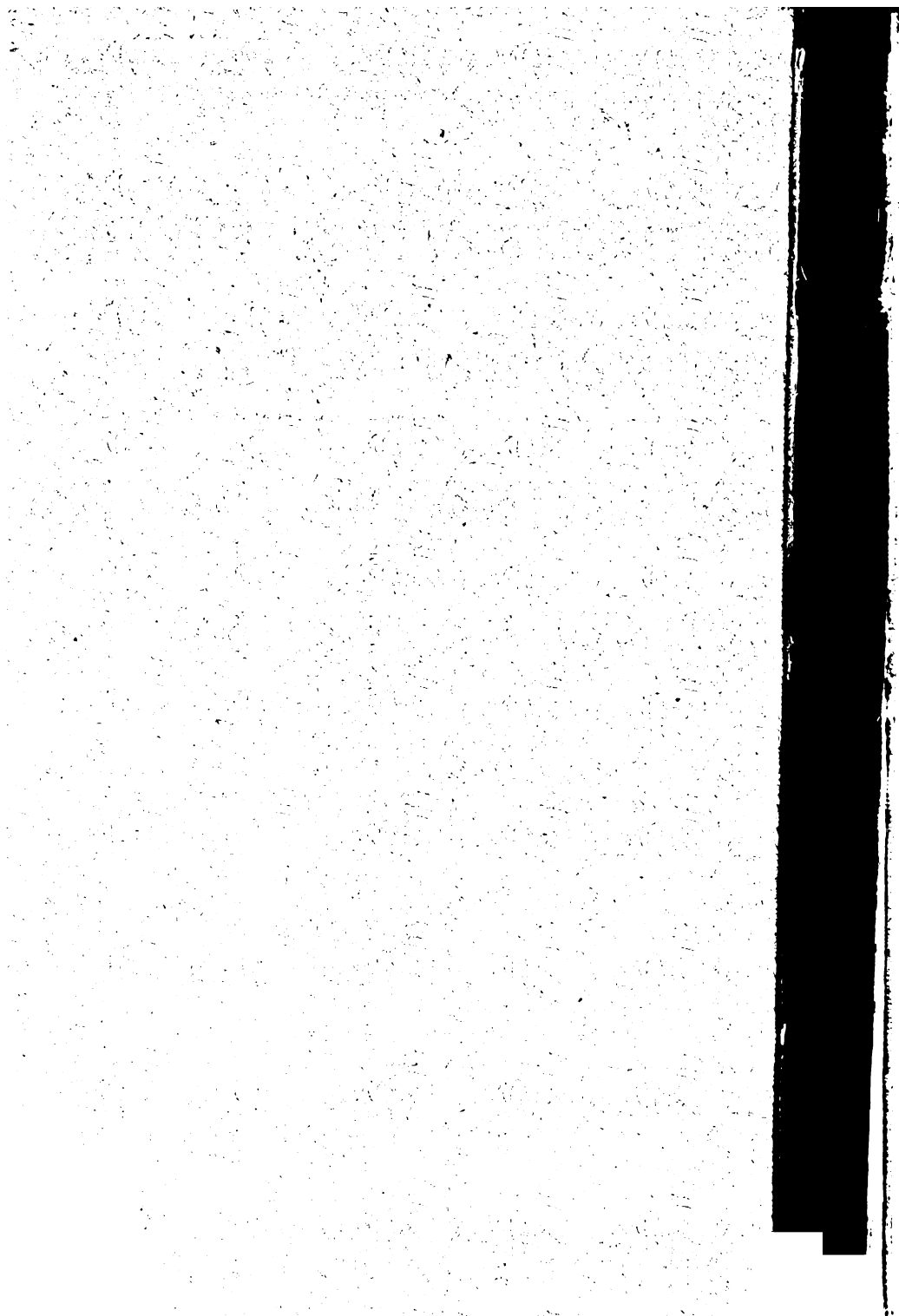
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May M. Low.

THE GRAPHIC HISTORY
OF THE
BRITISH EMPIRE

BY
W. F. COLLIER, LL.D.



Revised and Continued by
W. SCOTT DALGLEISH, M.A.

Illustrated with Plans, Maps, and Tables.

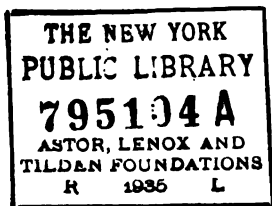
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PREFACE.

THIS library History of the British Empire is based on Dr. W. F. Collier's larger "History of England." All the best features of the original work have been retained. At the same time, the narrative has been brought into harmony with the results of recent historical research, and has been continued to the Jubilee of Queen Victoria.

Its title—THE GRAPHIC HISTORY—is justified not only by its picturesque style, but also by its contents and its plan. It is arranged, not according to dynasties and reigns, but according to the prominent features of each age, including representative men as well as memorable events. It is a series of pictures showing, on a broad canvas and without too many details, the great movements—political, social, educational, and religious—which embody essentially the history of the British Islands and the British people. Special chapters treat of the social life and the constitutional features of each period; while others are biographical, and others are literary.

The great periods into which the whole history is divided are intended to indicate the development of the constitution—at least after the Norman Conquest. These periods are—

- I. CELTIC AND ROMAN BRITAIN.
- II. THE OLD ENGLISH KINGDOMS.
- III. FEUDAL MONARCHY.
- IV. ABSOLUTE MONARCHY.
- V. LIMITED MONARCHY.

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Though the division into dynasties and reigns has not been adopted, the names of the reigning sovereigns are given in shoulder-notes throughout the book. From the time of George the First, the names of the Prime Ministers are given opposite those of the Sovereigns, in the belief that in a constitutional monarchy the former are as important as the latter.

In the later chapters, dealing with recent events, scrupulous care has been taken to preserve a strictly impartial tone in the narrative.

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THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

First Period.—Celtic and Roman Britain.

CHAPTER I.

FIRST GLIMPSES OF BRITAIN.

Tin—The secret mines—Sparks of light—The secret discovered—
Various races—Mythical.

TIN was the attraction which drew the first slender rills of civilization to our islands. Some stray Phœnician sailors, not improbably from Gades (Cadiz) on the Iberian coast, beating aimlessly about among the Biscay waves, saw, perhaps through clearing mist, shifting glimpses of a distant coast. Having landed on the western part of this shore, they found themselves in a neighbourhood where tin was abundant. Tin was really a precious metal then. The Homeric warriors had fought with weapons of bronze; and for many centuries, until the art of tempering iron had reached some degree of forwardness, swords and spear-heads of mingled copper and tin continued to decide the battles of the ancient world. Temples, too, were adorned with bronze; statues and urns were moulded of it. Useful alike in peace and in war, tin was much sought, and well paid for. We can therefore understand the joy with

which the restless traders of Tyre and of Carthage would learn the secret of these distant islands and their mines, and the jealous caution with which they would conceal the approaches to the mysterious treasure-house. In this they were aided by nature. Girdled with an unknown sea, and curtained with treacherous gray mists, the Tin Islands long remained a shadowy name to the ancient world; and from all the wealth of classic literature before the day of Julius Cæsar, there can be gathered only two or three faint sparks of light to cast upon a mass of impenetrable darkness.

Herodotus, the father of Greek history, writing about 450 B.C., knew nothing of these lands but that they were islands, and that tin was found there. Calling them *Cassiterides* (Tin Islands), he wrote all he knew of them in a single Greek word. Somewhat more definite is the knowledge of Aristotle, the greatest of the Greek philosophers, who wrote about 350 B.C.; but the added information we get from his notice looks small indeed, when we remember that it took one hundred years to expand the vague word of Herodotus into the scanty statement: "Beyond the Pillars of Hercules are two islands, which are very large, Albion and Ierne, called the Britannic,* which lie beyond the Celtæ." Here, for the first time in history, we

* Various derivations have been given for the word "Britain." There is no certainty in the matter, except that this is one of the oldest names of the island. We give a few of the conjectural etymologies. Of these, the fourth is now considered the most probable.

1. From *Brutus*, son of Ascanius the Trojan.—Chief authority, *Geoffrey of Monmouth*.
2. From *Prydain*, an ancient king.—*Welsh Triads*.
3. From *Britin*, a plural word meaning "separated," given by the people of Gaul to their island kindred.—*Whitaker*.
4. From *Brit daoine*, the painted people; a name given by "the Phœnician Gallic colony" to the natives who stained their skin.—*Sir William Betham*.
5. From *Bruit*, the Celtic for tin or metal, and *tan*, which has in many Indo-European tongues the meaning "land." Thus *Bruit-tan* would mean (like *Cassiterides*) Tin-land.—*Pictorial History of England*.

Albion, or Albin, the oldest name of Great Britain, is explained to be a Celtic word, meaning "white island," used by the Gauls in speaking of the chalk-rocked land they saw to the north. The words *Albus* and *Alp* probably contain the same root.

Ierne and Iernis are the Greek forms of *Eire*, a Celtic word (of which the genitive is *Eirin*, or *Erin*) meaning "the west or the extremity."

A certain western promontory of Africa, and another in Spain, bore the same name. Juvèrnia and Hibernia are formed from the same root.

have the number and the names of the islands which form the nucleus of our mighty empire.

Polybius, writing about 150 B.C., notices the Britannic Isles, coupling with his mention of them a special reference to the working of tin.

From the fragments of a geographical poem by Festus Avienus, who wrote in the fourth century, we gather a few facts about the voyage of an ancient mariner of Carthage, named Himilco. Sailing from his native city, in less than four months he reached some islands which he called the *Œstrymnides*. These (perhaps the Scilly Isles)* abounded in tin and lead, but had no wood for ship-building, so that the inhabitants were forced to make boats out of hide.

The Phœnicians were not allowed to drive their profitable trade without many attempts to trace the course of their vessels. So keenly was the tin-hunt kept up on both sides, that once, when a Roman cruiser was chasing a Carthaginian ship, the captain of the latter had no way of keeping the secret but by running upon a reef, and taking with his sailors to a raft. At last the well-kept mystery oozed out. Pytheas, a Greek of Marseilles, is said to have penetrated the unknown sea at a very early date (about 320 B.C.). Others followed. The monopoly was broken; and a trade in tin sprang up between the horn-shaped promontory of south-western Britain and the opposite shore of Gaul. Then, as we learn from Diodorus Siculus (8 B.C.), the metal was carried to an island "in front of Britain," named *Ictis* (probably St. Michael's Mount), and was there sold and shipped for Gaul, to be carried on pack-horses overland to Marseilles and Narbonne. The natural result of this commerce was to give a certain polish to those natives of Britain who met often with the merchants of the Continent. Grave, courteous bearded men they were said to be, carrying staves, and wearing

* St. Michael's Mount, near which submerged islets can be traced, has also been supposed to represent the *Œstrymnides*.

long black cloaks girt about the waist; very unlike the wild inland men with blue tattooing on their naked limbs, from whom the popular notion of an ancient Briton is taken.

In that dim old time the British Islands were peopled mainly by Celts, who formed the foremost wave of that Aryan tide of population which set steadily westward from the plains of Asia.* Sweeping along the Mediterranean shore, it spread northward through the west of Europe, until met by a slower and stronger wave—that of the German or Teutonic nations—which had pressed right on from the Black Sea through the centre of the continent; and by this it was beaten further and further west, till at last only in the mountain lands on the very margin of the Atlantic could the Celts find a safe home. There they have lingered till the present day. Settled in the centre of the southern shore of Britain—in the district between the English and the Bristol Channels corresponding to the modern shires of Hants, Wilts, and Somerset—were the Belgæ, a fierce and warlike tribe, who are thought to have been an offshoot from the Belgic Gauls (between the Seine and the Rhine). But the mass of the original population was Celtic of an earlier and ruder type. In Ireland, as might be expected from its being the extreme western outpost of Europe, the Celtic element was even then, as it still remains, purer and stronger than in the sister island. But all the Celts who inhabited ancient Britain were not of the same kind. One branch, called the Cymri (Cimbri or Cimmerii), corresponding to the modern Welsh, held sway not only in Wales,† but also in the kingdom of Reged or Strathclyde (between the Clyde and the Wyre). Another branch, the Erse or Gaelic, is represented by the Irish and the Highlanders of Scotland. Gaulish tribes, too, lived in

* The Lapps and Finns in the north, and the Basques in the south, represent earlier waves of population, but they belong to a different family—the Turanian.

† Wales, from a Saxon word *Weallas*, meaning "strangers," was otherwise called *Cambria*. The Welsh call themselves *Cymri*, a name which appears to connect them with the Cimbri.

eastern Britain. And there may have been, besides these various Celtic peoples, a sprinkling of Saxons or Frisians, who had settled even before the landing of Cæsar on the eastern coasts.

The early legendary story of Britain rests chiefly on the Latin chronicle of Geoffrey of Monmouth,* who professed to have translated an old manuscript brought over from Bretagne (Armorica). These wild and misty legends are interesting chiefly from their influence on English literature. Brutus, the grandson of Trojan Æneas, lands among the giants, and mows them down with ease. A famous wrestler of his train hurls headlong from Dover Cliff the fierce Gogmagog, whose twelve cubits of stature could not save him from the deadly fall. Bladud reigns—one of a line of many kings—and bathes in the hot wells of Caerbad, whence modern Bath has sprung. Here and there, amid a crowd of flying phantoms, names with which we have grown familiar gleam out from the shadows. Lear alone is almost real, for the magic hand of Shakespeare has touched him, and clothed him with imperishable light.

* This chronicler died about 1154 A.D.

CHAPTER II.

THE TWO FAILURES OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

Bent on conquest—Anchor weighed—The landing—The fight among the corn—Return to Gaul—Second expedition—Casswallon—British tactics—Repulse of the Britons—Passage of the Thames—Abandonment of Britain—Cæsar's story.

IN the summer of the year 55 B.C., Julius Cæsar, one of the greatest soldiers the world has known, having fought his way through Gaul, looked over a narrow belt of sea upon the chalky shore of Britain. No Roman had ever landed there ; but there were few who had not then heard of the mysterious island, richly stored with pearls and tin, and peopled by a race of men who were no mean foes on the battle-field. The sight of that gleaming coast-line—the fabled wealth of British rivers and rocks—the angry remembrance of those stalwart islanders, who, shoulder to shoulder with their Gaulish kinsmen, had rushed on his marshalled legions, and of others who across the sea had given welcome and shelter to his flying foes—these things combined to kindle Cæsar's ambition to conquer Britain. There may have been another motive at work, stronger than all—the desire to achieve some brilliant exploit, grander than his Gallic triumphs, now grown somewhat stale,—some exploit that should cast his rival, Pompey, completely into the shade, and crown his own sword with a laurel-wreath such as no Roman had ever worn before.

The old campaigner wished to fling the shadow of his sword

before him. Calling together, therefore, the chief merchants of the Gallic coast, he cross-examined them about the people and the harbours of the opposite land. He got no information from these cautious men ; but, as he had no doubt intended them to do, the moment they left his presence they sent the alarming news of a threatened invasion across to their island friends. Speedily there came back envoys from several of the tribes, who deprecated the wrath of the great soldier by humble offers of submission. But this did not stay the scheme. Despatching a cruiser to survey the coast and mark its vulnerable points, he brought two legions (about 8,000 men), many auxiliaries, and a picked body of cavalry down to *Portus Itius*,* where eighty transports lay to receive them. The return of the reconnoitring galley was the signal for the start. Before dawn on an August morning, the fleet weighed anchor and stood out from the harbour across the strait. By ten o'clock they were close to the white cliffs of the British

Aug. 26,

55

B.C.

shore, on which there swarmed, thick as bees, dark clouds of fighting-men, ready to oppose the landing. The Roman cavalry had not yet arrived ; and as the day wore on, and three o'clock came, Cæsar resolved on action without them. With a favouring breeze and tide he sailed eastward to a shelving strand, seven miles off, where it would be easier and safer to land. And as the darting galleys cut the sea, the British horsemen and charioteers dashed along the land abreast of them, keeping pace with the sweeping oars, so that when the landing-place—probably near Deal †—was reached at last, and the galleys were driven prow foremost on the beach, the islanders pre-

* Witsand or Wissant, half-way between Calais and Boulogne, is now generally identified with Cæsar's *Portus Itius*. Wright supposed it to be the place afterwards called Gessoriacum, which lay on or near the site of modern Boulogne. Cæsar's army had mustered in the country of the Morini (the Pas-de-Calais).

† The shore between Walmer and Sandwich appears the likeliest place for Cæsar's landing. Pevensy, Folkestone, Dover, have been also named. But nineteen hundred winters have so altered the landmarks and outline of the coast that it is impossible to fix the spot with any certainty.

sented a front as bold and threatening as when first the Romans saw their array of war upon the white rocks. For some shameful moments the veterans of Cæsar hung back dismayed. Sounding trumpets and waving standards were of no avail. The shaggy-locked giants on the shore rode into the waves with wheeling spears, and dared them hoarsely to come on. Still their laggard feet clung to the decks, until an officer, who has won glory by the single act, the standard-bearer of the Tenth Legion, leaped into the water with his eagle, crying, "Follow me!" The effect was electric. The next moment saw the whole army of brass-mailed men floundering breast-high in the surf, and struggling toward the shore against a forest of spears, and amid a ceaseless rain of darts and stones. The fight was hard and long; but Cæsar's men were used to conquer; and the beaten islanders soon saw with sorrowful eyes their dreaded foe digging trenches for a camp upon the blood-stained shore. Sadly the sun sank and the August evening fell.

Next morning brought offers of submission from most of the neighbouring chiefs; and the acceptance of these brought to the Roman camp the chiefs themselves, who flocked in to pay a hollow homage, and watch for a chance of retrieving their loss. The chance soon came. When, four days later, the ships which bore the much-desired cavalry hove in sight of the Roman camp, a storm arose that drove them back to Gaul and shattered terribly the entire fleet. Quietly the British chiefs slunk away and mustered their men. It was the end of the harvest-time, and one field of corn still stood uncut, not far from the Roman camp. The Seventh Legion, sent out to reap it—supplies were very scanty in the Roman tents—were beset by a host of horsemen and charioteers who had stolen on them under cover of the woods. A cloud of dust, rising from the trodden ground, told the sentinels at the camp that something more than harvesting was going on. Cæsar hurried to the spot with fresh troops: it took all his generalship to save from utter

ruin the beleaguered reapers, and to carry them safely back to camp. The Britons followed him to his trenches ; but this was a great mistake. Foiled and broken, they were forced to flee into the woods ; and from these leafy fortresses they sent out again their petitions for peace. Cæsar was very glad to grant their prayer. He had had seventeen or eighteen days of British warfare, and thought it quite enough for that time. Not to imperil, however, his assumed dignity as a conqueror, he insisted on receiving from the suppliant chiefs double the number of hostages before agreed on. The demand was merely an empty form, for in his hurried return to Gaul he found it convenient to forget that he had ever made it, and sailed away from the island without having received a single man.

What Cæsar thought of British soldiers may be judged from the preparations of the following summer. Eight hundred transports rode at anchor to receive five legions and two thousand horse—an army of at least 22,000 men. Landing on the Kentish shore, at a place selected the year before, and probably not far from the scene of his first struggle with the natives, he found the tactics of the Britons completely changed. No one opposed his landing ; there was no foe in sight. But from some peasants or fishermen, brought that evening to his camp, he learned that about twelve Roman miles away, upon a river—no doubt the Stour—the British forces awaited his approach. Leaving a guard in the camp, he moved at once to the spot, where huge heaps of felled trees blocked up every approach to the stronghold. The Romans succeeded in forcing the rude defences, but not until they had cast up a mound against the barricade, and climbed it under cover of their shields, which they lapped together in the form called *testudo*, from its resemblance to the shell of a tortoise.

At this critical time came news of a terrible storm which had wrecked many of the Roman ships and crippled all the rest. Again the elements were fighting on the British side.

Cæsar must go back to camp. All thoughts of following up the blow just given must yield to this pressing danger ; for the fleet was all-important, as the only base of operations on which the Romans could rely. Ten days were, therefore, spent in patching the ships, hauling them up on the beach, and drawing round them a line of defence that joined them to the camp.

These ten days were precious to the Britons. Taught by their reverses, they saw that internal quarrels must be forgotten in the presence of the Romans ; and that, unless all were to perish, all must unite in fighting the battles of the island. Thickest woods and widest marshes could not save scattered and disunited tribes, which would be easily defeated in turn by the advancing legions. There must be a single army and a single chief. All eyes turned to Casswallon (Cassivelaunus), whose territory lay in modern Herts, and who was well known as the terror and the scourge of those neighbours who resisted his will.

The confederate British army had mustered south of the Thames under the command of Casswallon, during the ten days spent by Cæsar in repairing and fortifying his fleet. At first moving bands appeared on the hills around the Roman camp, but no attack was made, until a foraging party, consisting of three legions and all the cavalry (nearly two-thirds of the whole army !), moved out into the open country. Then on came the Britons ; but in their haste they overshot the mark, and dashed in upon the solid legions. It was a hopeless thing to try to break the brazen wall. Back they fell in huddled groups, shivered by the force of their own attack ; and a Roman charge swept the fragments of their lines from the field. So severe was the check that it led to the disbanding of the confederate army, and the retirement of Casswallon across the Thames.

To this river Cæsar then forced a way, bent upon following the active foe into the heart of his own territory. The passage is thought to have been made at a place called Cowey Stakes,

near Chertsey,* where, so far back as the time of Bede, tradition showed the spot. And no easy task it was to wade neck-deep through a great stream, the bed of which bristled with thick lead-wrapped stakes of oak-wood, while the opposite bank, lined with a like palisading, was yet more terribly lined with a fierce and resolute foe. Roman valour made light of the danger. Following the horse, the legions plunged in; and though for a time nothing but a swarm of helmeted heads appeared above the water, they struggled through, while the Britons retired in dismay at their daring.

Cæsar then moved upon the town of Casswallon, which was a stockade in the Hertford woods, surrounded with a rampart of earth, and barricaded with felled trees, wherever woods or marshes left a weak point. The Roman town of *Verulamium*, not far from where St. Albans stands, is thought to have been built on the site of Casswallon's encampment; but this is doubtful. Wherever it may have stood, Cæsar, guided to the stronghold by the envoys of the submissive Trinobantes and other tribes, broke through the outworks, drove the defenders from their post, slaying many, and took possession of the great herds of cattle collected there—a most welcome prize for his half-starved soldiery, who had been marching for days through a desolated land.

His town thus lost, the last hope of Casswallon lay in the four kings of Kent, to whom he sent an urgent message, directing them to make a sudden attack on the Roman camp. It was made, but failed; and nothing then remained but to sue for peace. Cæsar was extremely ready to grant the petition. He knew that he was spending his strength to little purpose, and that to hold even the slight footing he had so hardly won

* In the British Museum is a corroded stake, taken from the Thames at this place, and supposed to be one of those planted by Casswallon. Many still remain in the bed of the river. The distinguished antiquary Wright doubts the connection of these elaborate stakes with the Roman passage of the Thames, believing them to be rather the relics of some later Roman work, connected with the fishing or navigation of the river.

would cost endless vigilance and toil. Filled, therefore, with a wholesome fear of the equinoctial gales, not unmingled, probably, with a slight dread of the ancient Britons, he went through the form of asking hostages, and settling the amount of yearly tribute (never paid, be it marked); packed his soldiers into the ships, lately rescued from the threatening torch; and crossed to Gaul, leaving nothing but the earthworks of his deserted camps to mark his so-called conquest of the island.

No history of his two expeditions has reached us except that from his own pen, and this must be received with caution, if not with actual suspicion. Writing from his own point of view, he knew as well how to gloss a failure as to cover a retreat. In fact, he admits that his usual good fortune, in this instance, deserted the eagles. It has been well said that "a few hostages, a girdle of British pearls for Venus, and a splendid triumph were the only fruits which Cæsar reaped from his victory."

CHAPTER III.

HOW THE ANCIENT BRITONS LIVED.

A village scene—Male employments—Blue limbs—Ring money—Druidism—
Gods of the Druids—What the Druids knew.

WE must now go back nearly two thousand years. A village, nestling under the shadowy skirts of a great wood in Kent, lies encircled by its wooden paling or stockade. As we approach the collection of pointed roofs, from which thin lines of blue wood-smoke rise lazily into the summer air, we catch the low notes of a woman's voice, singing an old Celtic air, akin to those which live still in the noble harp music of Ireland and Wales. Dressed in a tunic of dark-blue woollen cloth, over which a scarf of red-striped plaid, fastened on the breast with a pin of bronze, is loosely thrown, she sits at the door of her cabin, grinding corn in a little *quern*.* At her sudden call, from the low archway which serves as both door and window to the hut, there comes a child, yellow-haired and blue-eyed like her mother. The girl runs quickly to the well for water, which she carries in a clumsy pot of coarse sun-dried clay. When the meal is mixed with water, the wet dough is set on a heated stone to bake. Let us take a peep through the smoke at the interior of the hut. The floor, dug below the

* The *quern*, or hand-mill, was made of two round stones, the upper one revolving in the cup-shaped hollow of the lower and larger, as a ball revolves in its socket. One or two upright wooden handles, projecting from the upper stone, served to work the mill.

surface in the shape of a bowl, is lined with thin slates, in the middle of which some bits of wood* lie smouldering in their white ashes. Rounded blocks of wood serve for seats and table; a few fleeces or deer-skins—the bedding of the family—lie piled by the wall, on which hang the long pointless sword of the chieftain and his small round shield. In a corner rest a bronze-headed spear, and a bundle of reed arrows tipped with flint. These wooden platters and bowls of yellow clay are of home manufacture; but not that ivory bracelet, those amber beads, that drinking-cup of glass. They are from Gaul; and proud indeed is the chieftain's wife of owning them. While the cake is baking for supper, the wife takes up a roll of knitted stuff, on which she needs to work hard against the coming winter; for both husband and children look to her for the clothes they wear. Spinner, knitter or weaver, dyer, seamstress, cook, dairy-keeper, corn-grinder, this lady of primitive Britain has her hands quite full of work.

Meanwhile the men of the village are scattered in different directions. The chief, having looked after his sheep and oxen, has taken his spear or his quiver, has whistled for his dogs, and is away into the heart of the woods in search of venison or wild boar. Another has launched his light coracle of skin, stretched upon a slender wooden frame, and is paddling down stream with net and line.† When the sun sets, the wearied sportsmen will come home to a supper of beef or mutton, washed down with large draughts of mead or barley ale; and will then sink, almost with the falling night, into a deep sleep upon shaggy skins, covered only with the mantles they wear by day. Dawn sees the whole village astir. But in southern Britain, by the time of Cæsar's invasion, hunting had become rather a pastime than

* In some places where coal lay near the surface it was used as fuel by the ancient Britons.

† This applies only to southern Britain. The natives of the north abhorred the use of fish as food. A similar feeling prevails, or once prevailed, in the Highlands of Scotland.

the serious business of life. The Britons of the south had ceased long before that to be savages. The tending of their flocks and herds—the manuring of their tilled land with chalk marl—the sowing and reaping of their grain—the storing of the unthreshed ears in underground chambers, from which the daily supply was pulled by the hand, to be roasted and beaten out with a stick, occupied much of their working time. But many other things had also to be done. Wicker baskets were woven, probably by the older men and the boys, to whose aid the women sometimes came. The moulds have been found into which the Britons ran melted tin and copper to make heads for their axes and their spears. Heaps of flint flakes of various colours—red, yellow, gray, and black—were brought from the quarry to be chipped by skilful hands into shapely arrow-points. When the cutting was done, a hole had to be bored through the flint, that the thin thong of hide which bound the point to the slender shaft might hold it firm and straight. Then there was often a canoe to be hollowed out, not with fire and stone axe only, the most primitive method of making a boat, but probably with hammer and *celt*.* The supply of pottery, too, needed to be kept up in the camp; and so the soldier and hunter of one day might be seen upon another, up to the elbows in yellow clay, kneading and modelling, tracing simple patterns of line and dot with a pointed stick on the soft ware, and then, with an artist's pride, placing the rude vessel he had formed out before the door of his cabin to dry in the hot sun.

We must be careful not to apply this description to the natives of the entire land. When Cæsar landed in Kent there were in the island three grades of civilization. The farmers, who marched under the banner of Casswallon, have been described above. Farther inland there were herdsmen, who sowed no

* *Celts* were chisels or small axe-heads of stone or of bronze, used by the ancient Britons. It must not be supposed that the name has anything to do with the name of the Celtic races. It is taken from the Latin *celte*, translated "with a chisel" in the Vulgate version of Job xix. 24.

corn, but were content with the milk and flesh of their flocks, and the wild game they killed now and then in the adjacent woods. In the dense forests of the north and west roved groups of savage men, who shot a deer or snared a bustard when they wanted food, slept in caves or under trees, wherever the setting sun found them after the day's chase, and led, in short, a life which in truth took no thought for the morrow. A gigantic savage wrapped in deer-skin, his naked limbs stained deep blue with the juice of woad,* and a storm of yellow hair tossing on his shoulders and mingling with the floating ends of his moustache—this has been the favourite portrait of an ancient Briton as painted by some historians. Retaining the giant size, and golden mane of hair, we may dismiss the deer-skin and the blue limbs to the backwoods of the land. Among the soldiers who dwelt on the Thames naked limbs were seldom seen. The tattooing of breast and limbs with blue patterns was no doubt long kept up by all the natives of Britain, maritime and inland tribes alike.

Druidism †—the religion of the Britons—played an important part in their government and in their social life. No superstition ever surpassed that system, either in cruelty or in mystery. Along with much that was simple and picturesque, such as the reverence for the oak and the mistletoe, their rites were attended with terrible cruelties, in which torture and human sacrifices bore a part. The Druids were at once the priests, the teachers, and the judges of the people, and exercised boundless authority over them. Their creed is thought to have grown out of Eastern fire-worship. Under the name of *Bel* or *Baal* they revered the sun; and fire played a prominent part in all their great

* Woad (*Isatis tinctoria*) yields a deep blue dye like indigo, which is now generally used in its place. It is cultivated near Ely, but grows wild in France and on the Baltic shores. After being bruised in a mill, it is made into balls for use.

† This word was most probably derived from the Celtic *deru*, akin to the Greek *drus*, an oak. Compare the English *tree*. The Druids, in their three sections—*Druids* proper, *Vates*, and *Bards*—held in both Gaul and Britain unlimited sway over the popular mind.

festivals—the 1st of May, Midsummer Eve, the last day of October, and that day of March when the mistletoe was cut. They also adored the serpent, and are said to have worn, hung from the neck, a ball like an apple, generally cased in gold, which they called a serpent's egg. They had other deities, whom Cæsar calls by the Roman names, placing Mercury first, and after him Apollo, Jupiter, Mars, and Minerva. That the soul was immortal they believed; but the sublime simplicity of that great doctrine was marred by their notion that it passed through a series of brute bodies before it was received into the abode of final bliss.

According to the wont of a barbarous priesthood in every age, they enshrouded their rites and their lives with a mystery which the common people beheld with the deepest awe. The shadowy oak glades, which formed their college halls, were thronged with noble youths, who devoted many years—even twenty sometimes—to the study of those charms and songs in which the secrets of the sect were embodied. They studied the stars intently. Their woodland life enabled them to acquire a knowledge of herbs, with which they performed some simple cures. They sat as judges in the weightiest matters. The true wielder of the British sceptre was the Arch-Druid, who held the keys of life and death, of peace and war, of exile and excommunication. None dared give food or fire to the wretch on whom the ban had fallen. Need we wonder that the British kings were merely puppets in the hands of this dark and merciless superstition?

CHAPTER IV.

CARACTACUS AND BOADICEA.

Slight intercourse—Cunobelin—Claudius invades—Caractacus—Vespasian—
Ostorius Scapula—Caractacus at Rome—Druidism destroyed—Boadicea
—The march of vengeance—The fatal battle.

THE ninety-seven years which intervened between the second campaign of Cæsar and the invasion of Britain by the legions of Claudius were marked by no events of great moment. The machinery of British life went on much as it had been going on for centuries; yet the landing of the Romans in the island was not without effects on that life. Travelers from Britain found their way to Rome, and came back to ingraft Roman fashions on their simple island ways; and tourists from the Eternal City, journeying through Gaul, ventured across the narrow strait to visit the rude homes of these strangers. Faint traces of Roman manners and customs might already be seen on the banks of the Thames.

Cunobelin, king of the Trinobantes*—the Cymbeline of Shakespeare—was the most notable Briton of his day.† Many of his coins still exist. Improving on the rude imitations of Macedonian money in which the British coinage had its origin, he issued from his mint at Camulodunum (probably Colchester in Essex) neat copies of Roman coins.

* The Trinobantes occupied Middlesex, Essex, and part of Hertfordshire.

† Though founded on history, this play of Shakespeare's, like all his historical dramas, has a large mixture of fiction. He makes the legions of Augustus engage in actual war with the Britons, although it is well known that the intention of Augustus to invade Britain was three times frustrated by more important and pressing business.

Caractacus, the most illustrious of the early British princes, was a son of Cunobelin. When in the year 43 A.D. the Emperor Claudius, resolving to attempt the conquest of Britain, sent thither the senator Aulus Plautius, with four legions and some cavalry, this noble chieftain was forced to retreat before the eagles. It was no unfounded fear of British service that had led these legions to mutiny when the order of Claudius reached the Roman camp in Gaul. Britons led by a Caractacus were indeed formidable foes; and during ninety-seven years they had grown somewhat familiar with the Roman sword and shield. Plautius, landing without hindrance, pushed across the Medway to the Thames. Claudius joined him there. Camulodunum was besieged and taken. The emperor added *Britannicus* to his other names, and Britain was called, for the first time, a Roman province. But there was bloody work to do before that name could tell the truth. The great Vespasian was summoned to the war. While Plautius fought north of the Thames, this future emperor swept the island south of that river with the Second Legion, fighting thirty battles, and storming more than twenty stockaded towns. Titus, serving in his father's army against the fierce Belgæ and Damnonii of Hampshire and Wight, sharpened the sword which was destined in a few years to fall with terror on Jerusalem. Against such foes Caractacus, with his wild, untrained valour, could make little head. Leaving his brave brother dead among the Essex swamps, he retreated to the trackless mountains of southern Wales.

Then in the room of Plautius came Ostorius Scapula, who drew a line of forts from the Wash to the estuary of the Severn, thus completing the triangle over which the eagles had now swept victorious. Having subdued the Iceni of the east plain and the Brigantes of the northern woods, and having made Camulodunum the capital of the Roman province, he marched against Caractacus, who was now at the head of the Silures, a

warlike tribe inhabiting southern Wales. He found him somewhere in the wilds of Wales, strongly posted behind a stone rampart on a hill, in front of which ran a river difficult
 50 to pass.* Too easily the matted locks and tattooed breasts of the British were cloven by Roman swords and pierced by Roman spears. The stone rampart was forced, and Caractacus was finally defeated (50 A.D.).

His seven years' struggle, bravely maintained, had come to an end. Severed from his wife and daughters, who were taken captive, the beaten chief fled to a false kinswoman, Cartimandua, Queen of the Brigantes, by whom he was betrayed into the hands of the Romans. Tacitus tells us how undauntedly he confronted the shame of a triumphal procession through Rome, and with what bitter truth he wondered how the lords of marble palaces, like those past which he walked in chains, could envy dwellers in the reedy huts of Britain. Claudius, struck with his noble bearing, pardoned him and gave him leave to live.

Suetonius Paulinus, a soldier of great renown, arrived in Britain in 58 A.D., to find Druidism shrunken into the island of Mona.† Already the Oakmen with their bloody rites had fallen under the imperial ban. As they were believed to be the means of kindling and keeping alive the flames of war among the Britons, their destruction was now resolved on.

Suetonius, penetrating to the Menai Strait, carried his
 58 army across the narrow strip of sea in flat-bottomed skiffs, and fell with fury upon the British lines. The Britons were marshalled by bearded Druids and inflamed by the songs of dark-robed priestesses, who flitted along the shore with yellow streaming hair, and eyes blazing like the torches

* *Caer-Cardoc*, a high hill on the Ony in Shropshire, near the meeting of the Clun and the Teme, has been pointed out as the scene of this battle; but the site is uncertain. *Coxal Knoll*, some miles off, where the remains of a British camp are shown, is a rival candidate.

† The Romans called both Anglesea and Man by this name, which survives in the latter word.

that they bore. The blow was deadly. The bloody superstition never revived. In old customs and legends its memory still haunts the land; and even these are dying fast. The May-pole, gay with boughs and bloom—the blazing hillsides of Midsummer Eve—the mistletoe at Christmas time—are some of the relics that still speak of a time when these islands were dark places, “full of the habitations of cruelty.”

The name of Suetonius is also associated with the sad story of Boadicea and her wrongs. To propitiate the fierce extortioners who were robbing the conquered land, Prasutagus, a dying king of the Iceni,* bequeathed half his wealth to the Romans, in the hope that they might thus be induced to let his daughters enjoy the other half in peace. The greedy victors seized on all; and when Boadicea, widow of the king, courageously demanded justice for her children, she and her daughters were subjected to the grossest indignities. Vowing vengeance on her persecutors, she seized her husband's spear and called her people to the field. At once every hut on the wide plain east of the Chiltern Hills sent forth a burning British heart, whose fierce anger could be quenched only in Roman blood. The time was ripe, for Suetonius was away cutting down the Druid groves of Mona. Strangely enough, the Roman capital, Camulodunum, lay open to attack, guarded by no rampart, and garrisoned only by a few hundred men. Against it Boadicea led her frenzied host. The temple of Claudius, the only building that could be made a temporary citadel, held out but for two days. The town was plundered and destroyed. The Ninth Legion, coming up to the rescue, was beaten at Wormingford on the Stour; and before Suetonius could bring his troops from Wales, the whole country-side was in a blaze of rebellion. The keen eye of the Roman soldier saw that a crisis had come.

Unable to save London, to which his march was first directed,

* The *Iceni* filled Norfolk and the lower basin of the Great Ouse, *Ventia Icenorum* being their capital.

he left that city to the fury of a storm that laid it in ashes while his legions were still many miles from its gates. Verulamium, too, was filled with slaughter ; and the butchery went on until seventy thousand Romans lay dead amid their ruined towns.

Mustering ten thousand soldiers, Suetonius took up a position (probably between London and Colchester) with woods and the sea behind him, and an open plain stretching far in front.

61 So sure were the Britons of victory, that their women assembled to see the fight from a curving row of wag-gons drawn up behind the host. Boadicea, robed in plaid of many colours, and wearing a rich gold collar, passed along the lines with her injured children, encouraging her soldiers as she drove by. The British attack came on with deafening yells, but the scattered charge recoiled from the solid mass of the Roman army. Forming a wedge, the legions bore down on the disordered ranks, pierced the mass, and broke it into fragments, which were driven back upon the cars. The sudden blocking of the flight, and the shrieks of the frightened women, trebled the confusion of the Britons. Eighty thousand are said to have perished in the battle and pursuit ; and Boadicea, to escape the horrors of capture, killed herself with poison.

CHAPTER V.

JULIUS AGRICOLA IN BRITAIN.

Arrival of Agricola—His early campaigns—The chain of forts—Battle of Mons Grampius—Circuit of the island—The recall.

WHILE Vespasian wore the purple, a man of decided genius, combining the highest qualities of soldier and of statesman, was sent as Proprætor into Britain. That was Julius Agricola, whose life has been written for us by Tacitus, the husband of his daughter. No sword was ever more fortunate in the pen that told the story of its brilliant deeds.

Britain was not an unknown land to Agricola, for he had commanded the Twentieth Legion there some years earlier. Now, fresh from the honours of the consulship, he landed in Britain to win the fairest laurels of his life. It was late in the summer of 78 when he came, to find work ready 78 for his sword. The Ordovices of northern Wales, old allies of Caractacus, were up in arms. Marching without delay into that wild district, the Roman leader cut the tribe to pieces, and wrested Mona once more from British hands.

But he knew how to subdue with other weapons than the sword. His more permanent victories over the flower of the British youth were won by Roman books and fashions. Planting the luxuries of the Tiber on the banks of the Thames, he soon saw with secret pleasure the sons of those free and hardy chieftains, who had swung the claymore with bare arms, and



had slept in willow walls on a bed of skin, vying with each other in the whiteness of their folded togas, and in the grace of their marble porticoes.

His second campaign (79 A.D.) was spent in the subjugation of several tribes in north-western Britain, and in studding the conquered districts with strong castles. This year's fighting brought him close to what is now the Scottish Border. In year 80 he carried the Roman eagles to the estuary of the *Taïs*, or *Tara*, which is generally considered to be the Tay. The following summer (81 A.D.) saw a chain of forts

stretching from *Clota* (the Clyde) to *Bodotria* (the Firth of Forth), across the narrowest part of the island,* so that the Caledonians might be pent up in their native woods, whither they were soon to be followed. Then, with a view to an invasion of Ireland, one of whose princes had sought his help, he passed in 82 into Galloway, where traces of his camps may still be seen. During his sixth campaign (83 A.D.), passing the fortified line which he had drawn from sea to sea, he advanced to a position some distance south of the Ochil range of hills, where his advanced guard—the Ninth Legion—was nearly cut to pieces by the fierce woodsmen † in a night attack. In a general engagement which followed he succeeded in beating back the hordes; but could do nothing else before winter compelled him to withdraw to Fife. There, with the sea on two sides, and with flat land in front, he lay secure until the opening spring enabled him again to take the field.

Last and greatest of Agricola's campaigns was that of the year 84. Following the valley of the Devon for a while, he passed with his army of thirty thousand through the Ochils, and on the moor of Ardoch (probably), at the foot of the Grampian wall, he found a host of Caledonians marshalled under the leadership of Galgacus, one of those representative men who shine out in a perilous time, at once the type and embodiment of the spirit of their age. The men of the woods 84 fought with the same long cutting sword and small round target which their Highland descendants bore for many a day

* The Romans divided Britain into six districts:—

1. *Caledonia*, or *Vespasiana*, north of Antonine's Wall.
2. *Valentia*, between that wall and the wall of Hadrian and Severus; called *Valentia* by Theodosius in 368, in honour of the Emperor Valentinian.
3. *Maxima Cesariensis*, between Hadrian's Wall and the Humber and the Mersey.
4. *Flavia Cesariensis*, between the Humber and Mersey and the Thames.
5. *Britannia Secunda*, west of the Dee and the Severn, including Wales.
6. *Britannia Prima*, south of the Thames and the Bristol Channel.

Only the last four provinces were completely reduced.

† The southern Celts called the inhabitants of the north *Caoill daoin*—that is, people of the woods; and Roman tongues shaped out of the compound the name *Caledonia*.

after ; but as had happened in Kent and Hertford, so on this Perthshire moor, the short knife-like sword of the Romans won the day. In vain the Highland rush and wild hurrah came sweeping down the hill. It was the battling of waves against a rock ; and ten thousand Caledonians fell on the bloody field. The ditch of a Roman camp—many weapons, both British and Roman, which have been dug up on the moor—and the presence of two huge cairns on the neighbouring hill, probably raised above the bones of the ten thousand, seem to mark out Ardoch as the most probable site for the great battle of *Mons Grampius*.*

The fleet of Agricola, which had kept pace with his northward movements, was despatched by him from the Firth of Tay to cruise along the coasts to the north. Visiting the Orkneys and rounding Cape Wrath, his ships ran down the western shore, turned the Land's End, and arrived safely at a port, which was probably that of Sandwich. Britain had always been called an island before, but this voyage established the fact, for the first time, beyond a doubt.

After eight years spent in subduing the British tribes—some by the arts of war, others by the gentler force of kindness—

86 Agricola was recalled in 86 A.D. from a province whose people, so far at least as they were submissive, he had blessed with lighter taxes and cheaper bread. Foolish jealousy of his success induced the Emperor Domitian to recall Agricola to Rome on false pretences, and doomed his genius to rust in the forced inaction of private life. He died in 93 A.D., poisoned, some say, by an imperial order.

* The best manuscripts of Tacitus read, not *Grampius* but *Groupius*. The name Grampian is no help to the locality, as it was transferred to the mountains from the pages of Tacitus at a much later period.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ROMAN WALLS AND ROADS.

Hadrian's Wall—Antonine's Wall—The Roman streets—Old Severus—His march through Scotland—His death at York.

AFTER the departure of Agricola, the history of Britain is a comparative blank for many years. We know that among the Cheviots and the Lowthers fierce tribes dwelt, and waged incessant war on the Roman outposts. The scanty story of this troubled time may be gathered up in a few facts relating to the great works of engineering by which the Romans tried to secure the conquests they had won, or to open the way to new dominion. Such works were the ramparts of earth and stone known as the Roman Walls, and the great military roads, which were called in the Latin language *strata* (English *street*).

The Emperor Hadrian came to Britain in the year 120 A.D., and although we have no account of his achievements, it is reasonable to suppose that the northern tribes felt, for a time at least, the smart of his weighty sword. He left behind an enduring monument of his visit in the great wall, seventy-three miles in length, which he built over the Northumbrian hills, from Bowness on the Solway Firth to Wall's End on the river Tyne. It consisted of an earthen rampart, **121** double, and in some places triple, and of a stone wall eight feet wide and twenty feet high, which ran parallel to the rampart on its northern side, and at a distance from it of sixty

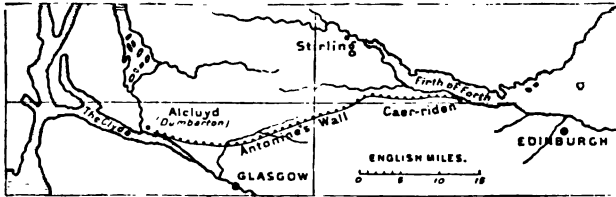
and in some parts of eighty yards. There was a deep ditch on the northern side of the wall, and there was another foss beside the rampart. Twenty-three stationary forts, connected by military roads which ran between the works of stone and clay, dotted the line at intervals; and these intervals were subdivided by mile-castles and watch-towers. For the defence of the entire line a force of ten thousand men was needed.*

The name of Lollius Urbicus, Roman governor of Britain under Antoninus Pius, who assumed the purple in 138, is associated with a second wall, built in 139 on the site of Agricola's chain of forts, which crossed the upper isthmus. From *Caer-riden* on the shore of Forth to *Alcluyd* (Dumbarton)

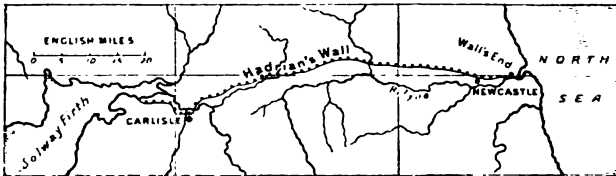
on the Clyde, a distance of about thirty-one miles, he
139 raised a great bank of turf upon a stone foundation, studding the line with several forts, and adding along its southern side a military road, by which the defenders might easily pass from post to post. The object of this wall was to defend the districts north of Hadrian's rampart from the inroads of the wild mountaineers. It marks the gradual advance of the Roman dominion toward the north; but the tract between the walls—nearly corresponding to the Lowlands of Scotland and the shire of Northumberland—was always in a troubled and unsafe condition during the Roman occupation. The work just described was called the Wall of Antonine. Its local name of Graham's Dike is probably a modern transcription of the older and more correct name *Grimes Dike*—that is, the "boundary wall."

Walls like these would have been of little use had not the Romans possessed means of pouring their legions with speed into any part of the conquered province. Such means they had in their great military roads, which cut the island from side to side, and from end to end. It has been rashly assumed that

* The earthen *vallum* of this great work has been ascribed to Severus; but the best authorities now believe that Hadrian erected all the works, both of earth and stone. Sketches of the walls of Hadrian and Antonine are subjoined.



THE ROMAN WALL BETWEEN THE FORTH AND THE CLYDE.



THE ROMAN WALL BETWEEN THE TYNE AND THE SOLWAY.

the primitive Britons had no roads. Modern antiquaries say that eight highways older than the Roman occupation can be traced, one of them running round the entire coast. If this be so, it is probable that the Roman engineers turned the works of the conquered people to some account; and, when it was possible, made the British road a Roman street. Having trenched the soil until they came to the rocky crust below, they built upon this sure foundation three or four layers of squared or broken stones, mixed with gravel, lime, and clay—"concrete," in fact; and when the causeway had reached the height of eight or ten feet, it was closely paved with large blocks of stone, especially in the middle of the track.

Most important of these military roads was that which the Saxons afterwards called *Watling Street*. Starting from Richborough and Dover, it crossed the Thames at London, and ran diagonally into western Wales, and thence to the Firth of Forth. The *Foss Way* ran from Cornwall to Lincoln; *Hermin Street*, from Southampton to St. David's; and *Ikenild Street*, from St. David's to Derby, York, and Tynemouth. These

great structures, interlaced with many cross-roads, and sending their branches out to every important station on the shore, did more to secure the province than perhaps any other work of war or of peace wrought by the Romans on our soil. Some of our best modern roads, where mail-coaches ran for many a year and heavy waggons still toil creaking on, have been made on the basis of these old Roman ways.

In the reign of Commodus (181 A.D.) the men of the northern woods burst through the Wall of Antonine, and overran the land between the two great ramparts. As if naturally formed to be a debatable ground, this district, called by the Romans Valentia, became the battle-field of the Legions and the Clans. Severus, though racked with gout, went to Britain in 208, resolved to read these audacious woodsmen of the north a terrible lesson. So long as his legions trod the pavement of the Roman roads, all was well; but when swamp and moorland, mountains thick with trees, or wastes of cold gray stone lay stretching out before his march, the real difficulty of the task before him became evident. Yet the stern valour of the old Roman never gave way. Carried in a litter, he forced his toilsome path with sword and axe through forests and across morasses until he reached the jutting point washed by the Cromarty and Moray Firths; and there a peace was made. It was a brave but very useless expedition. The clouds of Caledonian skirmishers that hung ever on the flanks of his army were but little the worse of the war; while the bones of fifty thousand Romans lay bleaching in the trackless woods (209 A.D.).

Returning to Eboracum (York), Severus visited the Wall of Hadrian, and probably repaired its breaches; but he did not raise the earthen *vallum*, as the common story goes. Just before
211 his death, news came of a rising in the north. The spirit of the old soldier blazed up, and he prepared to root every barbarian from the Caledonian forests. But life went out (211 A.D.); and his worthless son, Caracalla, left Britain to its fate.

CHAPTER VII.

THE RELAXING HOLD.

Recruits—A creeping palsy--The Picts in London—Flight of the eagles.

WHILE contending rivals were rending in pieces the imperial purple of Rome, changes were taking place in Britain of which history gives little account. Britain was sending out her brave sons to rot on distant battle-fields, or to be estranged from their far-off home; and in return she was receiving from the Continent colonies of foreign soldiers—Vandals, Burgundians, and others—some of whom settled in the country, and by degrees melted into the native population. The eastern coast, also, began to be infested with pirates—Franks, Norsemen, and Saxons—and its defence was intrusted to a Roman officer, entitled significantly “Count of the Saxon shore.”

It would be useless here to describe the gradual palsy which enfeebled the martial grasp of Rome. Every year of the fourth century saw her hold upon Britain growing slacker and slacker. In truth, the great old empire was fast breaking up; and as life grew weak within the unwieldy frame, it retreated to make its last stand in the citadel of the heart. Corruption and civil strife within, hordes of fierce barbarians without, at last did their certain work. One symptom out of many may be taken to show how weak the Roman rule in Britain had grown. The wild woodsmen of the north, no longer Meatae

and Caledonii, but transformed into Picts, with their allies the Scots from Ireland, were not content with ravaging the country between the walls, or even the districts south of Hadrian's Wall, but pushed their destructive march to London itself. Joined there by the Frankish and Saxon pirates, they plundered the city. Roman leaders trained in the British war-school, where these restless northerns allowed no swords to rust in the sheath, set up the banner of empire, one after another, until the island obtained the questionable renown of being "fertile in usurpers." Such a usurper was Maximus, who led the flower of the British youth to perish on Gallic and Italian battle-fields (387 A.D.).

The reign of Honorius saw the tie between Britain and Rome finally severed. As the Roman soldiery were gradually withdrawn from the island to fight on soil nearer home, and to ward off blows levelled at the very heart of the empire, the barbarians of the north poured from their forests in fiercer and thicker swarms. After some feeble efforts to defend the southern part of the island from these raids, the hopeless task was abandoned. Letters from Honorius to the cities of Britain, written in 410, told them to provide for their own safety. The island was left to its fate. Even the troubled light of later Roman history ceased to shine upon it, and a darkness of nearly two hundred years closed around its shores.

CHAPTER VIII.

ROMANIZED BRITAIN.

A Roman camp—A Roman town—Roman tombs—Home life—Games—
Manufactures—Roman coins—Municipal Institutions—Idol-altars.

THE Roman, essentially a soldier at all times, never changed his attitude of war during his occupation of our island. No sight was more familiar to the eyes of the native Britons than that of bronzed legionaries, with their long shields, heavy javelins, and short thick swords, marching in firm array along the stone-paved roads, with the eagles glittering overhead. The camps, with which the island was quickly studded, grew into towns, built in a rectangular shape, unwall'd at first, but afterwards fortified with ramparts of massive stone. Over all the face of England we can still trace the footprints of these stern invaders by the names they have left behind. Lancaster and Doncaster in the north, Dorchester and Chichester in the south, Leicester and Worcester in the middle, Colchester in the east, and Gloucester in the west, each of them owing its origin to a Roman camp (Latin, *castra*), show how widely the Romans had spread themselves over the country.

Lining the two main streets of a Roman town, which cut each other at right angles, buildings of various kinds might be seen. Here rose the fluted or leaf-crowned pillars of a temple to Neptune or Minerva. There were the public Baths. The Basilica, or court-house, and the Amphitheatre caught the eye

at once in every town of any note. Flanking these public edifices ran long rows of private dwellings—those of the richer officials built of stone and coloured tiles, glowing inside with tessellated pavements and painted stucco. Passing out of the city gate into the green country, which was thickly sprinkled with splendid villas, a traveller along the straight stone-paved causeway could not help noticing the cemetery with its earthen mounds. Below these mounds in the hollow grave of tiles lay the great urns of dark clay, which held the relics of the dead. Lamps, which were probably placed lighted in the tomb, have also been found in Roman sepulchres. But the body was often buried unburned, being cased in a coffin of wood, stone, clay, or lead.

Within the Roman homes, where the ladies of the household sewed or spun, life went on gaily enough. From the pins of bone that fastened the rich coil of hair behind, down to the dainty shoes of jewelled silk or linen that covered their feet, we know how Roman ladies dressed; and as the changes in Roman fashion were slight, we can easily picture the pretty groups that sat of an afternoon within the Roman halls in London and Verulam, waiting for the gentlemen who were coming in to supper at three o'clock. Fashionable young Britons, with their golden locks cut short, and their beards of Roman trim, flocked often to the tables of the Italian officials; and there, amid the gleam of terra-cotta lamps, they learned to speak slang Latin, to drink deep of yellow Falernian, and to stake their dogs and horses on the perilous cast of dice. Into the kitchen, where slaves of many sorts were busy at supper-time, there used to come at dusk huge British ploughmen or farm-labourers, who earned an odd cup of mead by taking a turn at the *quern* or carrying out the oyster* shells. By daily intercourse like this, in a few generations the society of lowland Britain was completely Romanized in all but its very lowest class.

* The Romans ate oysters in immense quantities. Those of *Rutupia* (Richborough, on the shore of Kent) were very highly esteemed, and were sent regularly to Rome.

Romans could not live without the games of the amphitheatre, and there were, consequently, few military stations in which the huge round walls were not soon seen to rise. There the sand was reddened with the blood of gladiators, or was whirled into clouds by the speed of racing chariots, as in Rome itself. Gay provincials, who thronged the benches, betted on the swordsmen and drivers, or broke into thunders of applause at a lucky stroke.

The Romans who occupied Britain carried on the manufacture of various things. Their principal potteries seem to have been in the Upchurch Marshes on the Medway, and at Durobrivæ on the Nen. In grain, shape, and ornament, the Roman earthenware, as might naturally be expected, greatly surpassed the rude sun-dried pots of the British. In the development of those ancient mineral treasures to which the island owed its earliest fame, the invaders were most active. Mines of iron, of tin, of copper, and of lead were worked in many places; and the metals, rudely smelted in charcoal furnaces, and run into pigs or rough blocks, were exported in large quantities. How the fine arts were cultivated in Roman Britain we can now judge only by a few fragments of painted frescoes, some statues carved in oolite, mouldings of bronze, and the exquisite tessellated pavements with which the villas were adorned.*

Of Roman coins found in Britain we have plenty. Buried in earthen pots, or scattered in a plentiful shower over the soil of every Roman site, gold, silver, brass, and spurious metal have been turned up by spade or plough continually. It is singular how much bad money has been thus collected. Rolls of iron coin, plated with silver, were found, a short time ago, in laying the groundwork of King William Street in London, and are supposed to have been imported for the purpose of paying the troops.

* The tessellated pavements were formed by setting small cubes of various materials—chalk, terra-cotta, freestone, sandstone, coloured glass, etc. in a fine cement, so as to represent a pattern, as in Berlin wool work. Bacchus sitting on a leopard, and Orpheus playing the lyre, were favourite subjects. Fine specimens may be seen at Mignor in Sussex, and in a cellar at Leicester.

The Roman literature, the Roman language, and the Roman law left but slight and passing traces in ancient Britain. A mongrel Latin was probably spoken by Britons in the Roman towns; and it has been stated as possible that this prevailed over the native British tongue in Kent. But the large infusion of Latin words in the English language came at later times. As to Roman law, to which our modern lawyers are no strangers, its establishment in the land was the work of a much later day. Perhaps it was in the municipal institutions, the organization of town governments, that the influence of the Roman occupation was most lastingly felt. The revolution into which the country was plunged when the legions of Honorius were withdrawn, could not but modify the constitution of the towns during the centuries of Saxon war; but they survived the storm, though with changed aspect and altered names.

Temples to the gods of Rome were as thickly scattered over Britain as were the Roman camps and towns. And yet more thickly sprinkled were altars of sculptured stone. Jupiter, "best and greatest," and helmeted Mars, are prominent among the worshipped names; but Mercury and Minerva, Venus and Apollo, Saturn, Sol, and a host of minor deities had also their altars and inscriptions in the Romanized island.

Whether Christianity was planted in Romanized Britain or not, is still a matter of debate. Some of the fathers—Tertullian and Jerome—refer to the conversion of the Britons; but their expressions are regarded as mere rhetorical flourishes. British bishops seem to have attended the councils of Arles and Rimini in the fourth century; but the lists have, it is said, been tampered with: and there are various legends—such as those of the visits to Britain of Joseph of Arimathea, and St. Paul; and of the martyrdom of St. Alban in the Diocletian persecution—which good authorities look upon merely as pious stories invented to please the devotees of the Middle Ages. Amid the crowd of heathen altars and inscriptions which the Romans left

in Britain, only three uncertain relics point to the Cross--a tile, thought to represent Samson and the foxes; a silver vase; and a tessellated pavement, bearing the Christian monogram X.P. But although the Romans in Britain seem to have despised Christianity, there is good reason to presume that a native Christian Church, composed of peasants and huntsmen, and of some of the higher Britons who were not deeply tainted with the influence of Rome, flourished among the hills and marshes of the land, cherishing with loving care the few sparks of light which had been carried to them from the Mediterranean shore, and sending barefooted missionaries far and wide among their countrymen.

Second Period.—The Old English Kingdoms.

449-1066.

CHAPTER I.

MYTHICAL.

Darkness—Picts and Scots—The Stallion and the Mare—The Teutonic kingdoms—Doubtful dates—King Arthur.

A PERIOD of darkness followed the departure of the Romans. We know that Britain, soon after the legions sailed away, was invaded by successive bands of Teutonic pirates, who carved out kingdoms for themselves, not only along the shore, but even in the very heart of the land; but beyond this general fact there is no sure ground to tread on.

The letters of Honorius, recalling the eagles, conveyed sad news to the inhabitants of Roman Britain. They trembled, as well they might, for the wealth heaped up in their fair cities, and for their flocks of sheep and cattle; for in the northern woods lived wild men, who burned with fierce hatred against them, and who had been withheld from taking a deadly revenge only by the presence of Roman troops. These gone, the pent-up storm burst forth. The unhappy nation, breaking up into numerous petty states, became a prey to the horrors of a barbarous war. Picts and Scots swarmed over the deserted walls, or floated across the narrow firths, and wasted the land.

Out of this deadly war grew the Teutonic Conquest of our land. The details of the Conquest are largely mythical; and all that we can do here is to tell the story as it is given by the opposite sides, Celt and Saxon, premising that neither version can be accepted as historical truth.

A British chief, Vortigern, who seems to have been hemmed in between a Roman faction and a fast-advancing host of Picts and Scots, called in Saxon pirates to his aid.* Hengist and Horsa (the Stallion and the Mare),† who were sailing with their men in three "Keels" off the coast of Kent, came at once to the rescue. The banner of the White Horse was victorious; and Vortigern gladly granted his allies, what 449 no doubt seemed to him a whimsical request, leave to buy as much land as an ox's hide would cover. Cutting the leather into strips, they managed to enclose what sufficed to build a castle, and there they took their stand, resolved that their little ring of land in Thanet should soon expand its borders into a kingdom. Vortigern, visiting the castle of these sea-kings, saw there a beautiful golden-haired girl, Rowena, sister of the chiefs. On bended knee she offered him a cup of wine, and so won upon his fancy, or his heart, that he begged her in marriage, and made a present of Kent to her fierce brothers, in order to win their consent to the match. The Britons, who could not tamely see their fairest province bartered away for a sweet face, rose in rebellion, slew Horsa, and expelled the Saxon settlers. But the pirates came back; and Hengist, hav-

* It must not be forgotten that during the Roman occupation a good number of Saxon settlements had been planted on the eastern and southern shores. There may also have been some admixture of German blood in the Roman towns, for the Roman army had been largely recruited from Germany.

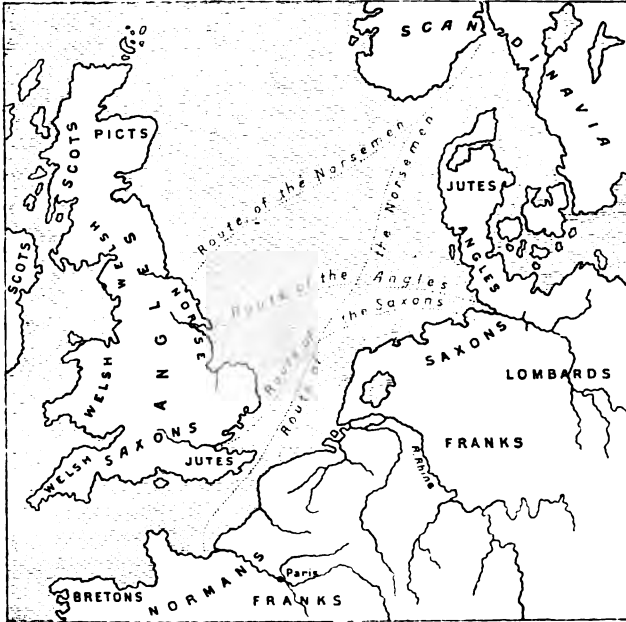
† In the Berkshire parish of Uffington, twelve miles south-west of Abingdon, the huge figure of a white horse in the act of galloping is cut out on the turf on the face of a chalk hill. It is about 374 feet in length. The "scouring of the white horse" is a rural festival occurring every three years, when the people of the district assemble to clear away the grass which has grown in upon the outline of the figure. It is supposed to represent the sacred horse of the Celts, or to have been cut out by the Saxons. All readers of Mr. Hughes (author of *Tom Brown's School Days*) are familiar with this Berkshire festival.

ing invited three hundred British chiefs to a feast, made them drunk with mead, and killed all but Vortigern, who had then no resource but to yield Essex and Sussex to his treacherous host. Such is the Welsh version of the landing of the Saxons, founded chiefly on the histories of Gildas and Nennius.

The Saxon story, as given by Bede and the *Chronicle*, says that the Ethelings, Hengist and Horsa, having been invited by Vortigern to aid him against the Picts and Scots, arrived with three ships. The Picts were routed; but the growing ranks of sea-kings, recruited by new arrivals from the Continent, frightened the Britons, who refused to give them food. Changing their side at once, the invading crews, aided by their late foes the Picts, turned axes and steel-spiked hammers upon the Britons, swept the weak lines before them, and established themselves on the southern and eastern coasts. The invaders came from three tribes in Germany—from the Old Saxons, from the Angles, and from the Jutes.

Then came the conquest of Sussex by Ella, who reduced the capital by hunger, and levelled its walls—the landing of Cerdic in the Isle of Wight and Hampshire—the reduction of Essex by a prince of the Uffingas—the establishment of Bernicia between Tees and Tweed, of Deira between Tees and Humber, and of East Anglia, including Norfolk and Suffolk. The kingdoms of Bernicia and Deira, united under one sceptre, became Northumbria. Lastly, as was natural, the inland kingdom of Mercia, or the Marchland, stretching from the Humber to the Severn, was established by some of the latest arrivals.

These invaders are commonly called Saxons, although three tribes—Jutes, Angles, and Saxons—took share in the great migration. They came from the peninsula of Denmark and the shore of the North Sea between the Elbe and the Rhine, and they occupied nearly a century and a half in the foundation of their kingdoms. It would be useless to give the dates of the various settlements, for there is no authentic chronology to fall



THE ENGLISH MIGRATIONS.

back upon. The arrival of the first three Keels is assigned to the year 449 A.D. The Angles, who occupied the east and the north, were the most numerous and the most cultured, and hence it was from them that the country and the united people took their names—England and the English.

Above the dust of the ceaseless wars which obscures this era of history, there rises, like a clear star, the name of the half-mythical British hero, Arthur. To form an estimate of his character and position approaching to historical likelihood, we must shut our eyes to that halo of splendour with which poetry has invested his name. Son of a Romanized Briton who had won for himself a little kingdom in Hampshire and Wiltshire,

and who had died at Amesbury* in battle with the troops of the invading Cerdic, Arthur made a brave stand for British liberty in his capital of Camelot or Cadbury. His sword smote the Saxons so heavily at Bath that they ceased for a generation to attack the Britons of the west. It is not likely that Arthur was an ordinary type of manhood. In days when brutality was the rule of war, a character that combined noble daring and unselfish love of fatherland with a gentle heart and a pure life, would shine out clear and bright by very force of contrast with the darker natures around him.

* Arthur's father (poetically called Uther) was perhaps the Ambrosius who opposed Vortigern in the south. *Amesbury* (*Ambres-byrig*), which seems to preserve the Roman name, is a town on the Avon in Wiltshire, eight miles north of Salisbury. Stonehenge is in the parish of Amesbury. There are three Cadburys in Somersetshire.

CHAPTER II

THE MISSION OF AUGUSTINE.

British apostles—Cross and crucifix—Ethelbert—Gregory the Great—The mission—Procession of the monks—Conversion of the Jutes—Feasts retained—Augustine made archbishop—Priests of the Cymri—Ethelbert's "Dooms."

IT was not long until the great spiritual power which grew on the ruins of pagan Rome stretched out its hand toward the British Isles. Pope Celestine sent Palladius in 430 A.D., and St. Patrick two years later, to convert the Scots in Ireland. But Ninian and Kentigern, who laboured during the fifth and sixth centuries in the south-west of Scotland, and Columba of Donegal, who landed with twelve monks on the Scottish coast in 563 A.D., bent upon the conversion of the Picts, can hardly be regarded as papal missionaries. Having settled in Iona, a bare little island off the lower horn of Mull, Columba, the apostle of Scotland, established there a school of teachers and preachers that did more true missionary work in Scotland and Northumbria during those dark times than any other class of men.

Columba was a missionary in the truest sense. Augustine was a shrewd, clever, worldly priest, who came as an ambassador from Rome, at the bidding of Pope Gregory the Great, to plant the papal power on the shores of Britain. It is a mistake to call the landing of Augustine the introduction of Christianity into England. It was only the introduction of the authority of

the Church of Rome. Christianity was there before ; and its lamp shone, though with faint and fitful gleams, by many a humble hearth, and in many a rustic church, far away among the mountains of Wales.

Ethelbert, an *Aesking** of Kent, married Bertha, daughter of the Frankish King of Paris, who was a professed Christian. Within a church at Canterbury, the chaplain of this lady, Bishop Liudhard, who had come with her from Gaul, held a regular Christian service, to which curiosity, and probably deeper motives, attracted many of the Kentish people. Ethelbert went on worshipping Thor and Odin for fully twenty years after his marriage ; but he must in the meantime have grown familiar with some of the doctrines preached in that little chapel of St. Martin. The ground was therefore somewhat broken in preparation for the operations of Augustine and his monks.

A letter from Ethelbert to Pope Gregory the Great, requesting a mission to be sent to Britain, was the first move in this important transaction. The gentle words of Bertha, dropping continually on the Aesking's ear, had wrought out this result ; and the Frankish chaplain was in all likelihood the scribe on the occasion. Gladly Gregory responded to the call, for his mind had been long ago attracted by the distant isle. He had once seen some beautiful English slaves on view in the Roman market, where their blue eyes, yellow hair, and pinky-white complexion contrasted strongly with the dark locks and swarthy cheeks of southern captives ; and he had fallen into an ecstasy of humour at the thought of converting their countrymen. "Not Angles," he cried, "but angels." "From Deira ? Then they shall be *de irā eruti*" (snatched from wrath). "Name of their king Ælla ! That is Alleluiah." Some such youths he had collected with the design of training them for a mission to England, but the project failed. The arrival of Ethelbert's letter

* *Aesking*, meaning "son of the ash-tree," was derived from the surname of Eric, King of Kent, who was called Aesc, or "the ash-tree." Eric was Hengist's son.

revived it, and filled his heart with joy. Selecting for the work Augustine, the prior of the convent on the Cœlian Hill, to which he had himself belonged, he despatched that priest with forty monks to the distant shores of Kent.

These men, frightened by the accounts they received in Gaul of the islanders, lingered there, and sent back their leader to beg for a recall. But Gregory the Great had willed it; they must go on. Accompanied, therefore, by the Frankish bishops, whose language was not unlike the Saxon, they crossed the sea, and wondered to find themselves in a fair and smiling land. A civil message from Ethelbert reassured them **597** yet more. Bidding them welcome, and thanking them for having come so far to do him good, he said that they might remain as long as they pleased, and make as many converts as they could. He then agreed to give the foreign monks an audience in the open air, in sight of the assembled men of Kent.

A splendid and imposing pageant that meeting must have been. Somewhere in the island of Thanet a double throne was set beneath the sky; and when the king and the queen had ascended their royal chairs, sounds of sacred music came floating on the breeze. The rough Jutes stood around in rapt delight and silent awe. Nearer came the song, and the words of Latin psalms and litanies, chanted by the rich deep voices of the monks, grew distinct as the solemn march advanced. With a picture of the Saviour carried aloft, and a silver crucifix flashing in every hand, the procession reached the foot of the throne. Augustine spoke through his Frankish friends, declaring the blessings and hopes that flowed from the faith he professed. The answer of the king was cautious; but the delighted face of Queen Bertha sufficiently rewarded the missionaries for their toils and fears. Before long, Augustine sent a letter to Gregory announcing the baptism of the Kentish king, and the conversion of ten thousand Jutes.

There was no violence in the change. The pagan habits of

the people were consulted in the innovations of the Romish priests. Holy water sprinkled on a temple turned it into a church. The oxen formerly offered to Thor and Odin were now roasted and eaten, and were washed down with draughts of ale and mead. The men of Kent soon became quite reconciled to a change of creed that made no difference in their usual supplies of solid beef and strong drink.

Augustine, appointed Archbishop of Canterbury, entered with zeal upon the duties of his see. His grand object was to bend every man in Britain beneath Roman sway. The simple priesthood of the Cymri, stung by the arrogance of this foreign monk, refused obedience to the Pope, even when Augustine pretended in their presence to restore sight to a blind man, in proof of his divine authority. A second meeting had the same result. They could neither be captured by his crafty proposals nor daunted by his threats, so they broke off the conference, and went back to their mountains.

We must not leave Ethelbert without a word or two regarding the "Dooms" or laws which he laid down, with the help of the wise men around his throne, and which must be regarded as the basis of all legislation in England. These dooms, eighty-nine in number, were nearly all penal. Money was the universal salve for any wrong, from a practical joke played on the king at a drinking party up to the crimes of robbery and murder.

CHAPTER III.

EDWIN—PENDA—OFFA.

Edwin in exile—His glorious reign—Paulinus—The hurled spear—Hatfield Chase—Penda the pagan—East Anglia—Battle of the Winwid—Offa's cruelty and crime.

ABOUT the time of Augustine's death, which is said to have happened in 604, Edwin, a young prince of Deira, driven from his throne by a usurping soldier, was wandering homeless through Britain. After a long residence at the Mercian court he crossed the stretch of fen and mere that formed the natural bulwark of East Anglia, to seek a welcome in the palace of King Redwald. When the usurper Ethelfrid heard that the exile had taken refuge there, he began to play upon Redwald's avarice by offering a great sum of gold for the life of Edwin. The East Anglian monarch wavered. Tempted by a still higher price, and frightened by fierce threats of war if he refused to slay his guest, he had almost consented to the dark crime, when his wife stepped in and saved him from the shame. Meanwhile Edwin, warned just as he was going to bed that the strangers in the hall were bidding for his life, went out and sat down on a stone before the door, ready at the first hint of peril to flee into the darkness. As he sat he fell asleep and dreamed :—A man of huge size and kingly looks came and asked what he would give the person who should save him and restore him to his throne. Edwin replied that he would give all he had to such a benefactor. When the prince had also

agreed to obey any one who should teach him so to regulate his conduct as to insure his happiness both here and hereafter, the spectre, placing a shadowy hand upon his head, bade him mark that sign, and yield obedience to him who afterwards might use it. The broken conference of that anxious night led to a war. On the banks of the Idel* the usurper Ethelfrid was slain; and the crown of Deira was replaced on Edwin's head (617 A.D.).

Early disaster had moulded the Northumbrian prince for greatness. His armies swept the land north of the Humber, reducing even the fierce denizens of the northern mountains. His ships chained the wild Orkneys, the far isles of Man and Anglesea, to his mainland realm. Mercia and the Britons of the west trembled in the shadow of his throne.

The second wife of this great Bretwalda† was Ethelberga of Kent, daughter of that good Queen Bertha who had turned her husband from the worship of Saxon gods. Such a marriage bore its natural fruit. The story of the daughter's settlement in Northumbria is that of her Frankish mother in Kent told over again with a change of names. The husband consented that his bride should worship according to her own creed, and the wife brought to her new home a chaplain, by whose pious counsels she might be guided in her new sphere of life. Paulinus, who accompanied Ethelberga to the Northumbrian court, soon won the respect of the stern soldier Edwin by sheer force of intellect. One day there came from Wessex a mock-ambassador, who, when admitted to the royal presence, rushed forward with drawn sword upon the monarch, whom his treacherous chieftain had sent him to slay. A faithful earl, shielding the king with his breast, received the thrust, which passed right through his body, but yet inflicted a deep wound on the king. In a moment every sword was out, and the assassin fell, hacked to death. In

* The Idel, or Idle, is an affluent of the Trent, flowing eastward chiefly through Nottinghamshire.

† This word, wrongly supposed to mean "the wielder or ruler of Britain," seems to have been a purely Northumbrian title, meaning, probably, "powerful king."

gratitude for this deliverance, Edwin dedicated his new-born daughter to a Christian life; and the child of seven weeks was baptized by Paulinus at Whitsuntide—the first member of the Northumbrian Church (626). Events were gradually working towards the establishment of Christianity in Edwin's realm. Returning from the slaughter of the West Saxons, that prince pondered much upon a change of creed. The die was cast by the entrance of Paulinus, who, coming upon him as he sat alone in his chamber, and laying a hand on his head, asked if he remembered that sign. The dream of the dark night before the palace door in Norfolk flashing upon the king's mind, he yielded immediate obedience to one who gave him, as he thought, a sign from heaven. It is not unlikely that Paulinus had heard the story of the dream from the queen, and that he used his knowledge to work on the feelings and the fancy of the king.

Yet Edwin would not act alone. The Witenagemôt of the kingdom must be summoned to give advice upon the momentous question. They gathered, and they talked, the high-priest Coifi leading the debate. Among the speeches there was one so lovely in its sweet simplicity, so noble in its untaught wisdom, that it will bear quotation:—"The present life of man upon the earth, O king, compared with the portion of time which is unknown to us, resembles the flight of a sparrow through thy hall on a wintry night. The fire burns brightly in the midst, and thy noble guests, soldiers, and ministers are warmed and enlivened. Without roar the stormy winds, while showers of rain or sleet beat upon the roof. The little bird enters at one door, and flying swiftly across the chamber, makes its exit at another. During the brief moment it is within, the tempest and darkness affect it not; it enjoys the brilliance and the warmth, and is visible to all. But as it came in from the night, so it goes forth into the night again, whither thy sight cannot pursue it. Such is our life. What preceded the moment when we began to be

we know not, neither can we tell what shall happen to us hereafter. If the new religion can teach us anything more certain respecting these things, it deserves in my opinion to command our belief." The fiery Coifi, who keenly felt the neglect
627 of the idols he had served so long, cried out that the temples and groves of the gods should be burned; and springing upon a stallion and galloping toward a neighbouring shrine, he hurled his javelin within its sacred fence.* Fire completing the desecration, the temple lay in ashes. A great wooden church soon arose in Edwin's capital of York, where Bishop Paulinus sprinkled the water of baptism on the king, who openly professed the Christian faith.

So well and wisely did Edwin rule that it was said "a woman with her babe might walk scathless from sea to sea in Edwin's days." But the prosperity of his kingdom excited the envy of his neighbours, who resolved to punish his apostasy. Penda, King of Mercia, and Cadwallon, King of the Cymri, forgot their hereditary hatred in their burning desire to ruin Edwin. Forming a league, of which Cadwallon was the chief, they met
633 the Northumbrian army at Hatfield Chase in the West Riding of Yorkshire. The pine forest echoed with the roar of battle, until the head of Edwin, raised on a pike in sight of his troops, according to the barbarous fashion of the time, struck panic into the Northumbrian ranks, and drove them in rout from the field. Paulinus and the queen fled by sea to Canterbury. The old bishop received the see of Rochester, and the widowed queen took refuge in a convent which she had built on land her royal brother gave her.

Penda, King of Mercia, was one of the leading spirits in this age of storm. His chief glory was that he bound together into a compact and solid realm the disjointed fragments of which

* In order to understand fully the extent of Coifi's insult to heathenism, we must remember that in Northumbria a priest was allowed to ride only on a mare, and was forbidden to carry weapons. The horse and the spear alone were enough to degrade the priest's office, apart from the violence done to the temple.

Mercia had previously been composed. As we trace his name in the chronicles of those troubled days, we find it always written in blood. Yet this fierce old pagan had a certain work to do, and he did it well : cruelly, if you will, but with a certain completeness and masterful ease worthy of all praise.

Standing in the centre of the lower island, this giant infidel smote fiercely on every side. When he had broken the power of Northumbria at Hatfield, he turned his mace upon East Anglia. In that kingdom of the plains Christianity had struck a feeble root. Redwald, Edwin's protector, had built Christian altars within the shrines of Thor. His son had become a Christian to please Edwin. Paganism had then revived ; and when the fierce warriors of Penda crossed the bordering fens to strike at the heart of the kingdom, there was no one to head the doomed East Anglians but a weak monk Siegbert, who had abandoned his crown for a cloister, and who, going staff in hand to battle, was there struck down amid slaughtered heaps of the people he had once ruled.

Northumbria was a thorn ever rankling in the flesh of this proud pagan ; and when that wide realm, recovering from the stroke of Edwin's death, rose again to greatness under Oswald, whose prime adviser was Aidan, a Scottish monk of Iona, he advanced to Maserfeld (near to Oswestry in Shropshire), where he inflicted a terrible defeat upon the Christian host, slaying and mangling their pious king (642 A.D.). But the day was not far off when he too was to die a death of blood. Stung by the insults of the cruel Oswy of Northumbria, the aged warrior, whose eighty years had not quenched his love **655** of battle, met the Bernician host upon the banks of the Winwid near Leeds ; and there his gray head, all gashed and blood-smeared, sank to rise no more.

Penda, for all his cruelty, had a rough sense of honour and a liberal heart. Not so that descendant of his house who filled the Mercian throne in the latter half of the next century.

Offa could wield the warrior's sword ; but he knew something, too, of the secret dagger and the drugged cup. Having
776 wrested from the Britons of Wales some of the fairest tracts that skirt the mountain land, he secured his conquests by erecting, from Dee to Wye, a great embankment a hundred miles long.* His sword also fell heavily on Wessex. In fact, so great a soldier was he that he became the representative man of England in his day. The Pope allowed him to erect Lichfield into an archbishop's see, in rivalry of the mitres of Canterbury and York. And Charlemagne, the giant emperor of the West, entertained his ambassador ; formed a commercial treaty with him ; sent him a baldrick, a Hungarian sword, and two silken cloaks ; and showed him all friendly countenance, until the island king claimed equality with his Frankish brother by asking his daughter, the beautiful princess Bertha, in marriage for his son. The presumptuous request was too much for imperial pride ; and relations were for a time broken off between the courts of Tamworth† and Aix-la-Chapelle.

Most hateful among Offa's many crimes was the murder of the handsome young Ethelbert, King of East Anglia, who came to the Mercian court as the accepted wooer of one of Offa's daughters. Tired of revelry, he flung himself on the silken cushions of a chair, when suddenly a trap-door opened in the floor, and he fell headlong among a band of ruffians, who smothered him with pillows. So runs one of the many versions of this awful tale. The annexation of East Anglia to the Mercian kingdom was the immediate consequence of the murder.

* Offa's Dike ("Clawdh Offa" in the Welsh) stretched its ditch and rampart from Basingstoke in Flintshire, near the mouth of the Dee, to the shore of the Bristol Channel. There are considerable remains of the work to be seen still.

† Tamworth in Staffordshire was long the capital of Mercia. It lies at the junction of the Tame and the Anker, twenty-five miles from Stafford, and has a population of about 14,000. Modern associations connect the name with the memory of Sir Robert Peel.

Four years later (796) the murderer followed his victim to the grave. Stung by an angry conscience, he sought to atone for his evil deeds by building churches and bestowing lands on monks. In vain he buried himself among the trees of Andresey, a beautiful island on the Thames. Wherever he went he pined ; and so he died. **796**

Edwin, Penda, Offa—such were the workmen who in the dim dawn of the Middle Ages laid deep and solid the foundation-stones on which the throne of these islands has since been upreared.

CHAPTER IV.

THE RISE OF WESSEX.

The nucleus of England—Battle of Burford—First descent of Norsemen—
Reign of Egbert—His successors—Ravages of Danes.

IT soon became clear that eight kingdoms could not live within the limits of the British shore. The eight were welded into three—Anglian Northumbria, Anglian Mercia, and Saxon Wessex. Each of these in turn, and in the order named, obtained the supremacy—Northumbria under Oswald, Mercia under Offa, and lastly, Wessex under Egbert. The supremacy of Wessex was permanent and real. We do not find the name of that state on our modern maps, though Essex and Sussex still remain to mark the site of ancient Saxon kingdoms. The omission is full of meaning. Wessex, reserved for a loftier destiny than the mere naming of a shire, swelled its frontiers until it had reached the northern hills and the eastern sea, and thus became the nucleus and origin of the kingdom of England.

During the thirty-seven years of Ina's reign (688-725), Wessex rose rapidly in power and in fame. In imitation of the Kentish kings, this monarch enacted a code of laws **752** for the regulation of his subjects. But the ascendancy of the West Saxons may be chiefly dated from a battle fought near Burford in Oxfordshire, in which the beautiful and dissolute Ethelbald of Mercia was forced to flee before the



standard of the Golden Dragon. Mercia never recovered the blow; and Wessex pursued her victorious career with new strength, until her power was acknowledged from Wight to the Cheviots, from Yarmouth to the hills of Wales.

It was indeed time that the scattered energies of England should be centred in a solid heart, for a fierce and terrible foe was about to swoop on her shore. The Norsemen (or Danes,

as they are commonly called) were abroad on the eastern sea, eager to smite the renegades who had forsaken the faith of Thor and Odin for the worship of a peaceful God.

The first descent of these pirates, who came to inflict upon the Angles and Saxons what their forefathers had inflicted on the defenceless Britons, took place in 787 at Charmouth in Dorsetshire, where the crews of three ships landed to plunder, and, after killing the sheriff, were driven on deck again. They chose a safer place for their second descent. Seven years later, they pounced on the island of Lindisfarne, where pious Oswald had founded a monastery, and there they slew and burned and robbed without stint or stay. What has been well called "the fatal beauty of England" possessed irresistible attractions for these red-haired sailors of the North. Gladly did the cadets of princely houses grasp the war-axe, and steer away for a land of green and gold, where no icy winter ever chained up the sea. The ravaging of a Christian shore gratified all their fiercest and strongest passions; for to lust of blood and lust of booty there was added in their stern hearts a quenchless hatred of the Cross. Such were the men whose dread war-hammers were now to forge our England into shape.

Brihtric, whose usurpation of the Wessex crown had driven the true heir, Egbert, into exile at the court of Charles the Great, or Charlemagne, had been but a short time king when the Danish keels touched at Dorsetshire. His death 800 brought back the wanderer to a hereditary throne in the last year of the eighth century. Some fifteen years' residence among the polished Franks had prepared the Bright-eyed Prince for the lofty station of a king. His keen glance saw the weakness of the neighbouring states, and all that art and valour could command was summoned to accomplish their subjugation. Mercia fell smitten on the field of Ellandun (823), and with it fell its feeble limbs, Kent and Essex. The

prince of Northumbria, making a virtue of necessity, arrested the uplifted sword by an abject submission. Thus the Angles bent under the Saxon sceptre, and a united **827** nation had its birth. All the lowlands acknowledged Egbert's rule, the Cymri of the mountains alone holding fast their ancient freedom. The last years of the West Saxon king were spent in beating back, as well as he could, the crafty incursions of the Danes. Joining the Cymri of Cornwall, they faced the army of Egbert at Hengsdown Hill above the Tamar, but were defeated with severe loss. In the following year (836) the brave King of Wessex died. Adversity had given him both the temper and the polish of a good steel blade. It was no bad omen for English greatness that such a man should stand first on her glorious roll of royal names.*

Ethelwulf, the next King of Wessex, was succeeded by four sons, who reigned in turn—Ethelbald, Ethelbert, Ethelred, and Alfred. The Danish sea-kings now gave no peace to the land. Fiercer and more frequent grew their dashes on the shore. Nor did the shore content them. Penetrating the land, they seized York, and pushed southward to Reading on the Thames. A brave but vain resistance was made to their destroying march by the Mercian earl Alfgar, who with a chosen band laid down his life among the oak trees of Kesteven.† A fruitless victory won at Ashtree Hill near Reading by the West Saxons, and memorable as one of Alfred's earlier fights, was followed by the defeat of Basing and the drawn battle of Merton,‡ in the latter of which King Ethelred received a mortal wound. The greatest of the Saxons then ascended the throne of Wessex.

* We must not forget that the title "King of England" was not adopted by Egbert. Even Alfred was styled only "King of the West Saxons."

† Lincolnshire has long been divided into three parts—Lindsey, Kesteven, and Holland. Kesteven forms the south-west district of the shire.

‡ There is a Merton on the Wandle in Surrey, nine miles from London, noted for the ruins of its abbey; but Sharon Turner thinks that this battle was fought at Moreton, near Wallingford, in Berkshire. Others identify it with Marden in Wiltshire.

CHAPTER V.

ALFRED THE GREAT.

Alfred's youth—His disease—Unpopular at first—Athelney—Battle of Ethandune—Treaty of Wedmore—Policy of Alfred—His daily life—Hasting the Dane—The stranded ships—Alfred's death.

BORN at Wantage in Berkshire* early in the year 849, Alfred, son of Ethelwulf and Osberga, ascended the throne of Wessex at the age of twenty-two. His early years had displayed a budding greatness, of which the bright blossoms adorned his manhood. In his seventh year he had gone with his father to Rome, where he resided for a year. While a boy he had won an illuminated copy of Saxon ballads, by learning them quickly as he heard them read. At seventeen his maiden sword had been reddened with Norse blood; and the nobles of Wessex had followed the banner of the gallant boy on many a hard-fought field. When the crown of Wessex devolved on Ethelred, the crown of Kent and Sussex should, by old Ethelwulf's will, have been given to Alfred; but it passed by consent of the Witan to the elder brother, in order that no disunion should weaken the kingdoms of the south in that day of peril and fear. It was well that those five years of apprenticeship fell to his lot. What was really the English crown descended, after the fatal field of Merton had laid Ethelred in a bloody grave, on a head already well skilled to rule in council or in fight.

* *Wantage*, in the north of Berkshire, is a market town, ten miles from Abingdon. Formerly noted for woollens and sacking, it now trades chiefly in farm produce.

Our wonder at his great achievements deepens as we read of that unknown but dreadful malady which tormented him internally for five-and-twenty of his busiest years, first seizing him on that day in 868 when he made Elswitha of East Anglia his wife. Yet his energies never flagged; for his spirit had an edge no pain could blunt, a spring no reverse could slacken.

The West Saxons grumbled a good deal at first under the sway of young Alfred's sceptre. Indeed they had some cause for complaint; for with youthful impetuosity he 871 plunged into the work of reform so hotly that he lost sight for a while of prudence in his demands upon a struggling people. Lawless men must be used to law gradually; sudden severity often defeats its own object. So Alfred was not popular at first; and when we add to his exactions the ever-threatening danger of the Danes, who held Northumbria and East Anglia, and who pressed so fiercely on Wessex that there was, in the first year of his reign, a battle every six weeks, we shall not wonder that the people of Wessex complained of their hard lot.

Thus it came to pass that when Guthrum, a Danish chief, made a descent on Wareham in Dorsetshire,* only a few dispirited men could be gathered around the banner of the Golden Dragon. To fight was useless or impossible at the moment. Exeter fell, Wilts was overrun, and Alfred was without a throne. The forest became his home, and the royal robe was exchanged for the coarse frock of a peasant. A wet tract of land, wooded with alder trees, stood in the centre of that wide swamp through which the Parret and the Tone found their way to the Bristol Channel.† That sequestered spot, known as Athelney or "the Isle of Nobles," formed his

* Wareham in Dorsetshire lies on a hill near the Frome, nineteen miles from Dorchester, and three miles from a branch of Poole Harbour.

† The Parret (anciently Pedred), the chief river of Somersetshire, rises at South Perrot, in Dorsetshire. It receives from the west the Tone, flowing out of Brendon Hill. Macaulay remarks that most names in this district of Somerset—Bridgewater and Sedgemoor, for example—remind us of its original swampy state.

refuge; and there he lived with a faithful few during the winter of 877-78. At this time a well-known incident is said to have occurred. One day, while he sat in a neat-
878 herd's cabin, by the logs which crackled and blazed in the centre of the clay floor, the wife of his host bade him turn the cakes that were baking, perhaps on an iron girdle. Lost in meditation, he continued mechanically to trim his bow, forgetful of the cakes. A cry aroused him. The smoking cakes were burned black, and the angry woman burst into a torrent of abuse, telling him, amongst other things, that, lazy as he was in watching the bread, he would be ready enough at meal-time to eat it.

This eclipse lasted only a few months. Three shires—Hants, Wilts, and Somerset—kept their absent king in loving memory, forgetting all his faults in the depth of their present woe. Only a few knew where he had gone. Imagine, then, the thrill of joy with which all hearts leaped up to meet a whisper, growing stronger every day, that he was still within the bounds of Wessex, waiting only for sufficient numbers and a fitting time to strike a decisive blow for the crown of Cerdic. One by one there dropped into the little island, over the three-arched bridge, stout young Saxon soldiers, ready to die sooner than submit again to that dark winter's shame and iron bondage. The spring sun was shining on the fresh green foliage of the alders, when the resolute little band left their leafy camp, and pursued their silent march through the glades of Selwood Forest to a spot near the base of Bratton Hill in Wiltshire, on the oval summit of which the tents of Guthrum gleamed. Then is said to have occurred another of those picturesque incidents which give a romantic hue to the story of Alfred's life. The story rests on the authority of an old monk of Croyland,* whose veracity is not above suspicion.†

* *Croyland*, or *Crowland*, in Lincolnshire, lies forty-eight miles from Lincoln. The ruins of its celebrated monastery are still to be seen.

† *Ingulphus*.

Donning the gay robe of a wandering gleeman, and summoning a servant to bear his harp behind him, Alfred made his way up the hill to the Danish camp. A welcome visitor he proved, and he was at once led to the royal tent. A wild shout hailed his entrance, for mead and ale had been flowing fast, and the furious revelry was at fever height. Alfred struck his harp with no unskilful finger, and as song succeeded song the praises of the Danes grew louder. Noting with sharp eye everything that passed, and catching with attentive ear the careless dropping talk of the revellers, whose language was not unlike his own, the disguised king played his daring part through the whole of that eventful night. When the camp was silent, he stole away to the forest, where his men were preparing for to-morrow's fight.

Early in the morning the Danes, suspecting no danger, went down to amuse themselves at the little village of Ethandune or Eddington,* which lay in the plain below the hill. In a trice Alfred had cut them off from the camp, and was on them with a fierce charge. Rather amused, at first, than frightened at the daring of the Saxons, they stood at bay; but it soon became manifest that no passing whiff of valour had **878** brought the Saxons from their forest den, but the fixed resolve of courageous men to have their own again, or perish in the struggle. Towards sunset the Danes gave way, and fled before the Saxon bill-hooks up to their lofty camp. Deep trenches, high banks, and a strong castle enabled them for a fortnight to defy the circle of Saxon spears, ever growing thicker round the base of the invested hill; but at last bread grew scarce, and the humbled pride of the Northmen sought a peace. The treaty of Wedmore† was made between the contending races. Guthrum (who took the name of Athelstan)

* *Ethandune*, or Eddington, lies under Bratton Hill, about two miles from Westbury, not far from the western border of Wiltshire.

† *Wedmore*, in Somersetshire, stands on a slope, five miles from Uxbridge, which lies under the Mendips.

and thirty of his chiefs consented to be baptized into the Christian Church ; while Alfred ceded to the Danes East Anglia, part of Essex, and all Mercia north-east of Watling Street. Within the *Danelagh* (or Dane-folk), as this extensive region was called, the Danes, tired of war and humbled in spirit by their severe reverse, beat their swords into ploughshares, and settled down to the quiet life of husbandmen.

Alfred now ruled a tolerably quiet land. The only danger he had to fear must come from the sea. His fleet, therefore, was enlarged ; and ships, built and modelled after the grace and symmetry of the salmon, cut the English seas at a rate of swiftness which the broad-beamed galleys that bore the Northmen could not half attain. The name of this West Saxon king began to be heard in the great centres of the world. In Rome, in Constantinople, in Bagdad, even in India, his praise was on priestly and princely lips.

English law owes much to Alfred ; for he framed a code in which some of the great principles of our constitution appear for the first time. The throne was by him first planted firmly on its foundation, in the enactment that to plot against the person of the king was death. But there is one great pillar of our liberties of which Alfred was not the architect, although the common story runs in favour of his claim. He did not introduce the practice of trial by jury.* Nor did he, as is commonly stated, divide the land into shires, hundreds, and tithings. He probably defined more exactly many of the existing boundaries ; but the shire was at least as old as Ina's laws. Though Alfred does not deserve the credit of these things, let us be just in awarding him our praise for what he did. Besides his organization of a really useful fleet, to serve as wooden walls for the island in which his kingdom lay, he built castles on command-

* Trial by jury, which became a common way of deciding cases under the Normans, originated in the practice of leaving the decision of any dispute to a certain number of men who knew the facts of the affair. The original jury was therefore composed of the witnesses in the case.

ing sites ; he founded schools at great expense ; and he invited learned men from abroad to settle at his court. He sent Ohter to survey the icebergs of the White Sea, and Wulfstan to penetrate that dark throat of the Baltic whence so many keels laden with death had poured upon the English sea-board ; he enclosed his cities with walls, and by the magic of industry turned the ruins of London into palaces ; and, what more than all has written his name in outstanding letters on the scroll of English history, he exhibited in the full gaze of all his people the high example of a pure and strong personal character.

Let us look for a little at the daily life of this Englishman, who rode upon the crest of his century, deserving more than any of his race to represent the age in which he worked out his allotted task,—

“ Wearing the white flower of a blameless life,
Before a thousand peering littlenesses,
In that fierce light which beats upon a throne,
And blackens every blot.”

Having burned his time-candles* far into the night, the active king rose in the gray dawn. A sparing meal then prepared him for his toil. Several hours were given to business of the state in what we, whose life has veered to so different a part of the twenty-four hours, should call the early morning. The model of a ship's hull, perhaps, carved by some cunning sailor of the fleet, came for his inspection ; and with wrights and smiths by his side in the primitive dockyard of the time, he went to give directions for the building of a similar vessel, whose sharp prow and slender waist gave promise of increased speed. There were reports to hear from all corners of the land ; masons to be directed in the fortification or the beautifying of towns ; members of the Witan to be consulted ; troops to be reviewed ; and a thousand other things, either crowding all

* The candles, which were shaded from draughts in horn lanterns, are said to have burned an inch in twenty minutes ; and it is likely that they were marked with rings at intervals of an inch.

together, or coming round on stated days, which made the eight hours given by the king to public business seem sadly short. A sharp gallop through the free air of the forest prepared him for the mid-day meal, which was often followed by a mid-day sleep—in his case short, for he allotted only eight hours altogether to sleep, meals, and exercise. The afternoon and evening were probably spent in literary work, in chatting with scholarly men, and in hearing books read. Let it not be forgotten that he could not read them himself. His authorship, which he managed by dictation to a clerk, consisted in translations from the Latin of such authors as Orosius and Bede the historians, and Boethius the captive philosopher. Having learned to speak Latin after he was forty, he had these books read to him, and he turned them freely into English, often adding scraps of his own knowledge, or compressing a lengthy paragraph into a few pithy words. By this incessant toil, varied with such service in the field as his sleepless foes, the Danish sea-kings, occasionally obliged him to see, Alfred earned his title of “the Great.”

A foe, more terrible than even Guthrum, broke in 893 the busy and fruitful peace which England had been then
893 enjoying for fifteen years. A sea-king, fearfully known on every shore from the Skaw to Sicily, cast anchor off the coast of Kent in that year, with a fleet of two hundred and fifty sail. It was Hasting, the prince of living pirates. But Alfred was ready to receive him. His cities were locked up in armour of stone; his ships, swift and strong, rode thick upon the sea.

This struggle between Alfred and Hasting lasted four years. The Danes landed in two divisions, at the mouth of the Thames, and threw up great intrenched camps, which became centres of desolation, spreading into the rich lowlands of Kent and the neighbouring shires. The tillers of the Danelagh, seizing their ancient weapons, made a rush to join their kinsmen fresh from the sea. But Alfred was a sleepless foe. At Farnham in

Surrey* he inflicted a severe defeat upon the pirates. A sudden descent on Devon brought him hastily to the relief of Exeter. Thus, from Thames to Severn and back again, the torch of war was carried through the land.

Almost the last stand of the Danes was made at Ware† on the Lea, where they erected a fortress of enormous strength, against which the citizens of London, aided by the surrounding peasantry, dashed themselves in vain. Through the entire summer of 896 they held this strong position, watching the cornfields grow white under the ripening sun, and waiting for a propitious August day on which they might house the grain for winter use. Unexpectedly, Alfred, who had let them alone during all these days, came up with a force, one half of which was armed with sickles. Foaming with helpless rage, the Danes saw the coveted sheaves bound and carried off in 896 waggons before their very faces, while they stood within their works, not daring to meet the Saxon spears on level ground. It was a bitter vexation; but a worse loss was yet in store. Well aware that the Danes were secure so long as they had their keels to fall back on in case of disaster, Alfred, by digging a deep trench on each bank of the stream and letting the current flow into these, so shallowed the main channel, where the Danish vessels lay, that they were stranded on the scarcely covered mud. This was the finishing stroke. Breaking from their lines, the Danes crossed the Chilterns towards the Severn, where with difficulty they got through the winter. When the spring winds blew, they patched as they best could some crazy ships borrowed from their kinsmen of the Danelagh, and steered away for the mouth of the Seine, where better fortune awaited their swords.

Alfred then spent a few years of peace, disturbed only by the scattered attacks of small pirate squadrons, that came flying in

* *Farnham* in Surrey lies near the Wey, thirty-eight miles from London. It is noted for hops.

† *Ware* in Hertfordshire lies on the Lea, twenty miles north of London.

twos and threes, like hornets, towards the coast—to settle, sting, and dart away. Danger to the throne there was
901 none; but the constant repetition of the attacks was extremely irritating, and the Saxon king gave no quarter to the Vikings* whom he seized. But his end was drawing nigh. To the last he worked for the land he loved so well. Suddenly, on the 26th October 901, death smote his feeble frame, and the great soul left its prison-house of clay.

* *Vikings*, vik'-ings, not vi'-kings; that is, sons of the vic or creek; or, as we should now say, *Creekers*.

CHAPTER VI.

DUNSTAN.

Birth and boyhood—The cell at Winchester—The handsome abbot—Quarrel with Edwy—In exile—Archbishop of Canterbury—His political policy—His ecclesiastical policy—Decay and death.

DURING the reign of Edward, Alfred's son, a child was born of Saxon parents, whose name fills the history of England during the greater part of the tenth century. This was Dunstan, afterwards to be first and greatest of the three churchmen who climbed above the English throne, the other two being Wolsey and Laud.

When he was a very young man, probably still a student at the school of Glastonbury,* where he read himself into fever and sleep-walking, all England rang with the tidings of a great battle won at Brunanburh in Northumbria by Athelstan, the son and successor of Edward, over a vast force **938** of Danes, Scots, and Cymri. This victory raised the name of Athelstan high among the princes of Europe. It was in the glow of this success that the title of "West Saxon King" was exchanged for the prouder name "King of All Britain." The valiant soldier also proved himself an able statesman by the enactment of an original code of laws.

Nor was Dunstan long past his teens when an outlaw's

* *Glastonbury* in Somersetshire lies on a hill surrounded by marshy flats, twenty-one miles south-west of Bath. A colony of Irish monks founded a great monastery there early in the Middle Ages.

dagger slew another king, Edmund, whose chief title to remembrance rests upon his having uprooted the Danish race from Derby, Leicester, Nottingham, Stamford, and Lincoln—the *Five Boroughs* of the Danelagh—in which they had planted themselves early in Alfred's reign. The youthful monk is said to have come from his cell to meet the royal corpse as it was borne to the sacred isle of Avalon.

The monkish historians have painted Dunstan in attitudes and in colours that suit their own purposes. His career and character, as thus presented to the world, contain the elements of fable and miracle in large proportions. The chroniclers have described him simply as the champion of monasticism against the secular clergy, and they have been indifferent to, or have misunderstood, his political aim, which was to establish the King of Wessex securely as King of all England. They tell us that young Dunstan was involved in a love affair, which convulsed his spirit in a terrible struggle between natural affection and the promptings of ambition. Love was conquered in the strife; and henceforth the young man made it his task to elevate monasticism and to establish its empire over human wills. Having built for himself a little cell beside the wall of Winchester church, he shut himself in to pray and to swing the sledge. At midnight, bars of light used to stream from his sacred smithy, and hoarse cries and heavy blows broke out on the still air. It was said that the fever of passion through which he had passed had for a time somewhat unhinged his mind, and had peopled his lonely cell with phantoms, just as his nervous system had been shattered by over-study in early life.

Made Abbot of Glastonbury at a remarkably early age, he rose speedily into prominence, for to great abilities he added brilliant accomplishments; and as Athelm, Archbishop of Canterbury, was his uncle, his powers were not likely to remain hidden in obscurity. The handsome young abbot, whose talk

flowed in so sparkling a stream—whose rich voice was the very soul of music; who could make bells, stain glass, and carve crucifixes—was just the man to become popular at a court where intellect and refined taste were rare. Five kings of England owned his sway, and more than one owed to him the crown. In truth he deserved the title of “Kingmaker” fully as well as that stern soldier of a later day who died on the bloody field of Barnet.

Under the sickly Edred, who reigned from 946 to 955, Dunstan’s power grew steadily. Though Abbot of Glastonbury, he spent most of his time at court, engaged in ecclesiastical and political schemes. The king devoted himself to a religious life, and left the management of public affairs to Dunstan, who became in effect prime minister. To his efforts mainly was it due that the repeated attempts of the Northumbrians to set up an independent monarchy signally failed.

The story of his quarrel with King Edwy, as told by the monkish chroniclers, represents him only as a zealous and cruel ecclesiastic. It was the day of the coronation, which had just been performed at Kingston-upon-Thames by Odo the Dane, Archbishop of Canterbury. Around the royal board the leading clergy of the realm were assembled, prominent 955 among whom sat the Abbot of Glastonbury. Edwy, a handsome bridegroom of eighteen, slipped away from the festive scene to tell his wife and her mother how the coronation ceremony had passed off. Tossing the crown aside, he was rejoicing in the thought that all was over, when the door, flung rudely back, admitted two boisterous priests, who desired the king to return at once to the hall, as Archbishop Odo was annoyed at his absence. Edwy’s kingly spirit took fire, and he refused to stir, until Dunstan, picking up the crown, placed it on his head, and dragged the royal captive back to the banquet-hall.

Such an insult burned deep into Edwy’s heart, nor did he rest until he got revenge. Edred, the late king, having con-

fided the royal treasures to Dunstan's care, Edwy demanded that the money should be accounted for at once. On Dunstan's refusal, soldiers were sent to Glastonbury, who seized the daring abbot's wealth and drove him from the shelter of the abbey. Fearful of losing his eyes, or of some such barbarous treatment, he fled across the sea to Flanders, where he resided for some time. Such is the traditional story, in which there are probably very few points that are true, except the general fact that Edwy quarrelled with Dunstan, and that the latter spent some months abroad. During his absence, Mercia and

Northumbria, instigated by Archbishop Odo, the Dane, 958 unfurled the banner of revolt in favour of young Edgar, a brother of the king. Edwy the Fair, shorn of more than half his realm, and deprived of his wife Elgiva, who was divorced from him by Odo "because they were too nearly related," died a few months later, not improbably by violent means.

Meanwhile Dunstan had returned at the summons of Edgar to receive the mitres of Worcester and London—honours 959 which he soon exchanged for the Primacy of England.

Dunstan was now the most powerful man in the realm. King Edgar was in entire sympathy with his ecclesiastical policy, and also with his reforms in the State, and he gave his minister a free hand. In politics, Dunstan pursued a national as distinguished from a tribal policy. He wished to weld Saxons, Angles, and Danes into one nation, with the King of Wessex at its head. In this he succeeded to a great extent. He broke the power of Northumbria by dividing it into three earldoms—York, Northumberland, and Lothian—the 966 last of which was granted to the King of Scots as a fief.

When he had secured the supremacy of Edgar, Dunstan conciliated the Danes and the Anglians by allowing them a large amount of freedom in matters of local government. Not until he had been made in fact "King of the Angles and of all the nations round about" was Edgar crowned. The ceremony

took place at Bath in 973. His position is symbolized by the common story which tells how, at Chester, he received the homage of six kings, who rowed his barge up the river Dee, he holding the helm. This consolidation of England was mainly the work of Dunstan the priest.

His ecclesiastical policy, as already mentioned, aimed at the restoration of monasticism in England. When in Flanders he had seen and had admired the strict discipline of the Benedictine Order, and he resolved to introduce that Order into England. During Edgar's reign the minsters of Ely and Peterborough were rebuilt, and in all forty Benedictine convents were founded or restored. The secular clergy were driven out of many monasteries, and the regular clergy were put in their places. Dunstan's object in these reforms was not merely to establish the supremacy of Rome, but also to promote education through the monasteries, which were also schools, and to purify the life both of the clergy and of the people. There were, however, men in England who were jealous of the encroachments and of the arrogance of Rome. **963**

The sight of great abbeys filled with unmarried monks, who lived a life of vicious ease upon the fat of the land, with countless vassals upon their spreading farms, fat beeves on their green pastures, and heaps of coin in their strong-box, stirred up the honest rage of Englishmen, who saw the land groaning under pestilence and famine. By secret plots and open violence, and by the thunders of a fluent and gleaming eloquence, Dunstan fought the battle of his Church and his Order. That his cause triumphed is scarcely wonderful, when we regard the disjointed time and the undeniable genius of the man.

The most remarkable crisis of the struggle took place at Calne in Wiltshire,* where the Witan assembled to debate the disputed points. Gathering in a large chamber on the first

* *Calne*, a borough of Wiltshire, lies on a brook in one of the chalk valleys, thirty-one miles north-west of Salisbury.

floor of the town hall, the earls, thanes, bishops, abbots, and other leading churchmen took their seats in two bodies at different ends of the room, according to the side which
978 each supported. The wise and eloquent Beornhelm had come from Scotland to plead the cause of the national Church against the interference of Rome. Dunstan rose when the illustrious stranger had spoken, and was in the midst of an address which mingled lamentations over his own decaying years with appeals to Heaven for judgment, when a sudden cracking noise was heard: the opposite end of the flooring, where the national party sat, gave way with a crash, and all but Dunstan and his friends lay far below among the splintered joists in a ghastly heap of dead and maimed. It is impossible to say whether this was a remarkable coincidence or a trick. At any rate, whether Dunstan sawed the beams below or not, the crash at Calne swept off at one terrible stroke his most formidable opponents, and left him master of the field.

His glory, however, was short-lived. The feeble prince for whose sake Edward was murdered in 979—that unhappy Ethelred, whose memory had been branded with the name “Unready,” or Redeless (that is to say, weak in counsel)—bent under the iron sway of the great archbishop. But the nation had grown weary of Dunstan, and his influence declined both in the Witan and in the country. To the misery of failing power there was added the worse misery of a failing frame. Retiring to Canterbury sick in body and in mind, he spent the
last days of his waning life apart from the stormy
988 world, in whose strife his unbroken spirit had rejoiced; and there he died in 988, closing his eyes on England at a time when once more the sea was beginning to be darkened with Danish keels.

CHAPTER VII.

SWEYN AND CANUTE.

Sweyn lands—St. Brice—Revenge—Edric Streona—Treaty of Alney—
Canute sole king—His policy—Conquers Norway—His laws—On pilgrimage—Story of the waves—Canute's death.

THE incompetence of the Redeless King Ethelred reached a climax in the fearful massacre of St. Brice. Already the incursions of the Danes had grown so threatening that recourse was had to the miserable temporary shift of paying them to go away. Of course they came back, year after year, in fiercer and larger swarms, demanding greater sums of money; and even when the price of departure had been paid, they did not really leave the land, but passed into other quarters, to make new demands with lifted sword and flaming torch. Most active among these Vikings was Sweyn, the fierce son of Harold Blutooth, who made his first appearance **994** in the Thames in 994, leading, in company with the King of Norway, a fleet of ninety-four sail. Beaten from the walls of London by the brave citizens, they sailed on a voyage of desolation around the southern coast, and wintered at Southampton. A fatal mistake was then made. These Northmen were taken into English pay, and intrusted with the defence of the kingdom. To defray the cost of their maintenance, the tax called Danegeld was levied. And now the cord twisted by her own hand was indeed round the neck of Saxon England.

Fancying that an alliance with the Normans might keep the

Danes in check, Ethelred married as his second wife Emma, sister of the Duke of Normandy. Soon afterwards, he formed the design of getting rid of the Norse mercenaries whom he had taken into his service, by putting them to death. His orders were misunderstood, and resulted in a general massacre of Danes. The terrible whisper crept through Anglo-Saxon houses, lighting a fierce joy in thousands of sunken eyes; for there were few who had not suffered from the Danes.

Nov. 13,

1002

On the festival of St. Brice, the Saxons rose upon the scattered Danish settlers and killed them all. Gunhilda, sister of Sweyn, and her husband, Palig, lay among the bleeding heaps. This foolish act brought a deluge of vengeance on the land. Ethelred little thought that the wind thus sown would soon grow into a whirlwind, which should sweep him first into exile, and with its final gust into a coward's grave.

Moved by revenge and ambition, Sweyn dashed over the sea to the English coast; filled with blood Exeter, Salisbury, Norwich, and Thetford;* and, before he turned his prows eastward again, saw the entire land groaning under the three-fold scourge of war, plague, and famine. His speedy return began the same round of terrors. All southern England was alight with the blaze of burning towns; her soil dyed with blood. It would be tedious and painful to repeat the woes the English people then suffered for the folly of their wretched king (1003, 1004).

A new actor now comes on the stage—Edric Streona, son-in-law of the witless Ethelred; a clever villain, who made the king his tool. The assassination of Elfhelm, ealdorman of Mercia, winked at, if not abetted, by Ethelred, opened to this low-born favourite a place of power, into which he climbed at once. Edric and his brothers clung like leeches to the king, each trying how much gold and power he could suck for his own share. Ethelred lived a vicious life, varied by short

* Thetford, a Norfolk borough on the Little Ouse, thirty miles south-west of Norwich.

spasms of activity, which had small result except the deepening of his subjects' disgust. The Angles of the north, among whom the roots of ancient hatred were still alive, ranged themselves under the banner of Sweyn. Woful years, red with fire and blood, went by, until in 1013 Sweyn, having landed with a huge force, swept over the land, and set up at Bath a rival throne, proclaiming himself King of England, and the Redeless king fled across the sea to Normandy.

So, with changing names and changing fortunes, went on the struggle, now grown to be for the life or the death of a dynasty. Sweyn died in 1014; but his greater son Canute stood ready crowned in his room. Then came the last flicker of Ethelred's feeble spirit. A sudden call from the Witan, backed by the news that an army of Englishmen waited to be led to battle, induced him to strike another blow for the fallen throne. All looked well at first; and Canute had to leave the English shore. But the leopard cannot change his spots. Neither the loss of a crown nor the hardships of exile could make Ethelred a wise king. When, in early spring, the masts of two hundred ships, laden with death and revenge, broke 1014 the eastward horizon, there was but a slender force to face the invading host. Young Edmund, indeed, whose surname Ironside seems to stamp him as a man of other spirit than his father, did his best, but could not muster troops enough to meet the Danish army. Unhindered, the Vikings marched along the southern shore, destroying as they went.

A keen and cunning eye watched every move in the bloody game. Men were playing for a crown, and why should not Edric, who had already won an earldom by craft, cast in his stake and win the higher prize? The old king was sick unto death; the Ironside was no favourite with his father, as he was the son of his first wife Elfleda; while Edward, the son of his second wife, was a mere boy, and Canute was a mere crown-hunter from beyond the seas. "Why may not I," thought the Mercian

earl, "play them off, one against the other, and work the destruction of both? Let me join the Dane in slaying Ironside, and then rouse the national feeling against the Dane." So he carried his false face into Canute's camp. Amid the clang of war which then arose, the death of Ethelred was scarcely noticed (1016). London declared for Edmund—a thing which gave great strength to his cause; for even then London was the heart of England. Canute, on the other hand, was saluted as sovereign at Southampton by a great crowd of nobles and clergy, who were anxious to end a war so fatal to the land. An unsuccessful siege of London by the Danes; a drawn battle at Sherstone in Wiltshire;* another fight, maintained under the light of a full moon, at Assandune in Essex,† in which the Danes were beaten; and what fable calls a duel, but what was probably a formal conference, between the rivals, on an island in the Severn, paved the way for an arrangement called the Treaty of Alney,‡ by which Edmund was restricted to Wessex, while Canute held East Anglia, Mercia, and all the north.

Edric, gliding from camp to camp, as the balance of
1016 victory swayed from the one side to the other, reminds one of a deadly snake gifted with the chameleon's power of changing hue at will. Not improbable is the supposition that he accomplished, by some secret agent, the mysterious death of Edmund in November 1016, after only six months' struggle for the crown.

Canute, having then induced the Witan to shake hands with him over the usurped diadem of all England, began to make a bloody clearing around his throne. There stood in his way six persons who must either die or leave the land. Edwy, son of

* *Sherstone Magna* (the *Sceorstone* of the *Saxon Chronicle*) lies in Wiltshire, near the head of the Avon, six miles from Malmesbury.

† *Assandune* in Essex is thought to be Ashington near Canewdon on the Crouch, twenty miles south-east of Chelmsford. Ashdon, thirty miles north-west of Chelmsford, has with less probability been named as the site.

‡ *Alney*. This island in the Severn must not be confounded with the market town of Olney on the Ouse in Bucks, where the poet Cowper resided for a long time.

Ethelred—also known as “the Ceorl King,” or the king of the people—soon fell. Edward and Alfred, sons of Ethelred’s second marriage, fled to their mother’s native land of Normandy. Edmund and Edward, the little children of Ironside, were sent over to Norway to be killed; but by the cautious or merciful Olaf were passed on to the court of Hungary, where the one died a bachelor and the other married. Of the latter* we shall hear again. Adopting the policy of Dunstan, Canute divided England into four earldoms. He made Eric, his brother-in-law, Earl of Northumberland, and Thurkill, also a Dane, Earl of East Anglia. Mercia he gave to Edric, and he kept Wessex to himself. So little trust did he put in Edric that he soon caused him to be put to death.

Thus far Canute plied the steel in carving out a throne. But he was no mere soldier. The time had now come for his genius to put forth fruit. Linking himself to the fallen dynasty by a marriage with Emma, Ethelred’s widow, he adopted a policy which went far to heal the bleeding wounds of the English nation. Englishmen were raised to offices of trust and power. He sent the greater part of his fleet and army back to the Baltic Sea, laden indeed with more than eighty thousand pounds, but yet gone for ever from the shore they had so terribly wasted. Six thousand *húscarls*, glittering in armour richly inlaid with gold, alone remained around the throne. And, to crown all, he after some time abjured heathenism, and threw himself with ardour into the ranks of the Christian Church.

Canute’s great ambition was to place himself, as King of England, at the head of a great Scandinavian empire. He crossed the sea in 1025 to Sweden, where with difficulty and peril he contrived to establish an unstable dominion. More

* *The latter.* Edward, whose son, Edgar the Etheling, was the last prince of the Saxon line. (See Table, page 122.)

complete and lasting was his conquest of Norway, where the gentle Olaf Trygvason stood meekly at bay amid a crowd of fierce jarls and pagan priests, incurring hatred by doing what he could to leaven his subjects with the teachings of the Christian faith. Canute seized the chance. English gold proved stronger than Norse loyalty; and the treacherous courtiers of Olaf promised, when the English fleet entered their fiords, to fall away from their Christianizing king, and range themselves under the invading banners. They did so. Olaf fled to Russia, and Canute received the crown of Norway.

Returning in 1029 from this successful expedition, Canute, with the help of the Witan, set about the enactment of a great Code of Laws, which were in the main a repetition of older laws and customs. They rested on two principles—that but one God should be worshipped in the land, and that every man was worthy of folk-right, or the protection of the common law. Yet we see in these laws of Canute glimpses of the wild superstition and savage barbarity which disfigured the crude legislation of the Dark Ages.

From the building of churches and the framing of laws, the red-handed Dane turned to thoughts of what was regarded as the crowning sacrifice of a penitent sinner—a pilgrimage to Rome.* On his way across the Continent, he arranged that pilgrims and peddlers should no longer be obliged to pay toll to the barons whose castles commanded the mountain gates of Italy; and he also induced the Pope to exempt from all taxation the school established for English students at Rome.

An expedition to Scotland closed the campaigning days of Canute. It is a pity that the keen research of modern historians has cast shades of doubt, if not actual denial, over many

* The Saxon Chronicle assigns this visit to 1031. A contemporary mentions that he saw Canute in Rome at the coronation of the Emperor Conrad II., which took place in 1027. It is possible, however, that Canute may have visited Rome oftener than once.

of those charming stories which relieve the duiness of the page of history. Such a story is that of Canute and the waves. At some uncertain time the king, being on the sea-shore, resolved to teach his courtiers how absurd were the flatteries they had been used to lavish on him. Among other honeyed lies, they had said that the sea would know his voice, and roll back its waters at his august bidding. Gathering them on the sand, he placed his throne within the tide-mark, and sat until the surf flowed almost to his feet. Then he spoke in a loud voice, commanding the waters to retire. Each wave swept higher on the sand, until they leaped, as if in scorn, over his knees, and soaked the skirts of his kingly robe. Then turning to the watching crowd, he said, "How frivolous and vain is the might of an earthly king compared to the might of that Great Power who rules the elements, and can say to the ocean, 'Thus far shalt thou go, and no further!'" Then taking from his head the crown, which he never wore again, he sent it to Winchester Cathedral, to be placed, in lasting memorial of this incident, above the plaited thorns of the great crucifix.*

The early death of this great and superstitious Dane caused the triple kingdom, which he had cemented with blood, to fall asunder. Dying in 1035, his fortieth year, he left three feeble sons, who are little more than faint **1035** shadows in the vision of the past. Canute, for all his cruelty and credulousness, had sterling manhood to redeem his memory from oblivion. But of Sweyn who got Norway, Hardicanute who got Denmark, and Harold Harefoot† who got England, nothing need be said beyond the bare mention of their names.

* There is an odd Welsh legend which probably afforded to Henry of Huntingdon the ground-work for this story of Canute. Many princes assemble on the shore to try who shall be supreme; and in the contest that ensues, Maelgoun (the Lancelot of the Idylls) wins by means of a chair that has waxed wings below it.

† Sweyn and Harold Harefoot were the sons of Canute by his first wife, Elfgifu. Hardicanute was the son of Emma, his second wife, and was therefore half-brother of Edward the Confessor.

CHAPTER VIII.

EARL GODWIN AND HIS ROYAL SON.

A forest hut—Rapid promotion—Alfred's murder—Accession of Edward—
Earl *versus* king—Policy of the Confessor—The riot at Dover—Flight
of Godwin—Visit of Norman William—Return and death of Godwin—
Death of the Confessor—Harold elected king.

WHILE the last throes of the Danish Conquest were convulsing the land, a Norse chieftain, flying from his foes, wandered all night through one of the great forests in the south of England.* At daybreak he came suddenly on a young man, whom he begged to show him the way to the Danish camp. "Not now," said the Saxon youth, "for it would peril the lives of us both; but come to my father's hut till night, and then I will be your guide." Refusing a gold ring, which the soldier pressed him to accept, the cowherd led the way to a wattled cabin where sat a worn old man. Father and son vied in attention to their guest, whom the latter brought by starlight safe to Canute's camp. It was then the turn of the rescued guest to play the host, for the fugitive was none other than Canute himself. The mean-clad herdsman was royally entertained, and received the praises of all for the good deed he had done. Such was the incident which opened a path of glory to Godwin, the only son of old Wulfnoth, once a cap-

* Probably the great forest of *Andred*, which stretched from Winchester almost to Dover Cliff, clothing the slopes of that extensive and now fertile valley that divides the North and South Downs.

tain in the Saxon fleet, then a pirate on the high seas, and at last a broken-down cowherd in a forest hut.

Having been received into the ranks of Canute's army, Godwin rose rapidly in favour and in fame. For his bravery in saving Canute's army in Sweden, he was rewarded with the earldoms of Kent and Wessex. So powerful had he become that on the death of Canute his voice induced the Witan, which met at Oxford, to assign Wessex to Hardicanute, Emma's son, and London with the districts north of the Thames to Harold Harefoot. The enmity of the latter, who felt deep annoyance at being thus shorn of a great province, obliged Godwin to retire with the widowed queen to the palace of Winchester, where he lived in great magnificence.

The name of this illustrious man is mixed up strangely with the most brutal of Harold's crimes. Alfred and Edward, sons of Ethelred and Emma, had taken refuge in Normandy, their mother's land, and were kindly welcomed at the court of their uncle, Richard the Good. They made descents on the English shore, in the hope that Saxons would rally round a Saxon flag. Alfred, induced by the news that a few nobles had united in his cause, landed on the Kentish side of the Thames, and having been met by Godwin, who proposed to guide him to the queen-dowager, passed on to Guildford.* During the night, a band of Harold's men set on the town, captured Alfred, and carried him off to Ely,† where his eyes were torn out, and he was left to die in awful agony. It is uncertain whether Godwin can be fairly charged with a share in this crime, though it is pretty clear that he deserted the Saxon prince at Guildford. A cry got up against him in the succeeding reign by Elfric, archbishop of Canterbury, roused the spirit of all the English nobles, who

* *Guildford* on the Wey, the capital of Surrey, lies in a hollow of the North Downs, twenty-nine miles south-west of London.

† *Ely* in Cambridgeshire is an episcopal city, sixteen miles north-east of Cambridge. The island of Ely, once really an island, lying in a great district of mere and swamp, filled the north of both Huntingdonshire and Cambridgeshire.

came forward as one man to swear that he was innocent of Alfred's death.

On the death of Hardicanute (1042), Godwin might, if he had chosen, have seized the English crown. But the restoration of the house of Cerdic had long been his darling dream ;
1042 and now, neglectful of himself, he secured the election as king of a guest at the English court, whose six-and-twenty years in Normandy had made him, in talk, in dress, in habits of life and thought, a thorough Frenchman. Dazzled by his Saxon lineage, Godwin placed the crown on the head of Edward, brother of the murdered Alfred, who was fitter to be the prior of a monastery than the wielder of the English sceptre.

How there grew up between the giant earl and the young king slight differences, which swelled to open hatred, we need not stop to note. Conscious that he owed to Godwin his royal seat, Edward, with the meanness of an inferior nature, could scarcely bear the sight of the mighty soldier and eloquent statesman, whose mere presence reminded him of his own littleness. Godwin's daughter, the lovely Edith, who surpassed all the ladies of Europe in the arts of painting and embroidery, was married to Edward ; but in spite of this alliance the gulf between the king and his great subject widened month by month.

The solitary benefit conferred on England by Edward, whom monks called the Confessor, lay in his repealing the hated Dane-geld ; but he repealed it chiefly because famine had so drained the land of substance that the tax could not be collected. On the other hand, Edward's memory suffers from the odium of an unpatriotic act. He it was who first opened the flood-gates which admitted to English soil a crowd of needy Frenchmen—men of foreign speech and foreign dress, who treated the people of the land with disdain, and yet scorned not to fill their pockets with the coin that the honest labour of Englishmen had produced. Godwin received the first hint of his waning power when the

Witan refused to assent to a proposal of his to send an English fleet to defend Denmark against the King of Norway. Yet that power seemed a solid rock, which flung its shadow over nearly all England, quite eclipsing the feeble throne. Wessex and Kent owned his sway as earl; but not content with his own dominion, he had planted around him his stalwart sons, like towers of strength, in the richest earldoms of the land—Sweyn at Hereford on the skirts of the Welsh mountains, and Harold among the fair corn-fields of East Anglia.

A riot at Dover brought the estrangement between Godwin and the king to a sudden head. Eustace, Count of Boulogne, who had married Goda, the king's sister, was returning with his retainers from a visit to the English court. As they passed through Dover, they forced their way rudely into private houses. Saxon blood at once took fire at the outrage of the steel-clad ruffians, and in one house a French life was taken. The news of this resistance brought the foreign knights in 1051 a disorderly troop to the place where their dead comrade lay, and there, by his own fireside, the stout-hearted Saxon who had given the fatal blow was hewn down. The cry of battle rang through the streets, until the French horsemen, after having slain many citizens, were beaten from lane to lane, and driven at last from the town. Eustace and a few of his knights galloped away, with torn crests and bloody spears, toward the palace of their royal friend.

When the king heard of the affair, he at once directed Godwin to hasten to Dover, which lay in the earldom of Kent, and to punish the citizens who had dared to show such spirit. This Godwin refused to do, well aware of that hatred towards the foreign favourites of the king which smouldered in all English hearts, and believing that he could reckon on the support of the nation in case of an open rupture. Mustering with the aid of his sons a vast army, ostensibly for the Welsh war, but really for the purpose of striking terror into the court of Gloucester,

he advanced to Beverston and Langtree, and there demanded that Eustace and his murderous band should be tried for the massacre at Dover. Edward, calling the great earls Leofric and Siward to his aid, met this threatening front with craft. Instead of a battle at Gloucester, there was to be a conference at London on St. Michael's Day. Godwin reached the trysting-place to find the streets thick with hostile spears. His own army had melted away, and he stood in the very jaws of destruction with scarcely a weapon at his back. The old story of Alfred's murder being raked up against him, he bowed to necessity, and fled with his wife Githa and Sweyn his son to Bosenham in Sussex, where a few ships lay anchored off the shore. The exiles sailed to Flanders, where Count Baldwin ruled a court which stood to England in a relation not unlike that held in Tudor times by the duchy of Burgundy. All discontented spirits flocked to that centre from the English shore, to find there a welcome and a home. Harold and Leofwin, other sons of Godwin, went to Ireland; and the ban of outlawry was proclaimed by not unwilling lips on every member of his illustrious family. Queen Edith, shorn of all her state, was sent to the nunnery of Wherwell.*

There now arrived in England a guest whose present coming had an ominous import. William of Normandy, who had been secretly invited over to England by the Confessor, as his kinsman, as an ally against Godwin, landed with a splendid
1051 train of knights, and received a magnificent welcome from the king. The joy with which he had greeted the summons deepened as his ambitious eye roved over the fair fields of England, laden with overflowing wealth. If not before, he must certainly then have resolved to attempt the conquest of the country. Everything favoured such a design. A spiritless weakling sat upon the throne, ruling a court already invaded by French fashions of speech, dress, and daily life; and

* Another authority says that she found a refuge in Wilton convent.

Normans already wore all the mitres and coronets that were worth possessing.

Godwin soon returned to triumph and to die in the land he loved so well. Aided by his sons from Ireland, he sailed up the Thames to London Bridge, which was purposely left unguarded by the citizens, and in sight of the royal fleet he landed his men on the Southwark side. A panic struck through Edward's Norman court as the bold Saxon earl reëntered London amid the rejoicings of the entire city. Robert, the foreign primate, and many others fled to Normandy. The king and Godwin formed a hollow friendship, Edith returned to the court, and Stigand, an Englishman, received the vacant see of Canterbury (1052).

But the hand of death had already touched the great Earl of Kent. Soon after his arrival in England his health began visibly to break. The end came at Winchester on the 18th of April 1053. Brave, eloquent, and patriotic, **1053** Godwin stands out in these sunset days of Saxon greatness like a giant amid a crowd of dwarfs. Crimes he committed, no doubt, for it was an age of crime; but his unshaken loyalty to the house of Cerdic would cover far deeper stains than those that lie on his name.

The reign of Edward lingered on for thirteen ignoble years. Feuds between Godwin's sons—Harold, who had succeeded to the western earldom once held by Sweyn, and Tostig, whom Edith's favour had raised to the coronet of Northumbria—convulsed the kingdom. Edward, idling life away in the society of monks or abroad in the fields with hound and hawk, made a feeble move towards the appointment of a successor by bringing from Hungary his nephew, Edward, the exiled son of Ironside, and his three children—Edgar, Margaret, and **1057** Christina. The sudden death of his namesake, almost immediately after arriving in London, destroyed whatever hopes the king may have been building on this act of late remembrance.

Meantime the star of Harold had been rising fast. He inflicted a terrible defeat on the Welsh, whose king, Grif-
1063 fith, was slain. Tostig drew sword with his brother in this great enterprise. But England could not contain both these giants of ambition at once. Tostig had to go; and when Edward grew sick with a mortal disease, nothing stood between Harold and the crown his father had declined to wear.

The story of Harold's oath to the Conqueror would, if true, brand his kingly name with perjury. But there is good reason for believing it a monkish fiction. Shipwrecked in 1065 on the Norman coast, he fell, it is related, into the cruel hands of Guy, Count of Ponthieu, who delivered him up to the Duke of Normandy. William, resting his claim to the English crown on an old promise made to him by Edward the Confessor when
1065 they were young together in Normandy, made Harold swear to help him in securing the prize he sought. The point of the story lies in the trick by which William tried to give a solemn meaning to words lightly uttered. The English earl, thinking that he swore upon a common reliquary, turned pale with alarm when the cover of the table was removed, and a chest filled with the bones of saints appeared below. In monkish ages, to break an oath like this surpassed all other crimes.

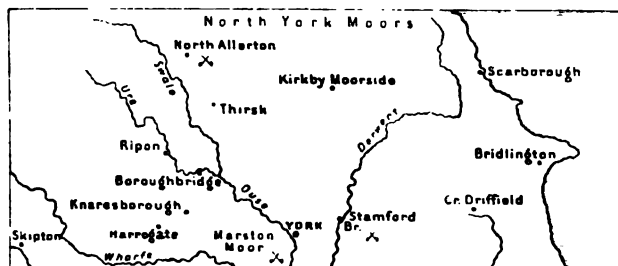
The 5th of January 1066 saw Edward the Confessor dead. One day later, the voice of the southern Witan proclaimed Harold the Dauntless King of England. With his dying breath the Confessor had commended the queen and the king-
1066 dom to the care of this great soldier, on whom alone his country's heart was resting. Edgar the Etheling, grandson of Ironside, still lived, it is true; but a raw boy was not fit to wear the English crown in that hour of deepening storm. Young Edgar was made Earl of Oxford, while Harold assumed the crown.

CHAPTER IX.

THE NORMAN CONQUEST.

Preparations in Normandy—Battle of Stamford—Landing of William—
March to Hastings—The array on Senlac Hill—The battle—The Nor-
man onset—The death of Harold.

THE news of Harold's succession reached the Duke of Normandy as he stood with strung bow in a park near Rouen, ready to let fly at the driven deer. Dropping his bow, he crossed the Seine in a boat, and in the hall of his palace lay on a bench for hours with muffled head, brooding over the loss he had sustained. Then the plan of conquest was matured; and the hot long days of summer shone on crowds of armourers, smiths, and shipwrights toiling in all the forges and dockyards of Normandy. With anxious heart the duke saw the days shorten and the Channel waves grow rough with autumn gales, while he waited for that posture of affairs in which his keen eye might discern the greatest likelihood of victory. At last the chance arrived. Tostig, Harold's banished brother, who had been for some time cruising as a pirate off the English shore, sailed up the Ouse with Harold Hardrada, King of Norway, inflicted a bloody defeat on an English army, and took immediate possession of York. Harold, advancing northward with a considerable force, found the invading foe occupying a strong position at Stamford Bridge on the Derwent; and there was fought a battle the importance of which is almost obscured by the great action which made the ensuing month famous in English history.



At dawn on the 25th of September the battle began. Harold with his horsemen charged the thin crescent in which the Norsemen had formed their array. The spears of the Scandinavians kept their curving hedge long unbroken, standing outward with red and fatal points. But at last the English wedge pierced the extended line, and pushing on, split it right in two. The invaders, many of whom had left their breastplates in camp on account of the oppressive heat, fell in heaps. Hardrada found the seven feet of English earth which Harold's boastful taunt had promised him, for the giant lay stretched in death amid the corpses of nearly all his force. And Tostig, too, the traitor son of Godwin, died in the carnage of that bloody day.

Four days later, on the 29th, the same Kentish shore which had seen the galleys of Cæsar and the keels of Hengist approach laden with blood and flame, witnessed a crowd of painted sails rise out of the offing and overspread the green waves like a flock of sea-birds. They had come from St. Valeri* on the Norman coast, and bore sixty thousand soldiers, summoned from various lands to aid in the enterprise of the Norman duke. No English soldier appeared to oppose the landing. No English sail cruised along the defenceless shore; for the northern war had drawn every fighting-man to the banks of the Derwent, and the English

* *St. Valeri*, a small sea-port in Seine-Inférieure, eighteen miles north of Yvetot. Another port of the same name stands at the mouth of the Somme.

fleet had put into harbour for new supplies of food. Running on the sands of Bulverhithe in Pevensey Bay* on the Sussex coast, the Norman ships disgorged their warlike freight. Clouds of archers, close shaven and clad in short coats, sprang from the decks with bows ready strung and quivers packed with shafts. But in vain these light skirmishers advanced their lines. Not an armed figure was in sight. In safety and quiet the knights, clad in complete armour, with laced helmets and shields slung round their necks, descended on the shore, where their squires already stood holding caparisoned chargers by the head. Then the carpenters brought out the timber of three forts, shipped ready-cut from Normandy, with barrels full of pins for joining them together. Before night the Norman stores lay under a wooden roof. Duke William in landing fell forward on the sand. His train, filled with the sensitive superstition of the times, thought the omen bad, until with ready wit he cried, "See, my lords, I have taken possession of England with both my hands."

Marching next day along the shore to Hastings,† he established there a strong camp, and erected other two wooden forts. From this centre the Norman ravages spread far and wide. The startled farmers fled from all the country around, driving before them huddled groups of oxen, swine, and sheep.

Harold and his exhausted army were nursing their wounds at York when the news of the Norman landing came. Without delay the English king hurried to London, calling, as he passed, on all true Englishmen to gather round the banner of their native land. Many of his best friends counselled delay until the whole strength of the kingdom could be hurled upon the

* *Pevensey* in Sussex, five miles south-west of Hailsham, is now a little village of four hundred and twelve inhabitants. It is supposed to represent the old British town of *Anderida*. A castle, whose ruins still exist, and a harbour of some size made it important about the time of the Conquest. *Pevensey* gives its name to one of the six *Rapes* into which Sussex has been long divided. The origin of the word *Rape* is unsettled.

† *Hastings*, a borough in Sussex, lies on the shore, sheltered by hills, about sixty-four miles from London. Kemble supposes it to have been the fort of the *Hastingas*. *St. Leonards-on-Sea*, once a mile off, has now grown into *Hastings*.

invaders. Gurth, his younger brother, offered to lead a forlorn hope, while preparations were being made to secure a complete victory by leading a large and well-organized force against the shaken Norman lines. Rejecting the brave offer and the sagacious advice, Harold tried to surprise his wily foe; but when he found that impossible, he made a sharp turn in his march and took up a strong position on the hill of Senlac, about seven



or eight miles from Hastings. His spies sent out thence are said to have brought back word that there were more priests in the Norman camp than fighting-men in the English army. They had mistaken the shaven archers for monks. Again Harold was pressed to retreat on London, to waste the country as he passed, and thus starve the Norman army into a state of weakness. But yielding to the promptings of his own fiery heart, he resolved to stake his crown on the issue of an immediate battle.

This was playing quite into William's hands. Moving with his force from Hastings to a lower hill near Senlac, the Norman leader sent a monk with three insolent proposals to the English king, demanding that he should give up the crown at once, refer it to the disposal of the Pope, or stake it on the issue of a duel between themselves. Harold, rash indeed but far from simple, rejected all three. Then came another message,

offering to leave Harold all the land north of the Humber, and to give Gurth all that Godwin had owned, on condition that the crown was forthwith handed over. This also having been rejected, sentence of excommunication, pronounced in terms of a papal bull lying cut and dry in the Norman camp, struck a transient awe through the rough hearts of the English soldiery. But the terror soon gave place to a firm resolve to fight to the death.

The night before the battle witnessed the Sussex hills alive with a double line of twinkling fires, separated by a belt of darkness, where the surface dipped between the slopes. When both camps had enjoyed a few hours of sleep, the sun rose on a most eventful day—Saturday, the 14th of October 1066.

The army of Harold, amounting to scarcely twenty thousand men, crowned the ridges of Senlac Hill with a row of glittering battle-axes, the national weapon of the English soldier. With shields locked together, they stood shoulder to shoulder in a solid mass, protected in front by a barricade of ashwood stakes. Above them the royal standard swung heavily. The men of London guarded the person of their king. The brave Kentish men stood in the van, for theirs was the privilege of striking the first blow in an English battle. Scattered among the ranks or marshalled in separate bands, hundreds of stout peasants, armed only with forks, slings, or sharpened stakes, lent their sturdy arms to defend the land they ploughed and mowed. A glorious army, indeed, in pluck and patriotism; but in equipment, drill, military science, and the art of manœuvring, far behind their Norman rivals.

Above the ranks of William floated a splendid banner, blessed by the Pope himself. His order of battle consisted of three divisions—archers, mailed pikemen, and knights in armour. The last he led in person. After a few fitting words, which told his men that their only safety lay in victory, he proceeded to

don his hauberk ; but in his haste he put the wrong side foremost. Observing the alarmed looks of the soldiers round him, he hastened to interpret the omen in a favourable way, saying that "it signified a change of duke into king"—another instance of his ready wit.

The battle began at nine o'clock in the morning with the advance of the Normans. Mingled with the bugle-calls that rang incessantly from the lines rose the gay notes of the minstrel Taillefer, who sang lays of Charlemagne and Roland as he rode in front. The English, standing like a wedge of granite, replied with shouts of "Holy Rood !" and "Mighty God !" Up the slope came the Norman charge. Taillefer, having got leave from William to strike the first blow, pierced an Englishman with his lance, but was almost immediately cut down. The shock was terrible. The lightning sweep of the English war-axe, the rapid glinting of swords, the dull crash of the spiked mace, the swift stab of lance and pike, and the whizzing sleet of arrows strewed the trodden earth with bleeding clay, while hoarse battle-cries and screams of pain filled the dusty air. At last the Normans gave way, broken on the point of the English wedge, and their lines, deeply gashed with English bills, staggered down the ridge. On one side lay a deep thorny ravine, which, in the hurry of advance, they had not seen, and into this floundered headlong a heap of men and horses, the crushing weight of whose iron cases stunned them to death, or rendered them an easy prey to the sheer swing of the pursuing axe. It was probably then that Gurth's spear killed the horse of the Norman duke, who fell to the ground as if dead. A cry that their leader had perished spread dismay through the wavering Norman lines ; and nothing but the sight of the duke himself, who, mounted on another horse, rode with his helmet off into the thick of the retreating stream, could have turned the tide of battle in that critical moment. His half-brother Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, wielding a heavy mace, did good service to the Nor-

man banner that day. So the battle raged from nine to three—huge waves of French cavalry, preceded by sharp arrow-showers, dashing on a great rock of Englishmen, only to recoil in broken spray. The Norman chroniclers, while dwelling with pride on the great achievements of their countrymen, yet bear witness to the surpassing valour of the English foe. But about three the tide began to run steadily and with growing force against the English. Aiming upwards at a great angle, the Norman archers began to shoot so that their arrows fell like rain on the undefended heads of the enemy. One struck Harold above the right eye, and pierced down to the ball. Tearing out the arrow, he leaned his bleeding face on his shield in awful agony. A pretended flight of the Normans then drew the English from their lines, and scattered them, leaderless, down the slope. This proved a fatal mistake. Norman swords soon hewed their way through the barricade of Senlac, and the last remnant of the English force clustered round the golden banner of their king. Then twenty Norman knights took an oath to seize the English standard; and ten surviving of the twenty succeeded with a dash in piercing the gallant ring of footmen and tearing down the flag-staff. Close by lay the corpse of Harold, slain either by the arrow-wound or by blows on head and thigh received in the struggle around the banner. The October sun had set long before the noise of battle ceased. In the wood behind, the islanders fought from tree to tree until darkness flung its pall over the stricken field.

Next day no trace of Harold's body could be found, it is said, until Edith of the Swan Neck recognized beneath a mask of blood and clay the mangled features of her husband. Buried at first on the beach hard by, the body of the king was afterwards taken from the sand at the earnest prayer of his mother Githa, and interred beneath the roof of Waltham Abbey,* which

* *Waltham*, a market town of Essex, lies on the *Lea*, thirteen miles from London. The year after the Conquest, William I. began to build *Battle Abbey* on the field of

he had founded before the opening of his short and bloody reign. For many a year the legend circled round winter fires that he had escaped from the field of Senlac with a wounded eye, and that he spent his last days as a monk within the ancient walls of Chester.

Thus perished the last of the Saxon kings. A great revolution had been accomplished by the sword, and a nationality, half strangled but never slain, sank breathless and bleeding beneath the heel of a foreign conqueror. But the rolling years shall bridge over the wide gulf that stretched between the English and their Norman tyrants. At last the gap shall disappear, and from their common homes and common graves a strong and kindly feeling shall grow, to knit the sons of Cerdic to the sons of Rollo, and to mould from their mingled blood a people whose intellect and valour shall make their little island the heart and centre of a world-wide empire.

his victory, placing, it is said, the high altar on the spot where Harold fell. The abbey, dedicated to St. Martin and filled with Benedictine monks from France, stood on a gentle rise overlooking a richly-wooded undulating country. The ruins of a later building on the same site still exist, scattered over the circuit of a mile. The place is eight miles north-west of Hastings. A town called Battle (anciently *Epiton*) stands there now.

CHAPTER X.

LIFE IN ANGLO-SAXON ENGLAND.

The tower—Dress—Breakfast—In the forest—By the mere—Industrial arts
—Farming—Commerce and money—Travelling—Noon meat in the hall
—Drinking customs—Evening in the tower.

GROUPED around the central hall of every important house stood the *bucers* or sleeping-chambers, which also served for private sitting-rooms. The walls of wood, raised like all the house on a stone foundation, gaped with many chinks, and afforded, though partially covered with tapestry, but an insecure protection against bad weather. Almost the only articles of furniture were a round table with three legs or four—a common stool or two—a foot-stool for dainty slippered feet—a tall spiked stick* in which a rough candle of tallow had guttered the night before—a strong box banded with bronze, for holding money, plate, or jewels, and the bed, which lay upon a low shelf in some recess.

Men wore linen or woollen tunics which reached to the knees, and over these long fur-lined cloaks, fastened with a bunch of ivory or of gold. While martens, beavers, and foxes were stripped for the adornment of the rich, the skins of cats and lambs sufficed the lower classes. Strips of cloth or leather,

* The word *candle-stick* reminds us of this article. Bone and metal, often breaking into branches, soon took the place of wood. They had snuffers too. Lamps borrowed from the Romans and known to Saxons as "*light-cups*," and lanterns, ascribed by Asser to the inventive genius of Alfred, were not unknown. Rich men made their candles sometimes of wax.

bandaged cross-wise from the ankle to the knee over red-and-blue stockings, and black pointed shoes, split along the instep almost to the toes and fastened with two thongs, completed the costume of an Anglo-Saxon gentleman. Except in the case of soldiers, who wore helmets in the field, the head was seldom covered. The upper lip was shaved and the beard was trimmed into a fork. The ladies, wrapping a veil of silk or linen around their delicate curls, laced a loose flowing gown over a tight-sleeved bodice, wound golden snakes on neck or arm, and pinned the graceful foldings of their mantles with golden butterflies and other tasteful trinkets.

After hearing mass in the adjacent chapel, and engaging in various kinds of work for some hours, the Anglo-Saxons breakfasted at nine o'clock. This meal consisted probably of bread, meat, and ale, but was a lighter repast than that taken when the hurry of the day lay behind. It was often eaten in the bower. Between breakfast and noon-meat at three lay the most active period of the day.

Autumn brought delightful days to the sportsmen of Anglo-Saxon England. Galloping down from his home, perched, as were all the great houses, on the crest of a commanding hill, the earl, with all care or thought of work flung aside, dashed with his couples of deep-chested Welsh hounds into the glades of a neighbouring forest, already touched with the red and gold of September. Gaily through the shadowy avenues rang the music of the horns, startling red deer and wild boars from their coverts in the brushwood. Away after the dogs, maddened by a fresh scent, goes the gallant hunt; nor is bridle drawn until the game, antlered or tusked, has rushed into the strong nets spread by attendants at some pass among the trees. Then knife or spear does its bloody work.

Hawking long held the place of our modern shooting. We can well understand the high spirits and merry talk of a hawking party, cantering over rustling leaves to the reedy

mere. On each rider's wrist sat a hooded falcon, caught young, perhaps in a dark pine-wood of Norway, and carefully trained by the falconer. Arrived at the water, the party broke into sets; and as the blue heron rose on his heavy wing, or a noisy splashing flight of ducks sprang from their watery rest, the hood was removed, and the game shown to the sharp-eyed bird, which, soaring loose into the air from the upflung wrist, cleft his way in pursuit with rapid pinion, rose above the doomed quarry, and descending with a sudden swoop, struck fatal talons and yet more fatal beak into its back and head, and bore it dying to the ground. A sharp gallop over the broken surface had meantime brought the sportsman up in time to save the game, and restore the red-beaked victor to his hood and perch.

Hunting and hawking were the pastimes of the rich. While fat deer fell under the hunter's dart, and blue feathers strewed the banks of lake and river, the plebeian smith* hammered iron on his ringing anvil; the carpenter cut planks for the mead-bench or the bower-wall, or shaped cart-wheels and plough-handles for the labours of the farm; the shoemaker, who also tanned leather and fashioned harness, plied his busy knife and needle; the furrier prepared skins for the lining of stately robes; and in every cloister, monks, deep in the mysteries of the furnace, the graving-tool, the paint-brush, and a score of similar instruments, manufactured the best bells, crucifixes, jewellery, and stained glass then to be found in the land.

The Anglo-Saxon farmers were rather graziers than tillers of the soil. Sheep prized for their wool, swine for their flesh, kine for their beef and hides, dotted the pastures and grubbed in the forests near every steading. But there was agriculture too. A picture of an Anglo-Saxon farm-house would present, though in ruder form, many features of its modern English

* There were two kinds of smiths: the armourer, who was well paid and held a high social place; and the mere blacksmith, who did the coarser work.

successor. Amid fields often bought for four sheep an acre, and scantily manured with marl after the old British fashion, stood a timbered house, flanked by a farm-yard full of ox-stalls and stocked with geese and fowl. A few bee-hives—the lands of the sugar-cane not having been yet discovered—suggested a mead-cask always well filled, and a good supply of sweetmeats for the board; while an orchard, thick with laden boughs, supplied pears and apples, nuts and almonds, and in some districts figs and grapes.

Ships came from the Continent to Anglo-Saxon England, laden with furs and silk, gems and gold, rich dresses, wine, oil, pigment,* and ivory; bearing back, most probably, blood-horses, wool for the looms of Flanders, and in earlier times English slaves for the markets of Aix-la-Chapelle and Rome. Merchants, travelling in bands for safety, and carrying their own tents, passed round the different country towns at certain times, when holiday was kept and village sports filled the green with noisy mirth. Close to the merchant or peddler (if we give him the name which best expresses to modern ears the habit of his life) stood an attendant with a pair of scales, ready to weigh the money in case of any considerable sale.† Slaves and cattle formed in early Saxon days a common medium of exchange. Whenever gold shone in the merchant's sack, it was chiefly the Byzantine gold *solidus*, shortly called "Byzant," worth something more than nine of our shillings. Silver Byzants, worth two shillings, also passed current, and in earlier times Roman money, stamped with the heads of emperors, found its way into Saxon and Anglian purses.

By the Anglo-Saxon, a journey was never undertaken for

* Pigment was a sweet liquor, made of honey, wine, and spice.

† Anglo-Saxon money is little understood. The *pound*, which was the name of a sum and not of a coin, represented a Cologne pound of silver (11½ oz. Troy), and was equal to £2, 16s. 3d. of our money. The *penny* (worth 2½d. of our money), the *triens* (doubtful), the *halfpenny*, and the *farthing* were their only silver coins; and in copper they had only the *styca*, worth about one-third of a farthing. The *mark* (two-thirds of a pound), the *mancus*, the *orra*, the *scilling*, the *thrimma*, seem to have been only money of account—that is, sums used in reckoning but not represented in the coinage.

mere pleasure, for many perils beset the way. The rich went short journeys in heavy waggons, and longer journeys on horse-back—the ladies riding on side-saddles as at present.* But most travelling was performed afoot. Horsemen carried spears for defence against robbers or against wild beasts; pedestrians held a stout oak staff, which did double work in aiding and in defending the traveller. The stirrup was of an odd triangular shape; the spur was a simple spike. A cover wrapped the head, a mantle the body, of travellers. That they sometimes carried umbrellas, we know; but these were probably very rare, being confined, like gloves, to the very highest class.

Plenty of ale-houses, in which too much time was spent, filled the towns, but in country districts inns were scarce.† The hospitality of the Anglo-Saxons, implanted both by custom and by law, caused the lack of inns to be scarcely felt, except in the wilder districts of the land. No sooner did a stranger show his face at the iron-banded door of an Anglo-Saxon dwelling than water was brought to wash his hands and feet; and when he had deposited his arms with the keeper of the door, he took his place at the board among the family and friends of the host.

The central picture in Anglo-Saxon life—the great event of the Anglo-Saxon day—was noon-meat or dinner in the great hall. A little before three, the chief and all his household, with any stray guests who might have dropped in, met in the hall—the principal apartment of every Saxon house. Clouds of wood-smoke, rolling up from a fire which blazed in the middle of the floor, blackened the carved and gilded rafters of the arched roof before it found its way out of the hole above, which did duty as a chimney. The only articles of furniture always in the hall were wooden benches, some of which, espe-

* Anne of Bohemia, queen of Richard II., did *not* introduce the side-saddle into England, for it was known there centuries before her birth.

† *Inn*, an Anglo-Saxon word, means "lodging." Other names for the same thing were *Gest-hus* (compare the German *Gast-haus*), and *Cumena-hus*, "the house of comers."

cially the *high settle* or seat of the chieftain, boasted cushions, or at least a rug.

While the hungry crowd, fresh from woodland and furrow, were lounging near the fire, or hanging up their weapons on the pegs and hooks that jutted from the wall, a number of slaves dragged in a long, flat, heavy board, and having placed it on trestles, spread on its upper half a handsome cloth. Then were arranged, with other utensils for the meal, some flattish dishes, baskets of ash-wood for holding bread, a scanty sprinkling of steel knives shaped like our modern razors, platters of wood, and bowls for the universal broth. The ceremony of "laying the board," as the Anglo-Saxon phrased it, having been completed, the work of demolition began. Great round cakes of bread, huge junks of boiled bacon, vast rolls of broiled eel, cups of milk, horns of ale, wedges of cheese, lumps of salted butter, and smoking piles of cabbages and beans, melted like magic from the board under the united attack of greasy fingers and grinding jaws.

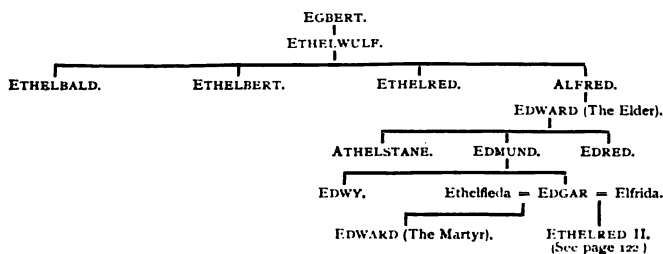
With the washing of hands, performed for the honoured occupants of the high settle by officious slaves, the solid part of the banquet ended. The board was then dragged out of the hall; and the drinking began. Mead, and in very grand houses wine,* was passed round in goblets of gold and silver, or of wood inlaid with those precious metals. Most of the Anglo-Saxon drinking-glasses had rounded bottoms, like our soda-water bottles, so that they could not stand on the table—a little thing, which then, as in later times, suggested hard drinking and unceasing rounds. In humbler houses, story-telling, and songs sung to the music of the harp by each guest in turn, formed the principal amusement of the drinking-bout. In great halls the music of the harp—which, under the poetic

* The use of wine among the Anglo-Saxons was limited to the highest class. It was either imported from the Continent or made of home-grown grapes, which since Roman days had ripened in the lower basins of Severn and Thames. Many monasteries, alive to the delights of grape-juice, contrived to have a vineyard of their own.

name of "glee-wood," was the national instrument—of fiddles played with bow or finger, of trumpets, pipes, flutes, and horns, filled the hot and smoky air with a clamour of varied sounds. Meantime the music and the mead did their maddening work; the revelry grew louder; riddles, which had flown thick round the board at first, gave place to banter, taunts, and fierce boasts of prowess; angry eyes gleamed defiance; and it was well if in the morning the household slaves had not to wash blood-stains from the pavement of the hall.

From the reek and riot of the hall the ladies escaped to the bower, where they reigned supreme. When their needles were fairly set agoing on those pieces of delicate embroidery—known and prized over all Europe as "English work"—some gentlemen dropped in, perhaps harp in hand, to chat and play for their amusement, or to engage in games of hazard and skill, which seem to have resembled modern dice and chess. When, in later Saxon days, supper came into fashion, the round table of the bower was usually spread for *evening-food*, as the meal was called.

OLD ENGLISH LINE.



CHAPTER XI.

GOVERNMENT AND LAW IN ANGLO-SAXON ENGLAND.

The King—The revenue—Other classes—Division of the land—The towns—Reeves and courts—The Witan—Law and punishment—Wer-gild—Compurgation—The ordeals.

SHOUTING warriors in the German forests had been used to hoist their newly-chosen king* on a shield, and to bear him amid the smoke of sacrifices three times round the tribe he was to rule. But in Anglo-Saxon England more state adorned the coronation of a king, who had become a personage of considerably more importance than the simple forest chieftain. The soldier's sword, the judge's crown, the monarch's sceptre, the executioner's rod,—he received them all as symbols and instruments of his great authority. Then, riding round his dominions, he renewed customary rights, and accepted the homage of his people. All public property and the entire jurisdiction over roads and rivers lay in his royal hands. The heaviest penalties fenced round his person and his life. He summoned the militia and issued the coinage. He alone possessed the right of convening the Witan,† but he could neither prevent nor dissolve the great assembly. His revenue came chiefly from six sources:—1. The crown lands, which descended with the sceptre; 2. The custom tolls; 3. The *wikt-gild*, or man-price, a

* The king (Cyning) derived his name from *Cyn*, a tribe, and the suffix *ing*, meaning "son of," or "belonging to;" the king being the elected chief of the people. So *Etheling*, the title of the heir-apparent of the crown, was the son of the ethel, or noble.

† *Witan*, an abridgment of *Witena-gemot*, the meeting of the wise men.

tax on crime ; 4. The estates of those who died intestate and without heirs ; 5. Succession dues, claimed from all estates ; 6. Presents from his freemen, which gradually became an extorted tax. The reeves (*geréfan*), who collected the revenue, kept back a large share in the shape of fees for collection, in order that they might not lose the fruits of their labour. "Out of the surplus the king maintained his court, entertained strangers, paid his judicial commissioners, and contributed to public works. The church, the army, the fleet, the police, the poor-rates, the walls, bridges, and highways of the country, were all local expenses, defrayed by tithes, by personal service, or by contributions among the guilds." *

Below the king stood the *ealdorman* or *earl*, who owned forty hides † of land, and presided over the affairs of a shire. The Church had its own aristocracy, archbishops being ranked with ethelings or princes of the blood, bishops with earls, and mass-priests with thanes. After the earls came the *thanes* or *gesith*, nobles of a lower class, who, holding at least five hides, represented the gentry of our day ; the *ceorls* (churls) or yeomen, who formed the lowest class of freemen ; and the vast crowd of *theowes* or slaves, whom birth, or crime, or debt, or the fortune of war, had doomed to the lowest drudgeries of the land. In certain cases a slave might buy or receive his freedom ; but while his slavery lasted he was a mere cipher in the state, could own no property, take no oath, complete no document. The *ceorl*, rejoicing in a freeman's right of bearing arms, could by industry and enterprise climb into the ranks of nobility. Alfred enacted that every merchant who made three voyages in his own ship should receive the rank and rights of a thane.

After the king had received his enormous share of the land conquered by a Saxon or Anglian army, a portion of the remainder, divided among his officers, became private property (*boc-land*).

* Pearson's *Early and Middle Ages of England*.

† We do not know the size of a hide of land. Some conjecture thirty acres.

But the surplus (*folc-land*) went to the state, to be allotted or rented out, as future circumstances might require. Ten Anglo-Saxon families formed a *tithing*; one hundred families formed a *hundred*;—expressions which afterwards came to mean the land these families dwelt on. The bond of union that kept the tithing together was the *frith-borh* (Norman *frank-pledge*), or system of mutual police, by which every man of the ten became responsible for the conduct of the other nine. The resemblance of this system to trial by jury is only apparent. The jury belongs to a later period.

The wooden towns of the Anglo-Saxons, rising on old Roman sites, began to stud the land plentifully when the desolating wars consequent on the first settlements had subsided. But architecture made little progress among the early Anglo-Saxons. A log-house on a hill, surrounded with a dike and a stockade, formed the *burh* or fortress, which served as the nucleus of thousands of English towns. Clustering around this central point clung the squalid huts of trades-people and dependents, attracted by the instincts of safety, or by the hope of a little employment from the big house. In general, the free inhabitants of these towns levied their own taxes, had their common purse, and chose their own officials. The *tún-geréfa*, who corresponded to the Norman *mayor*, was probably elected by the citizens and confirmed by the king. His chief work was to collect the royal dues, but he also looked after the city walls and the militia drill.

The people elected reeves or magistrates, who held the courts of the tithing and the hundred; the latter once a month, the former whenever need arose. Higher than these was the county court, presided over by the ealdorman or earl of the district; or in his absence by the sheriff (*scir-geréfa*), assisted by the bishop. The Anglo-Saxon sheriff seems to have derived his office from the king, who could dismiss him for negligence. His court met twice a year. In addition to their judicial

functions, these courts witnessed the completion of important sales, and took charge of the military defences of the land.

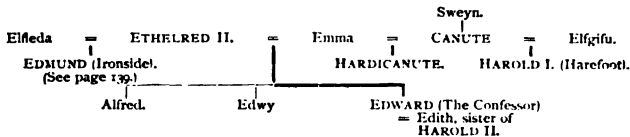
The Witenagemôt, or Witan, constituted the supreme court of the Anglo-Saxon nation ; but it corresponded with the King's Court or Great Council (*Curia Regis*) of Norman times, rather than with the modern parliament. Composed of the earls and prelates, with some of the leading thanes and clergy, and presided over by the king, it met three times a year at the great festivals of Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide. The Witan joined the king in making peace or war, in imposing taxes, in enacting laws, in raising forces, and in appointing prelates. They, moreover, had power to elect a member of the royal family to the vacant throne, and could depose a bad king ; and they formed the supreme tribunal, beyond which there lay no appeal.

Generally speaking, the Anglo-Saxon law-code was not bloody. Ethelred and Canute both condemned the destruction on slight grounds of "God's handiwork and his own purchase." When death was inflicted for treason, witchcraft, or sacrilege, the criminal was usually hanged. Fetters, shackles for the neck, the stocks, scourges, knotted rods, and whips with leaded thongs awaited minor offenders. Recourse was had to mutilation only in the case of incorrigible thieves. But the grand engine of Anglo-Saxon law was the fine. The *wigt-gild* or crime-money, and *wer-gild* or life-money secured a certain amount of compensation, both to the king or the state, and to the family or the individual who had suffered wrong. A regularly graduated scale priced the lives and bodies of all Anglo-Saxons from the king to the *thow*, descending even to front teeth and finger-nails. The luxury of knocking out a front tooth cost the striker six shillings ; he could amuse himself with a finger-nail for one. Fifty shillings satisfied the law for the blinding of an eye ; the mulct for a cut-off ear was only twelve. The *wer gild*

of the West Saxon king amounted to six times that of the thane ; the thane's, to four times that of the ceorl.

A man's *wer-gild* settled the value of his oath. A thane could outswear half-a-dozen churls ; an earl could outswear a whole township. So the man who, when charged with any crime of which sufficient evidence was wanting, could get an earl or a few thanes to swear him innocent, got off by what was called "compurgation." If the united oaths of his neighbours failed to determine the innocence of a suspected man, one of the ordeals was resorted to, with the following ceremonial :— After three days of fasting and prayer, closed by the sacrament, the accused proceeded to a church, where were assembled the accuser and twelve witnesses. The Litany having been read, the suspected man plunged his hand into a vessel of boiling water, or took three steps with a bar of red-hot iron in his hand. Having wrapped the scorched or scalded limb in a cloth, the priest sealed it up, and so it remained for three days. If at the end of that time the wound was healed, that was accepted as a sign of innocence ; raw flesh proved guilt. Room was afforded by the ordeal for unlimited cheating and collusion.

OLD ENGLISH AND DANISH LINES.



Third Period. - Feudal Monarchy.

1066-1485.

CHAPTER I.

THE REIGN OF THE CONQUEROR.

Who shall reign?—A bloody Christmas—Risings in Kent and Hereford
Siege of Exeter—Rebellion in the north—Desolation of Northumbria
The Feudal System—Lanfranc—The New Forest—Hereward The
Camp of Refuge—The Bridal of Norwich—Family troubles—Domes-
day Book—A cinder at Mantes.

FROM the victorious field of Senlac the Conqueror, having sent part of his army westward to desolate Sussex and Hampshire, marched to Dover, which immediately surrendered. After eight days, spent in waiting there for fresh troops from Normandy, he pushed on towards London, in which the scattered fragments of the Anglo-Saxon government lay, vainly striving to patch up a substitute for the fallen throne of Harold. Stigand, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Aldred, Archbishop of York, backed by many nobles, supported the claims of Edgar the Etheling to the vacant throne; and the northern earls, Edwin and Morcar, vowed that they would fight for him, though they were suspected of aiming at power for themselves. Not a few maintained that William should be elected king. Meanwhile he passed, almost within sight, lining the Southwark bank with the

smoking ashes of houses. Crossing the Thames at Wallingford,* he fixed his camp at Berkhamstead;† and from that centre spread his ravages far into all the neighbouring shires. His cavalry speared stragglers and carried off plunder under the very shadow of London walls. Senlac had cowed the English spirit, and the ancient fire of their courage burned low. Out from their strong stone ramparts, on which Danish war had often poured its useless fury, came a crowd of London citizens, with Stigand, Edgar, Aldred, and the leading nobles, to offer the crown of England to the Duke of Normandy. With many fair promises, belied in a day or two by a renewal of ravaging and plunder, he accepted the honour, not as a prize his sword had won, but as a right, dating from the promise and the will of the Confessor. Then preparations for the coronation filled London with bustle for a while.

The ceremony took place on Christmas-day. Having passed with an armed guard along the grassy road that then **1066** joined London to Westminster, the Conqueror entered the abbey of the latter town, to receive the crown from the hands of Aldred, Archbishop of York; Stigand, the primate, having been passed over on account of his doubtful title. When the officiating prelate asked the gathered crowd whether they chose William for their king, a pealing shout was the reply. This noise alarmed the Norman soldiers who stood without the abbey, and who had heard of the bloody horrors of St. Brice's Day. At once some of the neighbouring houses were set on fire, and the work of plundering and blood began. With a rush, the crowd of spectators left the abbey; and in the presence of but a few terrified monks the great Conqueror received the English crown.

* *Wallingford* in Berkshire on the Thames is a borough of two thousand eight hundred and nineteen inhabitants, forty-six miles from London.

† *Berkhamstead St. Peter's* is a market town of Hertfordshire, lying twenty-six and a half miles north-west of London, in a deep valley on the right bank of the Bulborn and Grand Junction Canal.

Then, having rewarded his officers with portions of the crown lands forfeited by the fallen royal family, he carried over to Normandy with him in the early spring of 1067 **1067** heaps of golden and jewelled spoil. Edgar the Etheling, Edwin and Morcar, Stigand, Waltheof, and many others accompanied him, both that their presence might grace his triumph, and that their absence from England might lessen the chances of revolt. The relentless Bishop Odo, half-brother of the king, and the seneschal William Fitzosbern acted as viceroys during this eight months' visit to Normandy. Their cruel oppressions stung the English into revolt. First the men of Kent arose, with Eustace of Boulogne at their head, and attacked Dover, but without success. Then Edric the Forester, aided by the Welsh, seized the castle of Hereford, and put the Norman garrison to the sword. When William heard of these doings, together with whisperings of foreign interference, he hastened home in December.

A second English revolt took place in the west early in 1068. It was instigated by Githa, King Harold's mother, and had its centre in Exeter. That city yielded only to the presence of William himself, who captured it after a siege of **1068** eighteen days. Then the revolt collapsed, and a strong castle was built at Exeter to overawe the men of the west.

It took a sterner lesson to quell the stubborn north, where the greatest of all the English risings occurred in 1069. At first York submitted, receiving a badge of slavery in the shape of a strong stone castle, which frowned terror on its roofs; and the nobles of Northumbria fled to the friendly shelter of the Scottish court. But when Robert de Comines with nine hundred men seized Durham, the Northumbrians, bursting with the winter's dawn through unguarded gates, massacred the entire troop except a solitary soldier, who was left in mockery of mercy to tell the tale. A great Danish fleet, swelled by a few ships from Scotland that bore Edgar and the English exiles, then ap-

peared in the mouth of the Humber. York was besieged with the aid of a Northumbrian army, and after eight days was taken by storm. When William heard of this heavy blow as he was hunting in the Forest of Dean,* he swore that he would pierce all Northumbria with a single spear. Fearfully he kept the oath. Advancing slowly under inclement skies, through forest and marsh and over streams red with autumn floods, he forced open the gates of York, and proceeded to clear the way for a vengeance on Northumbria which should strike terror into the remotest corner of the island. Money freely spent, and the privilege of plundering the east coast of England for a few months, sufficed to buy off the greedy Danes. The Northumbrian army fell back beyond the Scottish border.

So poor Northumbria lay open to her fate. The grand *battue* began. Camps full of reckless plunderers, stretching in a ring around the doomed district between the Humber and the Tyne, narrowed their fatal circle, slaying men, women, and cattle; burning houses, carts, and implements of husbandry; reducing the smiling river-basins into scenes of desolation. Famine stalked with hungry eyes through the wasted corn-fields; and where rude but happy homes had once clustered in hamlets,

dead bodies lay in thousands. For more than one hundred years this portion of the island remained a silent wilderness. To complete the picture of misery, we have only to behold Malcolm of Scotland sweeping with sword and flame over fair Teesdale as far south as to Cleveland.† In the very middle of such awful carnage and destruction, William, sending to Winchester for his crown, had kept a festal Christmas within the castle of York. From York he passed to Chester to quell the restless Cymri.

* The *Forest of Dean* lies in Gloucestershire, west of the Severn. Once thick with chestnut, oak, and beech, it now abounds in apple orchards. The Crown still holds more than twenty thousand acres of the Forest.

† *Cleveland* is a valley in northern Yorkshire, watered by the Tame, a secondary feeder of the Tees.

We may now turn from this revolting tale to note the principal changes which the Conquest produced on the condition of the kingdom. That arrangement of landed property known as the Feudal System was firmly established in England as an immediate result of the change of dynasty. It is true that there were traces of such a thing among both Saxons and Danes long before the battle of Senlac; but it was reserved for the Conqueror to lay it down as a new basis or framework on which English society was to rest for centuries. The death of Harold left him in possession of extensive crown lands, with which, as we have seen, he rewarded his principal officers. The successive revolts of the English were followed by extensive forfeitures, which placed vast estates at the disposal of the king. These also he parcelled out among his followers, granting them in every case under feudal tenure. What the king did for his great lords they did for their captains, and these again for their vassals. Under the feudal system both spear and plough helped to pay the rent. *Knight-service* and *soccage* were required from every tenant,—the former obliging him to serve, at the call of his landlord, for so many days in the field of war; the latter, to give occasional days to labour on the castle grounds. Even the English landholders who retained their lands were brought under the system of feudal tenure, and thus the English thane became a Norman *franklin*, a freeholder. Numbers of churls and serfs, called *villains* by their Norman masters, were allowed to till little patches of ground under certain conditions.*

In order to check the power which feudalism gave to the great barons, William required every tenant and every vassal to swear allegiance to the crown, as well as to his immediate superior. He was also very strict in exacting payment of the dues and fines to which, under the feudal system, he was entitled from his military tenants, under the name of "feudal incidents."†

* See also chap. vii., below, "Life and Law in Anglo-Norman England."

† See a list of "feudal incidents" in chap. vii., below.

Still further, to prevent the concentration of power in the hands of individuals, he broke up the great earldoms into "counties," and subdivided counties into "manors." When a man was entitled to several manors, they were distributed over different counties. He allowed only three large districts to remain, and to these the name of "Counties Palatine" was given. These were Kent, Durham, and Cheshire—the first as a protection against the Continent, the second against Scotland, and the third against Wales. Kent was given to Bishop Odo, and Durham to the bishop of the diocese. Cheshire alone was given to a layman. William built castles in all the large towns, but he kept these in his own hands, and placed the garrisons under men he could trust. These restraints dissatisfied the ambitious barons, and led them oftener than once to conspire against the king.

In the Church also, foreigners took the place of Englishmen. The elevation of the polished Lanfranc to the primate's chair undoubtedly proved the source of much good. His scholarship, which had attracted illustrious pupils to the poor school at Bec over which he presided, cast light into many an English abbey where darkness had reigned supreme for ages. Yet the English clergy suffered under his rule; and crowds of worthless Normans swarmed over the sea to enjoy all the fattest livings of the English Church.

Then the Forests, which Canute had fenced round with a number of ferocious laws, received from the enactments of the Norman Conqueror an importance which placed the soulless deer and swine far above the peasantry who tilled the land. One of his worst acts was the wasting of a district in the south of Hampshire ninety miles in circumference, in order that he might have, in the New Forest thus formed, a vast hunting-ground not far from his royal palace at Winchester. More than twenty churches were levelled to the ground, and crowds of villagers were sent in search of new homes, leaving with

tears the hearths where they had sat as children, and the graves of their fathers.

There were hosts of English hearts into which these wrongs burned deeply, and there was still a spot that defied the power of the tyrant. This was the isle of Ely, on the Ouse in Cambridgeshire, thick with fringing willows and enclosed on every side with treacherous lagoons. Thither flocked all the dauntless spirits of the fallen nation, and thither in the darkest hour of England's sorrow came Hereward, the noblest Englishman of his day. This brave East Anglian, son of Leofric, lord of Brun,* had been driven by a sentence of the Confessor into exile. Abroad on the Continent his prowess excited unbounded admiration. Returning to his native land after the Conquest, he found an insolent Norman in his dead father's hall. The marsh became his home. His uncle Brand, abbot of rich Medehamstede,† conferred on him the golden spurs of knighthood, by which he became entitled to lead his countrymen to battle. Secure in his natural stronghold, he let slip no chance of striking a swift blow at the Norman invaders. Some of the leading Saxons found their way to the Camp of Refuge, as the island fort was called. Stigand, Morcar, and Waltheof waded across at different times. But Hereward was the soul of this gallant stand against the fierce Norman tyranny. Brilliant success crowned his arms for a time in the guerilla warfare which he waged. The Norman abbot Thorold was captured, and was set free only at a great price. Then came William with soldiers and engineers to bridge over the sluggish streams. He drove a solid causeway two miles long across the trembling bog, and those of the defenders of the camp 1071 who did not escape were forced to surrender. Hereward was afterwards taken into favour by William, under whom

* *Brun* or *Bourne*, a parish and market town of Lincolnshire, thirty-five miles south-east of Lincoln, was also notable as the residence or birth-place of Robert Manning, one of the first rhyming chroniclers who wrote in English.

† *Medehamstede* lay near the Nen in Northamptonshire, surrounded by the Fens.

he served in his wars in Maine. The capture of the Camp of Refuge was followed by a short campaign in Scotland, which had become a retreat for disaffected Englishmen, and had been a continual source of danger ever since Malcolm Canmore its king had married Margaret, the sister of Edgar the Etheling. William now (1072) advanced to Abernethy on the Tay, and made peace there with Malcolm, whose homage he received for his fief of Cumberland. Then, at length, could William call himself master of England, in token of which he had himself crowned a second time.

While William was in Normandy in 1075, a great conspiracy grew up in England, which even shook the throne. The leaders in it were Norman barons, who had grown fretful under the restraints which William had placed on their power, and impatient of his exactions. The conspiracy was called "the Bridal of Norwich," because it was first mooted at a marriage feast in that town, when the Earl of Hereford, in direct opposition to the Conqueror's commands, gave his sister Emma to Raoul de Gael, Earl of Norfolk. Loud talking, breaking from the nobles

flushed with wine, disclosed their secret grudges against
1075 William to one another. The timid Waltheof, last of the great Saxon earls, to whom William had given his niece Judith in marriage, was involved in the plot; but it is said that he betrayed its existence. The rebels sought for aid from Denmark; it came, but too late. Lanfranc, acting as regent for the absent king, proved equal to the crisis. Hurling the thunders of the Church against Hereford, he launched after them the more practical thunders of war, defeated the rebels at Swaffham,* cut off their right feet by scores, flung Hereford into prison, and drove Raoul to find a refuge in Bretagne. William returned to England, bursting with a desire for revenge. It fell heavily all around him—on none more heavily than on Waltheof of Northumbria, who had hoped to save his head by

* *Swaffham*, a market town of Norfolk, twenty-seven miles from Norwich.

turning king's evidence against his Norman associates. After spending a year in prison, he laid down the life which a faithless wife had sworn away (1076).

William reigned peacefully during the next ten years—peacefully as far as England was concerned. How his sons quarrelled continually, and how the eldest, Robert Curthose, rebelled against his father, holding out in the castle of Gerberoi in France,* belong less to the history of England than to that of France (1078–79). Deeply the Conqueror must have felt that sting which is “sharper than a serpent's tooth.”

The celebrated Latin register of land known as Domesday Book† was an outgrowth of the feudal system; for since the army of the king depended on the distribution 1085 of the various manors and farms into which the land was parcelled, to know who held a certain piece of land became a matter of essential importance to the crown. Serving both as a basis for national taxation and as a muster-roll for the national army far into the Plantagenet centuries, it has come down to us in two volumes, a larger and a smaller, to show what kind of England it was that the Conqueror subdued, and how fierce and far-stretching was the mailed grasp in which he clutched his unhappy prize. A great council, held at Gloucester in 1085, resolved upon the survey which resulted in these volumes. A royal commission, passing through the various districts, called before them the sheriffs, the lords of manors, the parish priests, the reeves of hundreds, the bailiffs, and six villeins from every hamlet, who, being sworn to tell the truth, gave evidence as to the amount of land in the district, its distribution into wood, meadow, and pasture, its value, and the service due by its owners, and the number of its inhabitants, both freemen and

* *Gerberoi*, a strong castle on the inner border of Normandy.

† Some have thought that the title *Domesday* refers to the Day of Judgment. A Celtic derivation forms it from *dom*, a lord, and *deya*, a proclamation—that is, the king's proclamation to his tenants. Stow says that it is a corruption of *domus dei*, the name of that room in the royal treasury where the volumes were kept.

CHAPTER II.

GROWTH OF THE CHURCH AND THE BARONS.

Reliance on the people—Mortgage of Normandy—Death of Rufus—Beauclerc's marriage—Tenchebrai—Anselm—Investitures—Policy of Beauclerc—The *Blanche Nef*—Death of Henry—Civil war—Battle of the Standard—Treaty of Wallingford—Death of Stephen.

THE reigns of William Rufus, Henry Beauclerc, and Stephen of Blois, the sons and the nephew of the Conqueror, filling together sixty-seven years, demand no lengthened narrative. The first, especially, may be disposed of in a few sentences. The Red King was fierce, cruel, and extortionate, but he pursued with great determination the line of policy laid down by his father. When the barons, headed by Odo, showed an inclination to favour his brother Robert, he was forced to rely on the support and loyalty of the English 1088 people. That was the one gain from a reign otherwise barren. After crushing the plot of Odo and hunting that restless priest across the Channel, Rufus went to Normandy. A tedious war ended in a compromise, by which it was agreed that whichever of the two brothers survived should wear both crown and coronet, unless the dead ruler left a child. A war of no great importance with Malcolm Canmore, King of Scotland—a war with the Mowbrays of Northumbria, who had uplifted the banner of revolt against their feudal lord—an unsuccessful raid into Wales—spent much English blood to little purpose.

During the reign of Rufus the First Crusade began. Robert,

whose bravery somewhat atones to the reader of history for his laziness, was seized with the spirit of the time. He resolved to go, if he could raise the necessary funds. Grasping at the chance with avidity, William agreed to advance ten thousand marks for five years, Normandy being handed over as a pledge of payment. This happened in 1096. Four years later, some

charcoal-burners, wending through a silent glade of
1100 the New Forest in the red light of an autumn evening, found a corpse clad in a rich hunting suit lying upon the grass in a bloody pool which had trickled from an arrow-wound. It was Rufus, shot dead by some unknown hand.

Having seized the treasures of Winchester, Henry could scoff at any claims on the English crown which might be advanced by his eldest brother, now returning from the Holy Land. By scattering gold, by lightening taxes, by filling vacant livings, and by repealing obnoxious laws, he attached a strong party of both nobles and clergy to his throne; and by marrying the Lady Edith, niece of Edgar the Etheling and a representative of the Saxon royal line, he took the first step toward that blending of the conquering and the conquered races which resulted in the birth of the great English nation. This nun-like queen, known to history as the good Maud (she assumed the Norman name of Matilda on her marriage), retired, after she had borne a son and a daughter, from the uncongenial court to quiet convent walls, within which she gave herself up to music, study, and the delights of charity.

The annexation of Normandy to England is a principal feature of Henry's reign. Flambard, escaping from prison, induced Robert to invade England. Henry bought off the invader, but soon snapped all ties of blood and treaty by pouring his soldiers across the sea, and defeating the Norman forces in the battle of Tenchebrai,* which consigned Robert to lifelong imprisonment

* *Tenchebrai* or *Tinchebrai* is in the north-west of the department of Orne, near the source of the *Noireau*, and not far from *Mortain*.

in the cells of Cardiff, and placed on Henry's head the coronet of a most troublesome province. About this time there came from the mouth of the Rhine a colony of **1106** cloth-weavers, who joined some kinsmen already on English soil, and travelled under protection of the king westward to Pembrokeshire. The looms, thus planted in the neighbourhood of hills thickly dotted with white-fleeced sheep, may be said to have established that branch of our national manufactures for which the west of England is yet famous—the weaving of woollen cloth.

The name of Anselm mixes largely with the history of England under Rufus and Beauclerc.* Born near Aosta† in Piedmont (1033), and frocked in the monastery of Bec, where he studied at the feet of Lanfranc, this man of gentle presence and retiring nature was forced into the see of Canterbury in 1093, by Rufus, whom sickness had smitten with a sudden penitence. The pall had lain vacant ever since the death of Lanfranc in 1089, and the income of the see had for four years been retained by the king, and spent on the wicked pleasures of his court. Anselm, gentle as he was, resisted this continued robbery of the Church. The breach between him and William widened. Anselm demanded leave to visit Rome, that he might receive the pall from Pope Urban. William refused to let him go. The Council of Rockingham‡ made matters nothing better. William, assuming feudal rights of superiority, summoned the archbishop to appear before him. Again leave for the Roman journey was sought and denied. Finally Anselm, having had his boxes searched at Dover, got away to a peaceful exile in Italy and France, which lasted more than three years (1097–1100). Beauclerc on his accession recalled the good old prelate;

* *Beauclerc* means "good scholar." Henry owed the surname to the fact that he was able to read.

† *Aosta*, a town in northern Piedmont, lying fifty miles north-west of Turin, at the junction of the Dora Baltea and the Butier.

‡ *Rockingham* is a village in Northamptonshire, ten miles south-west of Stamford.

but the battle between Church and State soon revived. The question of Investitures arose. Anselm, whose strength lay in a calm temper and a solid will, stood up against a practice of the Norman kings by which they invested new bishops with ring and crosier, just as they were used to hand lance and sword to a military tenant. Upon this virtual setting aside of the Pope in what was then considered his own special domain the question hinged. After some intriguing, Anselm went at the bidding of the king to Rome, and found his absence turned into a second exile. For three years the Primate of England lived abroad, chiefly at Lyons, reading calmly the numerous letters that came to tell him how his estates had been confiscated, and how the English Church was rapidly sinking into frightful disorder. His patience was crowned with victory. Henry, holding out the hand of peace, restored the revenues of his see, and consented to wave the right of investiture. A compromise, made at the Council of London in 1107, settled the question, by deciding that the Pope alone should give ring and crosier, while the king was to receive homage from the bishops for those lay fiefs from which they drew their chief revenues.

Let us not do injustice to the character of Beauclerc. The fierce blood of the Conqueror ran in his veins, no doubt, and his hand struck many cruel blows ; but he was a lover of peace, and he was free from the glaring vices of his predecessor on the throne of England. His name denotes a taste for learning, which led him to draw around his throne clever men and scholars, that the interests of education and literature might be advanced. Knowing how important to the merchant was a fixed standard of measure, he caused the length of his own arm to be considered henceforth an English yard or ell. The coinage of base money, which misgovernment had rendered frightfully common, was put down with a strong hand, blindness and mutilations—punishments of a dark age—being inflicted on

some of the coiners. New coins were issued: thieves were hanged in great numbers; and the full machinery of the law was brought to bear on crime, until the "Lion of Justice," as the king came to be called, saw that he might venture to treat a bettered people with less sternness.

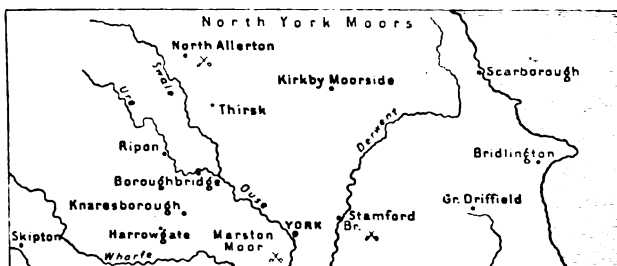
The drowning of Prince William in the wreck of the *Blanche Nef*, off the Raze de Catteville, almost broke his father's heart. The latest political efforts of the king were given to the cause of his daughter Matilda, whose succession he was anxious to secure. The childless widow of Henry the Fifth, Emperor of Germany, she married Geoffrey of Anjou, much to the disgust of the barons around her father's throne. This 1135 disgust deepened later into a civil war. Henry's death in 1135, caused by a surfeit of lampreys, prepared the way for a scene of strife.

Stephen, Earl of Boulogne, son of Adela, the Conqueror's daughter, crossed to England to claim the crown. He was backed by the influence of the Church, which his brother, the Bishop of Winchester, wielded in his cause; and he had in his favour the feudal preference for a man-monarch and the general dislike of Geoffrey, Matilda's husband. The sword did not rest in its sheath until the last year of his reign. To the misery of civil war between his imperial rival and himself, the weakness of his rule added another misery even less tolerable: for more than one hundred new nests of robbery and lust, in the shape of stone castles filled with barons and their lawless trains, sprang up over the face of the land. On the peasant and the merchant the heaviest burdens fell. Flaming churches reddened the sky every night. Husbandmen sat idle amid their starving children, for they said that to plough the land was more useless than to plough the sea.

The civil war went on for fifteen years. David, King of Scotland, was the first champion of his kinswoman's cause.* On the

* David of Scotland was Matilda's uncle, her mother having been David's sister.

field of Northallerton* he suffered a great defeat, which is known in history as "The Battle of the Standard." It was **1138** fought on August 22, 1138, and took its name from the remarkable ensign under which the English army fought. It consisted of a silver crucifix fastened to the top of a ship's mast, from which drooped the banners of four English



saints. Round this sacred centre the little band of Normans locked themselves in an iron ring. Foolishly yielding to a savage clamour, the Scottish king set aside his well-drilled English allies, and gave the honour of the onset to the half-naked Picts of the Galloway moorland. Terrific indeed was the first rush of these wild warriors; but their pikes snapped like reeds on the Norman hauberks. Vainly the huge claymores hacked and hewed. A fatal rain of arrows pierced the thin tartans, and piled heaps of dead around the unbroken lines of the Norman array. It was with difficulty that the Scottish king could save the relics of his broken host from annihilation, and he and his son Prince Henry narrowly escaped capture.

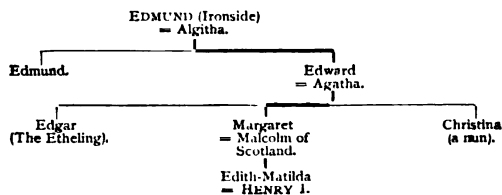
Robert, Earl of Gloucester, an illegitimate son of the late king, conducted the English war on behalf of his sister Matilda. There were many ups and downs in the strife. Robert and Matilda landed at Arundel† in 1139. The battle of Lincoln

* Northallerton (once *Elfer-tun*) is the capital of the North Riding of Yorkshire. It lies near the river Ure, thirty-three miles from York.

† Arundel, a borough in Sussex on the Arun, ten miles east of Chichester. Vessels of one hundred and fifty tons can come up to the town.

sent Stephen from his throne to a dungeon. Matilda disgusted the nobles, who had made her a kind of queen, by her rudeness and disdain. The siege of Winchester set Stephen free; for Earl Robert, being taken prisoner, was exchanged for the captive king. So the years went on in unprofitable war. Robert died. Young Henry, Matilda's son by Geoffrey of Anjou, grew up; and it seemed as if the endless strife were about to be renewed with greater violence between him and Eustace the son of Stephen, when the death of **1153** the latter completely changed the current of events. By the Treaty of Wallingford, made in 1153, Stephen adopted Henry as his successor; in the following year he died.

OLD ENGLISH AND NORMAN LINES.



CHAPTER III.

BECKET.

Early life—Household of Theobald—Chancellor—Scutage—On the battle-field—Archbishop of Canterbury—Quarrel with Henry—Constitutions of Clarendon—Council of Northampton—Six years of exile—Freteval—Blood on the altar-steps—A martyr's tomb.

IN 1118, when their eldest son Thomas was born, Gilbert Becket, a native of Rouen, and his wife Matilda, whom an old story describes as a Saracen girl, were living in Cheapside. Whatever kind of stall the Norman merchant kept, he held so marked a place among the citizens of London that he was chosen Port-reeve or Mayor. His son received an education which enabled him to play many parts in life right well. Though never a deep scholar, Becket acquired an uncommon amount of knowledge on many subjects; and, what perhaps availed him more than book learning, he studied life and men in various places and various ranks. The monastery of Merton in Surrey was his first school. He then studied in London and in Paris, spent some time in a knightly household, and became proficient in all the accomplishments of the day. The failure of his father cast a shadow over his prospects for a time, during which he wrote in the office of Master Eightpenny, clerk to the Port-reeves of London. But his sun soon shone again. Two learned priests of Normandy, who had formerly feasted at his

1142 father's hospitable table, introduced the young man about 1142 to the notice of Theobald, Archbishop of Canterbury; and this proved the first stepping-stone to brilliant honours.

Though he lived in the primate's household, he showed a decided dislike to theology, for his sanguine temperament inclined him to greater gaiety and a freer life than the monkish habit permitted. A trip to Italy, whither he went to study law at Bologna, decided the direction of his life. For, intrusted with a piece of diplomatic work, he skilfully obtained from the Pope a Bull forbidding the coronation of Eustace, Stephen's son and Henry's rival. Thus he won the favour of the first Plantagenet. On his return, he took orders, and became a pluralist—being at once rector of St. Mary-le-Strand and Orford in Kent, a prebendary of St. Paul's, and a prebendary of Lincoln. When, as soon happened, the archdeaconry of Canterbury was added to the list, his income swelled to something like the revenue of a rich bishopric.

So by rapid steps he rose, until in 1155 the favour of the new king, the good word of old Theobald, and, it was said, a good round sum out of his own purse, elevated **1155** him to the chancellorship of the kingdom. As keeper of the royal seal, it was the duty of the chancellor to prepare charters and royal letters, and to issue certain writs. He had the care of vacant bishoprics, abbeys, and baronies, distributed the king's alms, and heard the king's confession. He also sat as assessor to the king in the *Curia Regis*, that great court of the king's tenants-in-chief which, after the Conquest, took the place of the Witenagemôt.* The office of chancellor needed, therefore, an odd jumble of priestcraft and statesmanship.

We next find Becket shining in knightly armour on the battle-field. The claim which Henry made on the earldom of Toulouse,† in right of his wife, kindled war in the south of France. Becket gave the king a remarkable hint, which resulted in the levying of a tax called *scutage*,‡ or shield-money,

* See chap. vii., below—"Life and Law in Anglo-Norman England."

† *Toulouse* (anciently *Tolosa*) is on the Garonne; once the capital of Languedoc.

‡ *Scutage* was a recognized feudal "incident;" but it was now for the first time regularly instituted in England.

a certain sum paid out of every knight's fee in lieu of personal service in the field. Applying the money thus raised
1159 to the payment of a body of Dutch pikemen, Henry, whose French possessions* by marriage and inheritance already exceeded those of the French king, marched on Toulouse in the hope of adding that land of vineyards to his dominions.



The priestly chancellor, in helm and cuirass, rode gallantly at the head of seven hundred lances equipped at his own expense; and when the work of death began, his tall figure loomed conspicuous in the dusty charge and amid the crumbling gaps of

* Henry the Second ruled all the northern and western coasts of France except the rocky horn of Bretagne. He inherited Normandy from his mother; Anjou, Touraine, and Maine, from his father; while Poitou and Aquitaine (Guienne and Gascony) came to him through his marriage with Eleanor, the divorced wife of Louis the Seventh.

the shattered wall. The expedition failed, but it exhibits Becket in a characteristic light.

On Becket's appointment to succeed Theobald as Archbishop of Canterbury in 1162, all was changed with the suddenness of a transformation scene—sacking for cloth of gold; bitter water instead of wine; the washing of beggars' feet for **1162** the gay music of the greenwood. There was some reluctance, it seems, on the part of Becket himself to undertake the duties of so high and sacred an office. "A pretty saint indeed," said he to the king, when first he heard that the mitre awaited his acceptance. But ambition proved stronger than conscience, and the king's word prevailed. A gulf then opened between Becket and his king which never closed again. In the great battle between Church and State then going on, it was impossible for Becket to be neutral; and taking any part, he must perforce take part against the king. The resignation of his chancellorship immediately after consecration foreboded yet more decided steps to come (June 3).

Henry had resolved to strike a heavy blow at the roots of monkish wickedness. Priests charged with crimes could be tried, as the law then stood, only by priestly tribunals; and as the clerical robe could not, in theory, be stained with blood, neither death nor mutilation had terrors for those who were covered with the shield of holy orders. Unfrocking formed a punishment worse than death, these holy judges said; or there lay an appeal to higher courts at Rome, which opened a door for endless delays and technical quibblings. The result of all this was that many English priests ran riot in wickedness. Henry, seeing this, proposed at Westminster that men in orders taken in a felony should be first degraded in their own courts, and then handed over for punishment to lay tribunals. At first Becket said "No" to the king's demand, but afterwards the desertion of the bishops and the advice of the Pope induced him to yield so far as to attend a great council held at Clarendon

in Wiltshire,* to which eighteen articles were submitted by the crown lawyers, stating the rights of crown and mitre from the king's point of view.

Of the various enactments of the Constitutions of Clarendon, as the articles were called, a few may be mentioned. Prelates and abbots were to pay homage to the king as their liege lord, for their ecclesiastical benefices as well as for lay fees; and they were not to leave the kingdom without permission of the king. The clergy, both in person and in property, were rendered amenable to the king's courts. No royal officer or tenant-in-chief was to be excommunicated or to have an interdict laid on his lands without the consent of the king. There was to be no appeal to Rome without the king's consent. The sons of serfs were not to be admitted to orders without the consent of their lord.

Startled by the wide sweep of these articles, Becket refused to affix his seal to them. A stormy scene ensued.

1164 Three days of tumult ended in a verbal promise wrung from the primate, who rode away with a copy of the Constitutions to repent in solitude his passing weakness. The Pope, whose battle he was fighting, sent him absolution and advice.

Northampton† witnessed the final fury of the storm. Henry resolved to crush the rebel whom his own hand had uplifted to the primate's chair. He demanded an account of the various sums received by Becket as chancellor. We know already how the chancellor had lived, and there was no doubt that he had dipped deeply into the royal purse. For the large sum of 30,000 marks thus required at his hand, Becket pleaded a quittance which he had received from the justiciary on his resignation of the Great Seal. He sent for the bishops, but he found that they had all gone over to the side of the king.

* *Clarendon*, a place in Wiltshire, where the Norman kings had a hunting lodge and forest, is two miles south-east of Salisbury.

† *Northampton*, a borough on the Nen, sixty-six miles from London.

Most of them told him that the only hope of peace lay in his ceasing to be primate. Rising from a bed of pain, he arrayed himself in the splendid robes of his office, and rode, cross in hand, to the palace gate. With the signal of defiance in his hand, he strode on to the foot of the throne. The king, followed by barons and bishops, went into another room, leaving the archbishop in the midst of a few humble priests. Becket sat down on a bench, waiting for the result of a conference, the echoes of which reached him from the inner chamber. When the barons came out to pronounce sentence of imprisonment, he haughtily refused to acknowledge their right to judge him, and appealed to the Pope. Shouts and curses thundered in his ears as he rose to go, still clutching firmly in his grasp the crosier which was at once his banner of rebellion, his weapon, and his shield. Cries of "Traitor" and "Perjured one" followed him to the door. His calmness now gave way, and he turned on the threshold, like a lion at bay. Hurling back names fiercer and fouler than any uttered by the angry crowd within, he cried to the foremost knight, "If I might bear arms, De Broc, I would soon prove you a liar in single combat." The breach was now complete. In the darkness he stole away from Northampton with a single attendant. Travelling by night and hiding by day, he reached Sandwich,* whence he put off in a little boat, and struggled over to Gravelines on the Flemish coast.†

Oct. 18,
1164

Becket spent the six years of his exile in France. Louis, jealous of a vassal whose vast French dominions caused his own to dwindle into seeming insignificance, welcomed one who had dared to beard this mighty Henry on the very steps of his throne. Though the Pope (Alexander the Third) sympathized with and sheltered Becket, he did not finally break with the

* *Sandwich*, a cinque-port and borough in Kent, on the Stour, twelve miles east of Canterbury. Under the Norman kings it was the chief Continental port of England, but the harbour afterwards became choked with sand.

† *Gravelines*, a sea-port of France, twelve miles west of Dunkirk.

English king. Indeed through the entire transaction it was the policy of the Pope not to uplift Becket too much, lest the mitre of Canterbury should grow into a rival of the Roman tiara. Henry's extreme measures of revenge on the exiled prelate disgusted all classes of the English people, except a few who stood next the throne. The seizure of Becket's possessions might have passed as a natural addition to his exile; but the blotting of his name from the Liturgy, and the cruel edict which drove four hundred of his kinsmen and friends into exile, sickened the English heart. After two years of prayer and fasting at Pontigny, Becket took the bold step of mounting the pulpit at Vezelai,* and there uttered the most terrible curses of the Church against those who upheld the Constitutions of Clarendon and usurped the estates of Canterbury. Henry, not far off at Chinon† in Anjou, was beside himself with rage when he heard of this daring move. A reconciliation was, however, patched up in a pleasant meadow near Freteval on the borders of Touraine. There was much to make up. Only the month before, the Archbishop of York had crowned young Prince Henry without administering any oath regarding the liberties of the Church. Henry, however, smoothed over this and other wrinkles in the quarrel, and promised to give the kiss of peace when they met in England. He afterwards showed his new-born respect for the Church by holding the archbishop's stirrup as he climbed into the saddle. Becket knew that the peace was hollow. Yet in less than six months after the interview at Freteval he landed on the English shore at Sandwich (December 1, 1170), having heralded his approach by sending forward to the Archbishop of York and the Bishops of London and Salisbury letters of excommunication which he had obtained from the Pope.

* *Vezelai*, a town of Nievre, one hundred and seventeen miles south-east of Paris.

† *Chinon*, on the Vienne, twenty-eight miles south-west of Tours. The ruins of the castle in which Henry II. died, and Joan of Arc had her first meeting with Charles VII., stand on a hill above the town.

From the cathedral pulpit on Christmas-day he preached on the text, "I am come to die among you;" and then with flashing eyes and voice of thunder he uttered sentence of excommunication against the De Brocs and the Rector of Harrow. When the three prelates who had received letters of excommunication from Becket crossed the sea to Henry, who was living at Bur,* the king's rage burst all bounds. "How!" he cried; "a fellow that hath eaten of my bread dares insult his king and the royal family, and tread upon the whole kingdom, and not one of the cowards I nourish at my table will deliver me from this turbulent priest!"

Some time after the utterance of this speech—on the 29th of December—four knights entered the palace of the Archbishop of Canterbury about two o'clock in the afternoon, and without word or sign sat down on the floor before the prelate. They were Reginald Fitzurse, William Tracy, Hugh de Morville, and Richard Brito. Twelve others accompanied these self-elected workers of the king's furious wish. After a long silence, Fitzurse demanded the absolution and replacement of the bishops under ban, and an acknowledgment of the king's supremacy. When furious words had burst from either side, the knights rushed out to get their swords. Shut doors met them on their return; but they climbed through a window of the hall. Becket had then gone into the northern transept of the church, but he refused to allow the house of God to be barricaded like a fort. The clash of arms and the shouts of angry men ran through the colonnades, as the knights burst fiercely into the church. Closing around the doomed archbishop, who stood erect against a pillar, they again demanded that the bishops should be freed from curse, and the emphatic "Never" had scarcely passed the primate's lips when a sword made lightning in the gloomy air, and would have cleft his head, but that it met the arm of Grim, the faithful bearer of his cross.

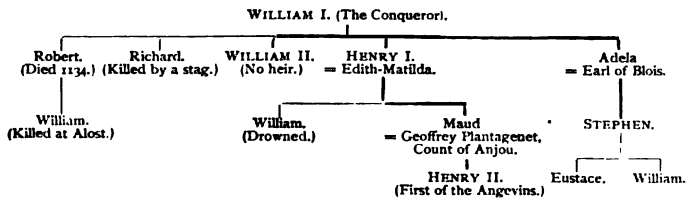
* *Bur*, a castle near Bayeux in Normandy.

The primate fell beneath the second blow ; the third cleft his skull, so that his brain was scattered over the altar-steps.

The tomb of this murdered man soon became a great centre of pilgrimage, for the English people esteemed him as a martyr, and worshipped him as a saint.* The gloom of his death lay dark on many a poor man's home, but within the palace all was horror and remorse. No one can now say whether Henry meant that Becket should be killed. If he did, it was a blunder as well as a crime ; for Becket lying dead on the altar-steps was a more terrible foe than living Becket could ever have been. Vainly Henry tried, three years and a half after the murder, to cleanse the stain from his conscience and his reputation by submitting his naked shoulders to the scourge at Becket's tomb. The capture of a Scottish king at Alnwick, by the greatest of his generals, Ranulf de Glanville, happening to coincide in time nearly with this late act of humiliation, was eagerly grasped at by his uneasy mind as a proof that Heaven's mercy had not entirely withdrawn itself from the utterer of the fatal words at Bur. But the English people never forgave Henry for the blood of their favourite.

* Not a trace remains of this celebrated shrine, whose name is woven inseparably with the literary glory of Chaucer. Canterbury on the Stour, fifty-five miles from London, was the *Durovernum* of the Romans and the *Cær-Cant* of the early Saxons.

NORMAN AND ANGEVIN LINES.



CHAPTER IV.

THE NORMAN CONQUEST OF IRELAND.

Early glories of Ireland—Pope Adrian's Bull—Dermot MacMorrough—Richard Strongbow—First landing of lances—Arrival of Strongbow—Siege of Dublin—Henry the Second in Ireland—The Wicker Palace—Council of Cashel—Return of Henry.

WHILE Britain was passing through the ordeals of the Roman occupation and the Saxon conquest, Ireland enjoyed a degree of peace and prosperity unknown elsewhere in Europe. The Scots are believed to have entered the island about the beginning of the Christian era, and they gave to it the name of Scotia, by which it was known from the fourth century to the eleventh. Ireland at that time was only a "cluster of clans," and suffered the woes that naturally result from such an organism. Yet, in spite of petty feuds and other drawbacks, this land flourished into unexampled prosperity and glory. She gave Christianity to Scotland, when Columba crossed from Donegal to the gray shielings of Iona. She gave learning to England, when her monks settled at Glastonbury; and to France, when Erigena passed to the court of the Carlovingians. Students from many lands thronged her schools, and the harps of her bards filled her rich valleys with delicious music.

Very slight links bound Ireland to Britain previous to the year 1169. There were intentions, indeed, of conquest on the English side of the water, but they came to nothing. It was

not until Henry the Second ascended the throne that the project of an Irish expedition took definite shape. One **1154** of the first acts of that solitary Englishman in the long list of popes—Nicholas Breakspear or Adrian the Fourth—granted to gallant young Henry a Bull which made him master of Ireland; for popes, according to the forged donation of Constantine, owned all Christianized islands.

Thirteen years passed, and then a visitor entered Henry's palace at Aquitaine, who started the sleeping scheme to life again. It was Dermot MacMorrogh, who had been driven from



the throne of Leinster,* because he had carried off the beautiful Devorgilla, wife of O'Rourke, Lord of Breffny, from an island in Meath where her husband had locked her up. Dermot obtained from Henry, in return for an acknowledgment of vassalage, a letter permitting any subjects of the English realm to assist in the recovery of his kingdom. Weighty affairs,

perhaps the unsettled state of the Becket business, prevented Henry from seizing this favourable opportunity himself. Arrived at Bristol, then the great port for Ireland, Dermot made the tenor of the king's letter known; for a time in vain. At length a hulking weak-voiced soldier, Richard le Clare, Earl of Pembroke, surnamed "Strongbow," agreed to cross the channel

* Ireland at the time of the Norman invasion consisted of five kingdoms—Lagenia or Leinster, Ulster, Connaught, Desmond or South Munster, and Thomond or North Munster. Whichever king was federal monarch of the whole island held during his time of office the central district of Meath.

in the next spring, if Dermot would give him his daughter Eva in marriage, and the reversion of the Leinster crown. The Irishman gladly struck hands on the bargain. But Fitzstephen and Fitzgerald, sons of a Welsh princess, got the start of Strongbow. Bribed by the gift of Wexford, with some adjoining land, Fitzstephen followed Dermot across the sea, landing at a creek called the Bann, twelve miles south of the city which formed his pay. The men of Wexford, frightened at the shining armour of the Normans, sur- **1169** rendered in two days. Meantime Roderic O'Connor, King of Connaught and federal King of Ireland, was advancing with an army. Roderic gladly made peace, for he too felt the terrors of lance and mail. It was agreed that Dermot should have his kingdom back, and that no more Normans should be brought from England. The arrival of Fitzgerald with one hundred and forty men blew the treaty to rags. Dermot and his English lances marched on Dublin, which yielded without delay. Such was the state of things when Strongbow began to think of fulfilling his promise.

As Henry's leave was necessary, or at least important, in the advanced position of the strife, Strongbow sought it in Normandy. Though the royal answer was evasive, the earl, according to the wont of feudal barons, construed it to his own liking, and went back to Wales to prepare for action. In spite of a prohibitory message from the king, he sailed from **Sept.** **1170** Milford Haven* in the middle of September, and landed near Waterford with two hundred knights and a thousand other troops. At Waterford he made a breach in the wall by hewing down the wooden foundations of a house that formed part of it, and he filled the streets with slaughtered heaps. The blood was scarcely washed from his hand when he was married to Eva, Dermot's daughter, who brought

* *Milford Haven*, a fine natural harbour, cuts deep into Pembrokeshire. The town of Milford stands on the northern shore, twelve miles from Pembroke.

him the crown of Leinster as her dowry. Then Dublin, filled with Danes, became the centre of attack, for it had revolted from the allegiance lately sworn to Dermot. Strongbow appeared on the bank of the Liffey unexpectedly, and while the terrified Dubliners were trying to make terms, the impatient Miles de Cogan, with some kindred spirits, broke in at a weak point of the wall and inflicted on the inhabitants all that brutalized humanity could devise.

About this time, an angry message from Henry, requiring all loyal men to return to England at once, on pain of banishment and the loss of their estates, reached the camp of the Norman adventurers. This gave the Irish new hope. Dublin was invested by a Norse fleet from the Isle of Man and a great confederate army under Roderic O'Connor. Thirty thousand men hemmed in the little band of soldiers who lay harnessed within the city walls under the command of Strongbow. The gallant handful, dashing out in three troops on the vast Irish lines one morning at nine o'clock, broke up the besieging camp, and swept thousands of their foes before the whirlwind of their charge. In all the struggles of this remarkable conquest, achieved as it altogether was by a few hundred lances, there was no more memorable instance of the terror which the very glitter of Norman armour struck into the half-naked Irish hordes.

The Earl of Pembroke, who by Dermot's death had become Lord of Leinster, now received a sharp summons to appear before his king. He hastened to Henry, who was at Newnham in Gloucestershire,* and made ample submission to him; but not until he had yielded up Waterford, Dublin, and other castles was he confirmed in his remaining conquests. Together king and earl sailed from Milford, with a force of five hundred knights and four thousand common troops, and landed near the city of Waterford. The hard work of the war was done, and

* *Newnham* is above the Severn, twelve miles south-west of Gloucester.

the mere presence of so many shining coats of mail overawed the Irish people. There was no need for Henry to draw the sword. Princes came from near and far the **Oct 12, 1171** King of Cork, the King of Limerick, the Prince of Ossory, and hosts of others—to bow humbly before his throne. Roderic's army, mustered on the great line of the Shannon, kept their loose array for a while; but his submission and promise to pay tribute melted it like snow. Keeping Christmas within a hall of wicker-work, woven at Dublin by native hands, Henry saw chiefs from every corner of the island, except unconquered Ulster, sitting at his laden board, and in their own uncouth fashion drinking goblets of red French wine.

The winter which a stormy sea compelled Henry to spend in Ireland was given partly to the improvement of the Irish Church. At the Council of Cashel,* held early in 1172, Henry was acknowledged as king, and laws were **1172** passed which struck at the root of the clan-system. But when the spring winds blew, Henry appointed Hugh de Lacy, Governor of Dublin, to be justiciary of the island and Viceroy of Meath, and left Wexford with the rising sun one April morning, to plunge once more into those "fierce domestic broils" with wife and sons which laid him broken-hearted in an early grave.

* *Cashel*, about two miles east of the Suir in Tipperary, is built on the eastern and southern slopes of a remarkable rock.

CHAPTER V.

A CRUSADING KING.

A handsome tyrant—Unfilial—Jewish blood—Raising funds—The Third Crusade—The chained Lion—Longchamp—Prince John—French wars—The fatal knife—Robin Hood.

RICHARD CŒUR DE LION, third son of Henry Plantagenet, was the very model of a feudal knight, the embodiment and full-blown flower of Norman chivalry. It is true that the chief effect of his reign on the English people was to squeeze almost every coin from their coffers, and to drain the national heart of its bravest blood. But he stamped his likeness so deeply on the age, that for centuries afterwards soldiers cut after the same pattern fought on every English battle-field. Romance has flung her coloured splendours around his character. He was a great soldier, but a bad king. In the tournament, his lance flashed the brightest and smote the strongest; his harp and song rang sweetly in the hall. But English ploughmen, smiths, and weavers starved under his sceptre, working their fingers to the bone that they might furnish him with money for his French and his Eastern wars. No law of any consequence grew out of his reign of ten years. Reading his story, we find only a rebellion which broke his father's heart—a cruel massacre of unoffending Jews—an unsuccessful Crusade—a troubled regency—a romantic captivity—some petty feuds with France—and a fatal arrow-wound.

The death of his elder brother Henry opened to Richard a

prospect of the English throne. Before that event, his future had been narrowed within the bounds of Aquitaine and Poitou—duchies which had formed his mother's dower, and had been assigned to him by a settlement of his father. Urged by his jealous and vindictive mother, Queen Eleanor, he had joined his brothers in those movements which had imbibittered the last moments of the too indulgent Henry. When Richard met his father's corpse on the way to Fontevraud, remorse and horror, all too late, racked the bosom of the unfilial son.

Becoming king in 1189, he threw all his energies into the preparations for the Third Crusade. By way of pious prologue, he fell at once upon the Jews. Their money-
boxes, loaded with the spoils of usury, sorely tempted
a needy monarch intent upon a distant and expensive war ;
so at Dunstable, Stamford, and Lincoln they bled and died. The tragedy of York Castle transcended all the rest in horror. Five hundred hunted Jews took refuge within its strong stone walls, around which a crowd of human tigers roared in mad thirst for blood. When all offers of gold had been refused, the Rabbi, on whose teachings they had been used to hang, proposed death as an escape from the worse evil of falling into the hands of such a rabble. Having slain their
wives and their children, and having shut themselves
with their hoards in the royal chamber, they turned the castle into a funeral pile of fiery suicide.

The gathering of money by all means, fair and foul, went briskly on. Many towns bought their charters from the needy king. Sherifships, rendered vacant by the simple plan of turning out the holders, went to the highest bidder. William Longchamp, a low-born Frenchman, paid £3,000 for the bishopric of Ely ; and Hugh de Pudsey received the earldom of Northumberland in exchange for £1,000. The homage won from Scotland in the last reign was abandoned for a payment of 10,000 marks.

In the summer of 1190, Richard joined Philip Augustus of France, his associate in the Holy War, on the plains of Vezelai. One hundred thousand swords and lances glittered on the muster-field. At Lyons they parted—Philip bound for Genoa to hire transports; Richard for Marseilles, where his English fleet was to meet him. The two kings met again at Sicily; and so differently did their characters impress the Sicilians, that they called Philip "the Lamb" and Richard "the Lion." The sack of Messina amused Richard's winter leisure, and added to his purse 20,000 golden coins wrung from King Tancred.

While in Sicily, he offended Philip by jilting his sister Alice, to whom he had been contracted in marriage by his father, and by marrying Berengaria of Navarre. When he reached the scene of

action in the
June 8, Holy Land,
1191 Acre,* which

had been besieged since 1189 without success, fell four days after the trumpets of the crusading camp had welcomed his arrival. Philip, in disgust at the success of his rival, returned to

France. Richard and his battle-axe of English steel, whose gleaming head weighed twenty pounds, did wondrous deeds of



* *St. Jean d'Acre* or *Acho* (called *Ptolemais* by the Greeks) lies on the northern horn of a curving bay on the Syrian coast. Mount Carmel towers to the south-west across the bay. The fortress of Acre commands the plain called *Esdraïlon*.

valour, which made the English king the idol of his soldiery. He did not please the princes of the Crusade. One especially he turned into a deadly foe. Duke Leopold planted the banner of Austria on the gate of Acre; Richard tore it down. When the same prince refused to work at the ramparts of Ascalon,* Richard denounced and insulted him. With all his valour, Richard did not succeed in the object of the Crusade. His soldiers scarcely saw Jerusalem. Fighting his way inch by inch southward along the shore, he taught the Sultan Saladin to respect him as a daring and chivalrous soldier, but not as a far-sighted tactician. Gladly seizing a chance of leaving this land of failure and reproach, he concluded at Joppa a truce with Saladin for three years and three months, and then embarked for Marseilles.

Oct.
1192

Shifting his course, he sailed up the Adriatic, suffered shipwreck between Venice and Trieste, and assumed a merchant's dress and name during his overland journey. At Erperg near Vienna, he was betrayed by the foreign gold and costly garb of his page, whom he sent to buy food in the market, and became the prisoner of his old enemy, Duke Leopold. The Emperor Henry the Sixth bought the Lion-hearted king from Leopold, who had no objection to sell his prize for 50,000 marks, and flung the royal captive into a castle in the Tyrol, where he lay for a long time. Though lost to the sight of the English people, he managed to while away the hours of bondage pleasantly enough with the making and the singing of songs. At last the copy of a letter from the emperor to Philip disclosed the secret of Richard's prison.† At the Diet of Speyre, Richard made an eloquent defence of himself against the charges heaped upon his head. He also did homage to the emperor for all his

* *Ascalon* lay on the shore, fourteen miles from Gaza. It was one of the five Philistine cities. A little village, *Scalona*, lying somewhat north, represents the fallen greatness of Ascalon, bearing its corrupted name.

† The story of Blondel wandering with his harp in search of his king, until the welcome echo of his strain from within a castle grating told that his search was at an end, must be consigned, with similar stories, to the pages of poetic romance.

possessions—a formality afterwards cancelled by Henry; but it was not till public opinion forced Henry to resign his prey that the Lion-heart was freed; and not even then till the enormous sum of 100,000 marks had been paid by the English people to the greedy German. Richard landed at Sandwich on the 13th March 1194, after an absence of more than four years, of which fourteen months had been spent in prison.

Meantime how was England governed? What with the money raised for the Crusade, and with the money raised for the ransom of the king, the marrow had been sucked from her bones. Longchamp—chancellor, justiciary, and regent—a man of craft, avarice, and intense ambition, bent energies of no mean order to the control of the realm, fleecing mercilessly on every side, and causing himself to be intensely hated.

The imprisonment of Pudsey, Bishop of Durham, his colleague on the bench, left him without a rival for a time. But the ambition of Prince John, youngest brother of the absent king, arose to confront and overturn the tyranny of Longchamp. The one evil killed the other. Borne down by the craft and violence of John, the chancellor, though bribed by the offer of a bishopric and three royal castles, spurned the advances of the treacherous prince, and yielded the Tower keys only to compulsion. Some fishwomen at Dover, spying a tall lady in green silk, with close-veiled face, sitting silent on the sand, gathered curiously round; and, growing bolder at her continued dumbness, lifted a corner of the hood. A black beard appeared below: it was Longchamp in disguise, waiting for a ship. This discovery resulted in a short imprisonment; but he soon got away to the Continent, where he cannonaded John and the barons with Papal bulls. The shots fell harmless, and all his intrigues could not replace him in power until the return of Richard, whose chancellor he continued to be during all but the last year of the reign. John's rebellion bore no fruit but trouble to the kingdom and infamy to himself. When "the devil had

broken loose," as a letter from Philip to John pithily described the liberation of Richard, Nottingham Castle alone held out in favour of the prince. It was stormed, and many of its garrison were hanged. John was then at a safe distance in Normandy, and when the making of a new seal, that all old grants might be rendered null and void, with two or three similar expedients, had filled Richard's purse again, and had enabled him to sail with an army to Barfleur,* John covered before his manlier brother, and craved a forgiveness he little deserved. Richard, who bore no malice, restored the rebel to a pension and to his estates, but not to the use of those dangerous toys--stone castles filled with steel.

The rest of Richard's reign belongs to France. Philip Augustus and he had not forgotten their old feud. But the will for war survived the power. Having quite exhausted the treasures of their kingdoms, they kept rushing at each other like two fangless hounds, until an interview on the Seine--Richard sitting in a barge, Philip on horseback on the bank--terminated their useless struggle in 1199. **1199** The same year saw Richard dead of an arrow-wound inflicted by Bertrand de Gourdon at the siege of the castle of Chaluz in Limousin.† Piercing his shoulder, the head broke off; and the knife of a clumsy surgeon irritated the wound to a fatal inflammation.

Romance connects the name of Robin Hood, the celebrated outlaw, with the reign of Richard the First. Some authorities place him later, one assigning him to the time of Simon de Montfort, another to the reign of Edward the Second. His skill in archery, his rollicking life with Little John, Friar Tuck, and Maid Marian in the green glades of Sherwood, the great Nottingham-

* *Barfleur*, which in the time of the Norman kings of England was the great English port of Normandy, is now only a fishing village of 1,185 inhabitants. It lies in *La Manche*, on the east side of *Cotentin*.

† *Limousin*, now represented by the departments of *Corrèze* and *Haute-Vienne*, was a great source of contention between the French kings of France and the French kings of England.

shire forest,* his chivalrous behaviour to women, his kindness to the poor, his robbery of fat abbots and rich land-owners, on whom he played rough practical jokes, in addition to relieving them of their purses, form the favourite subjects of the early English minstrels, who sang oftener of bold Robin than of any other hero. German sceptics, followed by the antiquary Wright, have tried to dissolve him into a myth. But there are good reasons for believing in his personality, and for ranking him much higher than a common forest robber. Like his predecessors of less note, Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough, and William Cloudeley, who robbed in Inglewood Forest near Carlisle, he was the representative of the trodden Saxon race. His lawless life was the result of an unhappy time, when foreign tyrants blasted the peaceful industry of the people, and, with bloody laws and grinding taxes, drove them to the shelter of the woods.

* The high lands of Sherwood Forest lie on the upper course of the Mann, one of the tributaries of the Idle.

CHAPTER VI.

THE GREAT CHARTER.

Murder of Arthur—Losses in France—The Langton quarrel—An interdict—A crown in the dust—Sea-fight in Damme—Bouvines—Roots of the national spirit—Stephen Langton—Easter week—Runnymede—*Magna Carta*—Fire and sword—A blunder—Death of John—Past and future.

THE murder of a boy of fifteen, Arthur, the son of John's dead brother Geoffrey, secured to him the possession of the English throne, but cost him all his French coronets but one. Tricked by the slippery King of France, the hapless boy fell into his cruel uncle's hands at Mirabeau, was carried from Mirabeau to Falaise,* from Falaise to **1203** Rouen, and there disappeared with a suddenness which can bear but one interpretation. Shakespeare, using dramatic license, makes him die in leaping from the wall of an English castle; but the old chronicler who tells the dark tale with most minuteness speaks of a boat, a sudden stab, and a fair-haired corpse cleaving the dark current of the Seine. Some say that John himself struck the blow.

This foul deed, and the theft of a wife from the Count de la Marche, roused against the dastard King of England a storm of war, which swept away from his grasp in one disastrous year Normandy, Bretagne, Maine, Anjou, **1204** Touraine, and Poitou. Aquitaine, or Guienne, alone

* *Falaise*, in the department of Calvados, lies twenty miles south-east of Caen, on the Ante, a tributary of the Dive.

remained under English rule, and even that was to all appearance a last leaf trembling in the breeze. The effect on the destinies of England of this loss, or rather change, for it was a blessing in disguise, shall be noted soon.

The Langton quarrel and its disgraceful end plunged John into the depths of degradation. When the see of Canterbury fell vacant (1205), the English king demanded the elevation of a friend and favourite, John de Grey, Bishop of Norwich, to

the chair. Pope Innocent the Third appointed Stephen
1207 Langton, and the monks would accept no other archbishop than the papal nominee. John in a fury scattered the audacious monks at the point of the sword, seizing all their wealth; and when, a little later, three bishops sought his presence at the Pope's command, and threatened extreme measures if he refused to undo his evil deed, he swore that he would mutilate most horribly any Roman monks he found within his realm. Innocent's answer was an Interdict. The cup of bitterness held to the lips of unhappy England was then drained to its bitterest dregs. All the bishops but two fled beyond

seas. The church doors remained shut; the church
1208 bells ceased to ring; priests, forbidden to administer any religious rites, except baptism to infants and the sacrament to the dying, found their occupation almost gone; the dead were allowed to be buried only in unconsecrated ground. The statues and pictures of the saints were veiled with black, and their relics were laid in ashes upon dusty altars. At that time no heavier curse could have fallen on any land. Famine might be borne; war had its fierce excitements; pestilence dealt only with the body that must die at any rate: but the black shadow of an Interdict seemed to a superstitious people to fling its eclipse across the grave into the life that never ends, blotting out from human souls all chance and hope of heaven. John seems to have been stung by this terrible lesson into a passing spasm of something like courage.

Having squeezed all the Jews in the kingdom dry of money, he crossed with an army to Dublin, and marching to Connaught, he expelled the revolted De Lacys **1211** from the island. Then returning, he penetrated Wales to the foot of Snowdon, wresting tribute and hostages from the mountaineers. But the Pope, who had meanwhile added a Bull of excommunication to the Interdict (1209), had yet another and a deadlier shaft in his spiritual quiver. Declaring the English throne vacant, he promised Philip of France the forgiveness of all his sins if he would invade England, and expel the impious holder of the royal seat. Philip, more dazzled probably by the glitter of a double crown than by the spiritual boon, mustered a great army in Normandy and a great fleet in the harbours of the Channel coast. This brought John to his knees at once. It seemed at first indeed that some sparks of patriotic fire smouldered under the vicious crust of his soul, for he gathered a force of sixty thousand men round his flag at Barham Downs,* and **1213** sent English sailors across the Channel to burn Dieppe† and the shipping at Fécamp.‡ But in a little while, smitten with terrors of the French soldiery, and troubled with well-founded fears that he had not one loyal supporter in his host, he stooped his craven knee in Dover Cathedral at the footstool of Cardinal Pandulf, the papal legate. There, having laid in the dust the crown already soiled with blood and infinite tears, he received it again from the legate's hands, and swore to be a faithful vassal of the Pope, and to pay a yearly tribute of seven hundred marks of silver for England, and of three hundred for Ireland. Thus did he save himself for a time from the sword that hung by a hair above his head.

* *Barham Downs* lie between Dover and Canterbury. The great Roman road, Watling Street, runs across this district.

† *Dieppe* (called *Bertheville* in the eleventh century) is a sea-port in *Seine-Inférieure*, thirty-eight miles north of Rouen.

‡ *Fécamp* is a sea-port in a narrow valley, twenty-two miles from Havre.

The French king, balked of his prey, turned his fury upon Flanders, whose earl had been the principal means of thwarting his English expedition. Although John, by secret bargaining with Earl Ferrand, got mixed up with this war, it would hardly deserve our notice here but for a memorable sea-fight—first of many between the fleets of England and of France—which took place off the Flemish shore near Damme,* then the port of Bruges. In this action the navy of France was utterly destroyed. Three hundred prizes, laden to the deck with corn, wine, and oil, carried the joyous news to England. One hundred more were burned by the victors, and Philip saw no
1214 resource but to deal in like manner with the scanty remnant of his great fleet. Joining a mighty league for the partition of France, of which the Earl of Flanders and Otho the Emperor of Germany were the chief promoters, John sailed with his new-won laurels to Poitou. But the battle of Bouvines† (July 27), in which Longsword, the victor at Damme, was knocked down by the mace of warlike Bishop Beauvais, and the army of the League was irretrievably shattered, reduced John to the necessity of humbly asking a five years' truce. He got it, and went home. His hope of retrieving his fortunes by a foreign victory had signally failed.

The discontent of the English people had now come to a head. The descendants of those men who had reddened the field of Senlac with their blood now made common cause against a tyranny under which all groaned alike. The Norman barons undoubtedly were still the ruling race, but many causes had obliterated the line that divided them from the men they had enslaved. The fire of a common nationality had begun to fuse the two races into the great English people. To this influence may be added the grinding taxation of the first two Plantagenets, levied alike on crushed ploughman and fleeced noble. From

* *Damme*, once the port of Bruges, is now a village lying in the centre of fruitful fields three miles north-east of that city.

† *Bouvines*, a village between Lisle and Tournay.

common glories and a common grievance, it is little wonder that a national spirit began to spring. Month by month, amid all the grinding and oppression of the Norman kings, a middle class, enriched by merchandise and agriculture, grew up between the serfs and the nobles, and the People became a felt power in the state. Buying the estates of impoverished Crusaders, some of them became lords of the soil, possessed of all the influence that such a position gives. And when England, too long moored to the banks of the Seine, was cut adrift, and rode in proud independence, encircled by her girdle of sea, the descendants of the heroes of the Norman Conquest centred all their thoughts, and lavished all their care, on the fair acres by Trent and Thames. With a bitterness that knows no name, those nobles of the old *régime* saw adventurers from Anjou and Poitou caressed at the court of John, and loaded with all the honours and rich appointments which they had been used to regard as their special right. The manliness of Henry the Second and his lion-hearted son had prevented any great outbreak of the growing discontent; but John they despised, and when he treated lords of iron armour and stone castles with insults and cruel wrongs, their patience gave way, and they turned sternly on the oppressor.

Stephen Langton, Cardinal of St. Chrysagonus and Archbishop of Canterbury, whose nomination to that see John had venomously opposed, appeared as the chief champion of English freedom in this struggle between people and king. Born in Lincolnshire or Devonshire, he grafted on a stem of English growth the polish and subtlety which could then be acquired only at Paris and at Rome. At a great council, held in St. Paul's in 1213, he laid before the assembled prelates and barons the coronation charter of Henry the First, which had been swept utterly out of memory by the storms of a changeful century. Here was a base of operations for the mailed statesmen who were destined to lay the great foundation-stone of the English con-

stitution. On this forgotten fragment the Great Charter was to rise. Meeting in the abbey of St. Edmundsbury* on **1215** the saint's day, the confederate patriots swore solemnly on the high altar that if the king refused their just demands they would not sheathe the sword until they had wrested from him a charter under his own seal granting what they asked. When, on the feast of the Epiphany, a stern band entered his presence and laid their demands before him, the pale lips of the craven could do no more than ask for time to consider the petition. Easter week being fixed for the giving of a final answer, the base king set himself during the intervening months to throw up what defences he could against the encroachments of his menacing nobles. He tried to sow dissension among them. He granted to the Pope the ancestral privilege regarding the election of abbots and bishops, thinking thus to bribe the clergy; and he placed himself more securely yet under the Church's wing by solemnly swearing that he would lead a crusading army to the Holy Land.

Easter week came. The king lay at Oxford. Having marched in gleaming armour from Stamford to Brackley,† the barons met Langton and two earls, by whom they sent forward a list of the needed reforms to the foot of the throne. Langton read the parchment in the hearing of the king; upon which John, at whose elbow stood that pillar of the Church Pandulf the legate, flamed into a furious rage. "And why do they not demand my crown also?" he cried; adding, with a terrible oath, "I will not grant them liberties that will make me a slave." He might have spared his foam, for brave soldiers, steel in hand, were resolved to take what his mean heart could not bear to give. Their failure at Northampton did not daunt them. Bed-

* *Bury St. Edmunds* is the chief town of West Suffolk, and lies on the river Lark. The ruins of a magnificent abbey still adorn the town.

† *Stamford*, lying on the Welland, partly in Lincolnshire and partly in Northamptonshire, was one of the "Five Burghs" of the Danes. *Brackley*, in the south of Northamptonshire, lies near one of the head streams of the Ouse.

ford gates flew open. And word from London told them how that mighty heart throbbled with delight at their resolution. On Sunday the 24th of May, through open gates and silent streets, they marched fully armed into the capital, while the citizens were hearing mass in the churches. This awakened John from his dreams of folly. He saw but seven knights who lingered by his falling throne. There was not a moment to be lost. A promise must be made, and an oath sworn; but what of that? With a smiling face he bade Pembroke go to London and tell the barons that on a certain day and at a certain place he would grant their full demands.

There is by the Thames, not far from Staines,* a narrow



strip of green meadow-land which bears the name of Runnymede.† Though now degraded to a county racecourse, it witnessed in the thirteenth century as great a sight as England ever saw. Pouring with the rising sun from the gates of Staines, a cavalcade of barons, headed by stern Fitzwalter, whom they had elected their leader, wound across the field carpeted with June daisies, and halted in the meadow beside the silver Thames. A smaller party, including the king, Pandulf, Pembroke, and the Master of the English Templars, rode down from Windsor Castle to the appointed place. And there, with the faintest show of objection, and the most transparent readiness to do all

* *Staines* is a market-town of Middlesex, situated on the left bank of the Thames, about seventeen miles from London.

† This place is called in the *Great Charter* "Runing mede inter Windlesorum et Staines." By some the phrase is said to mean the "meadow of council;" but it more probably derived its name from a stream that passed through it.

that the barons asked, John affixed his royal signature to the Great Charter (*Magna Carta*) and the Charter of the Forests, his black heart belying what his hand had traced. Then riding home to Windsor, he flung himself on the ground, gnashing his teeth, and cursing the Charter whose ink was scarcely dry.

In this famous Charter, which has been well summarized as "a solemn protest against the evil of arbitrary arrest and arbitrary taxation," the rights of the clergy and the barons are laid down with unmistakable distinctness. But its most striking and suggestive feature lies in its provisions for the mass of the people. Even the *villein*, who ploughed the fields in coarse leather dress, was not forgotten. The property of the baron and the citizen was shielded by an article which said: "No *scutage* nor aid shall be imposed upon the kingdom, *except by the common council of the kingdom*, unless it be to redeem the king's body, to make his eldest son a knight, and once to marry his eldest daughter; and that to be a reasonable aid: and in like manner shall it be concerning the *Tallage* and Aids of the city of London, and of other cities which from this time shall have their liberties; and that the city of London shall fully have all its liberties and free customs, as well by land as water." The person of the freeman was thus protected: "No freeman's body shall be taken, nor imprisoned, nor disseized, nor outlawed, nor banished, nor in any way be damaged, nor shall the king send him to prison by force, *except by the judgment of his peers and by the law of the land*." The holding of the freeman, the goods of the merchant, the waggon of the villein, were not to be torn from their owners. By the Charter of the Forests, death or mutilation no longer awaited the hungry peasant or sporting tradesman who drove his lawless arrow through a stag. Such was the nature of that remarkable document, in whose completion Langton's pen and Fitzwalter's sword had about an equal share. "Thirty-two times," says Sir Edward Coke, "have the

Great Charter and the Charter of the Forests been confirmed by Acts of Parliament,"—a thing not to be wondered at, for Truth, Justice, and Freedom are of slow growth in the history of nations.

John never meant to keep his written promise. With a gang of French mercenaries he seized Rochester Castle in autumn, reddened the Christmas snow with the blood of Yorkshire men, carried the torch of war over the Cheviots to Edinburgh, and there turned before the rising wrath of Scotland. His way back was lighted with the flames of burning towns. This could not last. In despair, the barons called over Prince Louis, who had married John's niece, to face the fury of the madman. Landing at Sandwich, Louis lost much valuable time in the siege of Dover, during which the eyes of the barons were opened to the blunder they had committed in calling a stranger over to seize the English sceptre. Darkness thickened, until, one night in October, John, who had just lost his car- **1216** riages and his money in the swift-running tide of the Wash, entered the abbey of Swineshead* and supped sumptuously off peaches and new cider. Four days later (October 18), he died of acute fever in the castle of Newark on the Trent.† Some suppose that his end was hastened by his remorse and despair, while others hint at poison. Thus was England freed by Heaven from terror and great perplexity. Louis and his soldiers still clung to her soil; but they were soon brushed off like a swarm of flies, and little Henry, third of the name, reigned in his wicked father's room. With the Great Charter the constitutional history of England properly begins.

* *Swineshead* or *Swinstead* in Lincolnshire, though now six miles from the sea, was once on the shore. It lies twenty-nine miles south-east of Lincoln.

† *Newark* in Nottinghamshire is a borough on an arm of the Trent, twenty miles north-east of Nottingham.

CHAPTER VII.

LIFE AND LAW IN ANGLO-NORMAN ENGLAND.

Feudal divisions—The Norman keep—Homage—The tournament—Dubbed a knight—Dress in war and peace—Meals and food—Amusements—The monastery—Norman schools—*Curia Regis*—Duel and assize—Roots of law—Royal revenue.

THE Norman land-owners were for the most part *tenants-in-chief*, who held their lands directly from the crown, and formed the aristocracy of the land. The English thanes who were allowed to retain their lands became *free-tenants* or *franklins*, but they also were required to swear fealty to the king. The mass of the conquered English, both the ceorls and the serfs, were reduced to villenage. The *villein* (from *ville*, a farm), of whom there were two classes—the villein *regardant*, attached to the soil, and the villein *in gross*, attached to the person of his lord—could, in theory at least, own neither money nor goods. Yet he often bought his freedom. To become a priest and to escape to a town were also methods of obtaining this boon. In both instances the villein was considered as having exchanged one service for another; for priests served the Church, and corporate towns ranked as barons. The line between the villein and the freeman was not always sharply drawn, for freemen sometimes did villeins' service.

The great stone castle in which a Norman baron lived, with its solid walls and its tall frowning keep, betokened an age of violence and distrust. Beauty gave way to strength and the

needs of safety. The massive building often covered several acres, and was girdled with a green and slimy ditch, around the inner edge of which ran a parapeted wall pierced with shot holes. If an enemy managed to cross the moat and force the gateway, in spite of a portcullis crashing from above, and of melted lead pouring in streams from the top of the rounded arch, a small part of his work was yet done. The keep lifted its huge block of masonry within the inner bailey or court-yard, and from the narrow chinks in its ten-foot wall there rained an incessant shower of arrows, sweeping all approaches to the narrow stair, by which alone access could be had to it. These loopholes were the windows whence the chieftain, like a vulture in his rocky nest, watched all the surrounding country.

Thus a baron in his keep could defy, and often did defy, the king himself. Under his roof, eating daily at his board, lived a throng of armed retainers, and around his castle lay farms tilled by martial yeomen, who at his call laid aside their implements of husbandry, took up the sword and spear, and marched beneath his banner to the war. Each of them, with robe ungirt and head uncovered, had done homage and sworn an oath of fealty, placing his joined hands between those of the sitting baron and humbly saying as he knelt: "I become your man from this day forward, of life and limb and of earthly worship, and unto you shall be true and faithful, and bear to you faith for the tenements that I claim to hold of you, saving the faith that I owe unto our sovereign lord the king."

The author of *Ivanhoe*, and kindred pens, have made the tournament a picture familiar to all readers of romance. It therefore needs no long description here. It was held in honour of some great event—a coronation, a wedding, or a victory. Having practised well during squirehood at the *quintain*,* the

* The quintain was a revolving wooden figure often representing a Saracen which, if not struck right in the centre with the blunted lance, whirled rapidly on its pivot, and dealt the awkward marksman a smart stroke with its outstretched wooden sword.

knight, clad in full armour, with visor barred and the colours of his lady on crest and scarf, rode into the lists, for which some level field or meadow was chosen. The simple joust was the shock of two knights, who galloped against each other with levelled spears, aimed at breast or head. The object of each rider was to unhorse his antagonist. The *mellay* (*mêlée*) hurled together, at the dropping of the prince's baton, two parties of knights, who hacked away at each other with axe and mace and sword, often gashing limbs and breaking bones in the wild excitement of the fray. Bright eyes glanced from the surrounding galleries on the brutal sport; and when the victor, with broken plume and dusty armour, dragged his limbs to the footstool of the beauty who presided over the festival as Queen, her white hands decorated him with the meed of his achievements.*

The little page, well trained in manners, music, chess, and the missal, left the society of the ladies at about fourteen, to enter on the duties of a squire. Having received a sword and belt at the altar, he was entitled to carve at table, to rivet his master's armour in camp and tilt-yard, and to follow the knight in the charge with spare lances and a led horse. At twenty-one, or on the performance of some valorous deed, he kept vigil in a church, received his golden spurs, bent for the *accolade*,† and rose from his knees a dubbed knight.

The chain-mail of the first Crusaders was exchanged in the fourteenth century for plate armour, which at last became so heavy that an unhorsed knight had difficulty in rising from the ground. The Norman conquerors were clad in mail formed of steel lozenges sewed on a leathern or woollen suit. The Norman dress in time of peace consisted of a tunic, long tight hose, a short cloak lined or trimmed with expensive fur, and shoes with

* The people imitated this aristocratic sport by tilting against each other from swiftly pulled boats; and boys, skating on the Thames with the shank-bones of sheep tied to their feet, played at tournament with staves. The quarter-staff was a species of long cudgel, greatly used by the peasantry and yeomen of the time.

† The *accolade* was a blow with the flat of a sword, administered to the candidate for knighthood by the prince or noble who conferred the rank.

long peaked toes. Ladies exchanged the Saxon gown for a flowing robe with sleeves so long that they were knotted up to keep them from trailing on the ground. The shaven soldiers of the Conquest, imitating the English fashion, soon began to grow long beards, and to wear their hair in masses on the neck. Henry the Second, who won his name of *Curtmantle* by the revival of the little Norman cloak, also set the example of shaving closely. Both beard and moustache, however, broke out into full luxuriance under Cœur de Lion—a result perhaps of camp life in the Crusades.

The Normans probably dined at nine in the morning. When they rose, they took a light meal, and they ate something also after their day's work, immediately before going to bed. Goose and garlic formed a favourite dish. Their cookery was more elaborate and, in comparison, more delicate than the preparations for a Saxon meal. But the character for temperance which they brought with them from the Continent soon vanished, for they learned from the conquered Saxons to eat and drink to excess. The poorer classes hardly ever ate flesh, living principally on bread, butter, and cheese,—a social fact which seems to underlie that usage of our tongue by which the living animals in field or stall bore Anglo-Saxon names—ox, sheep, calf, pig, deer; while their flesh, promoted to Norman dishes, rejoiced in names of French origin—beef, mutton, veal, pork, venison.

The *jongleur*,* who under the Normans took the place of the Saxon gleeman, sang songs of love and war; but he soon degenerated into the mechanical *juggler*, who amused the common people in the court-yard with his tricks and sorry jokes, and with the antics of his trained monkey or bear. The fool, too, clad in coloured patchwork, cracked his jokes and shook his cap and bells at the elbow of roaring barons. Already strolling

* Both *jongleur* and *juggler* are forms of *joculator*, from Lat. *jocus*, a jest. The M.E. form was *jogelour*.

players, tramping round the land, had roused the anger of the Church by the licentious doggerel which they recited in market-places and court-yards, and had induced zealous priests to get up Mysteries or plays founded on the Bible stories, in order to neutralize the poison they diffused in the public mind. Thus originated the earliest form of the English drama.

While knights hunted in the greenwood or tilted in the lists, and *jongleurs* sang in the hall, the monk in the quiet Scriptorium compiled chronicles of passing events, copied valuable manuscripts, and painted rich borderings and brilliant initials on every page. These illuminations form a valuable set of materials for our pictures of life in the Middle Ages.* Monasteries served many useful purposes at that time. Besides their manifest value as centres of study and literary work, they gave alms to the poor, a supper and a bed to travellers; their tenants were better off and better treated than the tenants of the nobles; the monks could store grain, grow apples, and cultivate their flower-beds, with little risk of injury from war, because they had spiritual thunders at their call, which awed the superstitious soldiery into a respect for sacred property. Splendid structures these monasteries generally were. Nor was architectural taste the only reason of their magnificence. Since they were erected as offerings to Heaven, the pious builders spared no cost in decorating the exterior with fretwork and sculpture of Caen stone, and the interior with gilded cornices and windows of painted glass.

As schools, too, the monasteries did no trifling service to society in the Middle Ages. In the Trinity College Psalter we have a picture of a Norman school, where the pupils sit in a circle around the master as he lectures to them from a long roll

* The celebrated Bayeux tapestry affords our best material for vivid sketches of Norman life at the time of the Conquest. This great roll of linen (214 feet by 20 inches) contains a series of views, worked in coloured wool, of the Norman Conquest—from Harold's departure for Normandy to the defeat of the Saxons at Hastings. Wrought, it is said, by Matilda, the Conqueror's queen, and by her presented to the Cathedral of Bayeux, where Odo was bishop, it has come down to our day in good preservation, and is now kept on a roller in the hotel of the prefecture of Bayeux, which is a town of Calvados in France, situated on the little river Aure.

of manuscript. The youth of the middle classes, destined for the cloister or the merchant's stall, chiefly thronged these schools. The aristocracy cared little for book-learning. Very few, indeed, of the barons could read or write. But all could ride, fence, tilt, play, and carve extremely well; for to these accomplishments many years of pagehood and squirehood were given. The University of Oxford was fast growing into a formidable rival of the great school at Paris. But the latter still sent forth the greatest men of the age. Becket and that noted English monk born near St. Albans—Nicholas Breakspear, who became Pope in 1154 under the name of Adrian the Fourth—were both distinguished students of Paris.

At the Conquest, the Saxon Witenagemôt gave place to the King's Court (*Curia Regis*), formed of the barons or royal tenants-in-chief and the bishops, who assembled in the palace on stated occasions to transact the public business of the realm. The king enacted laws by the advice and with the consent of this court, so that the double sanction of royalty and nobility came to be regarded in the popular mind as essential to the reality of a law. During the frequent absences of the Norman kings, the chief justiciar sat as president of the Curia. Associated with him in the management of affairs were the constable, the mareschal, the chamberlain, the chancellor, and the treasurer. As business increased, the Curia was divided into several courts—Common Pleas, Chancery, King's Bench, and Exchequer; of which the Exchequer was historically the oldest. And when it became difficult for the justiciar to travel about the land, justices in eyre—that is, itinerant—were appointed, who went on circuit in the character of royal commissioners, not only to try criminals and hear pleas, but to receive oaths, to collect taxes, to inspect garrisons, and to regulate coins. The Great Council, held by Henry the Second at Northampton in 1176, divided the country into six circuits.

The Ordeals gradually fell into disuse, and were at last for-

bidden by the Church. The *Duel* and the *Grand Assize*—the former derived from Normandy about the time of the Conquest; the latter instituted by a law of Henry the Second—became the modes of decision in cases of uncertain guilt or liability. The *Duel*, like the *Ordeal*, sprang from a belief that God defends the right, and cannot allow the innocent to be vanquished. When the *Grand Assize* was chosen instead of the *Duel*, four knights returned by the sheriff and twelve others from the district, chosen by them, were sworn to give a verdict on the case. Ranulf de Glanville, who bears an honoured name in English history, not only as a successful soldier, but also as a great legist and the author of the oldest English law-book we have (*“Tractatus de Legibus et Consuetudinibus Angliæ”*), is believed to have hit on the happy expedient of the *Grand Assize*, which we may regard as the first establishment of trial by jury in regular legal form.

The multitudinous laws of England enacted during this period grew from three great roots—the Common Law of the Saxon times which had taken shape and substance from long usage, the Canon Law of the Church, and the Roman Civil Law, which had begun to be studied deeply on the Continent, and on which lectures were delivered at Oxford in the reign of Stephen. From the conflict of these three rival systems the nation, groaning in the throes of revolution and transition, suffered heavily. The barons and the people stood firmly by the Common Law, with which their best interests were deeply interwoven.

A Norman king derived his revenue from several sources, of which the principal were the following “feudal incidents” :—

1. The *relief* or *fine*, paid by an incoming heir before he could take possession of his estate. This stood for the Saxon *heriot* or suit of armour, given under similar circumstances.

2. The *primer seisin*, the first year's income of the lands, payable only by tenants of the crown.

3. *Fines of alienation*, paid when a tenant transferred any part of his lands to a stranger.

4. An *escheat*, when a fief reverted to a superior, the tenant having died heirless.

5. *Forfeiture*, payable when a vassal failed in any part of his duty either to his lord or to the state.

6. *Aids*, paid to ransom the king, to portion his daughters, or to make his eldest son a knight.

7. The profits of *wardship* and *marriage*; for the crown managed the estates of minors, and held the right of giving in marriage the heiresses and widows of its tenants. A good round sum was generally needed to buy the royal consent.

Other sources of the royal revenue were :—

1. The rents of about fourteen hundred royal manors, held in addition to more than eight hundred hunting-grounds.

2. The *danegeld* or *hideage*, a Saxon land-tax revived by the Conqueror.

3. Various taxes called *scutage* (a substitute for that armed soldier whom every royal tenant was originally bound to furnish and maintain during forty days, for every knight's fee he owned) —*hearth-money* and *moneyage* (the latter being a shilling on each hearth every three years, paid to the king that he might not tamper with the coinage. Henry the First abolished it on his accession)—*customs*—*tallages* or *cuttings*, a property-tax on towns and boroughs.

4. Purveyance and pre-emption, by which the king's servants were permitted to take provisions, horses, and carriages for the use of the royal household at a certain price, whether the owner consented or not.

5. Criminal fines and confiscations.

6. Benevolences or forced loans.

7. Treasure trove, royal fish, waifs and strays, idiots' estates, wrecked goods, spoils in war, also helped to fill the royal coffers.

CHAPTER VIII.

SIMON DE MONTFORT.

Montfort the Elder—Regency of Pembroke—Battle of Lincoln—Quick-lime at sea—Fall of De Burgh—Foreign favourites—De Montfort—The *Provisions of Oxford*—Chaos—Battle of Lewes—Burgesses in Parliament—Battle of Evesham—Death of Henry.

WHILE the barons were wresting the Great Charter from the hands of John, a banished Englishman was reddening the waters of the Garonne with the blood of the Albigenses. In 1218, a stone from the walls of Toulouse fractured the skull of this pitiless Crusader, who had already bestowed his name on a second son, that Simon de Montfort with whom we have now to deal.

Before the Crusader's son shines out in full brilliance, the reign of Henry, son and successor of John, has to drag out more than forty of its six-and-fifty years—years of discontent among barons and of weakness on the throne, yet withal years of steadily growing power, wealth, and knowledge, which then struck roots on English soil that have never lost their grasp.

In the first place, little Henry must be crowned; for until that plain gold circle, which was hurriedly made to serve for the diadem buried in the quicksands of the Wash, rested on the curls of the fair-haired boy, the loyalty of the nation would not cling to him. So the Bishop of Winchester performed the ceremony at Gloucester, in presence of
1216 Gualo, the papal legate, on the 28th of October 1216.

It was well for England and well for Henry that a strong man was at hand to direct the fortunes of the state and secure the throne from a second French conquest. The Earl of Pembroke, chosen by the Great Council of Bristol to be Governor of the King and Kingdom (*Rector Regis et Regni*), bent the skill of a soldier and the subtlety of a statesman on the invading army of Louis, and on the barons whose blunder had called that prince across the sea. For a time the sky looked very dark. Wales and Scotland lent their aid to the invader. London with its Tower lay in his hand. Dover Castle, indeed, defended by Hubert de Burgh, foiled his utmost skill. But he sent his marauders as far north as to Lincoln, and desolated the central shires with extreme cruelty. At Lincoln, the Count de Perche, one of his generals, received a check which resulted in the withdrawal of the French armies. **1217** Caught in the narrow streets of Lincoln, while battering the walls of the citadel, the gallant knight was forced to yield to the English regent, who had made a sudden dash through the gates. This battle, known as "The Fair of Lincoln," took place in the spring of 1217.

This heavy blow locked Louis up in London, which became a perfect hot-bed of plots and perils. But heavier yet was the defeat of that splendid fleet of more than eighty sail which left Calais with three hundred knights and a large force of infantry, bound under the command of Eustace, a Flemish monk turned pirate, for service in the English war. As the huge armament bore away for the mouth of the Thames, a little English fleet of only forty ships, led by Hubert de Burgh, who was equally at home on deck and on battlement, crept between them and the wind, dashed on them with the iron beaks of their galleys, and from decks steaming with the pungent smoke of slaking lime showered a sharp rain of arrows, which struck the blinded sailors down by scores. The head of Eustace, sent to the English court, told its bloody tale. Louis, hearing of this great

disaster, gladly made terms. He had won little by his English trip; for his purse had run so low that the citizens of London had to pay his passage home.

The death of Pembroke, in 1219, exposed England to the evils of a contest between two ambitious ministers—

1219 Hubert de Burgh, whose gallantry had made him the darling of the nation, and Peter des Roches, a subtle Poitevin, who had become Bishop of Winchester. The strife troubled the land, but was too short for lasting results.

The ninth year of Henry the Third deserves especial remembrance in the history of the British constitution. In return for a tax of one-fifteenth on all movable property granted with some grumbling by the assembled councillors, the king solemnly ratified the Great Charter, and issued orders that the royal officers should carry out all its enactments with vigour and care. This remodelled Charter of Henry's ninth year is, in fact, the document on which our national freedom rests.

Two years later, in a council held at Oxford, Henry declared himself of age, and took the reins of government into his own hand. He refused to be bound by the Forest Charters, and reserved to himself the right to alter, enlarge, or diminish them of his free will. De Burgh now received the king's confidence, and Des Roches, feeling the ground shifting below him, prudently retired and went on a pilgrimage. He was absent for four years.

Henry's futile attempts—in 1224 and again in 1230—to recover the French possessions lost by his father need not detain us. England gained by his failure. If he had succeeded in once more entangling England in French politics, the growth of the national spirit would certainly have been retarded. De Burgh's opposition to the king's foreign policy led to a quarrel between them. Henry blamed De Burgh for the miscarriage of more than one of his French expeditions,

and brought numerous grave charges against him. At last the faithful minister was worried into flight, and was dragged by a band of soldiers from his place of sanctuary to the Tower of London. As the bishops cried out against this **1232** violation of a holy place, the fallen minister was carried back to the church whence he had been hauled. Starved into a surrender, he lay a year in the castle of Devizes.* Then the news that his rival Peter des Roches—who had returned from exile, and had been taken into favour by Henry—had placed a vassal of his own in custody of the prison, forced him to take to flight. After eighteen months in Wales he came back to court and to the council-board; but he had done with that statesmanship which had brought him such questionable rewards. His eight years of premiership (1224–1232), coupled with his gallantry by land and sea, entitle him to a high place among the great names of this transition period.

The influence of Des Roches excited the jealousy and hatred of the English barons, and the quarrel thence arising bore good fruit. When he, a Poitevin, brought over swarms of his hungry countrymen, who ate English bread and yet mocked at the English laws, the old English spirit rose. The barons had not endured such despite from the father, and they would not tamely bear it from the weakling son. On the vehement remonstrance of the bishops, headed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Des Roches and his confederates were dismissed. There was peace for a time; but only for a time. An influx of Provençals following upon Henry's marriage with Eleanor of Provence (1236) revived the disgust of the barons. The smouldering discontent increased when Cardinal Otho arrived as papal legate, on the king's invitation, and irritated both the clergy and the laity by his pretensions and his exactions.

It was then that the hero of the time appeared on the scene.

* *Devizes*, a borough in Wiltshire, twenty-two miles from Salisbury and nearly in the centre of the shire.

The elder De Montfort, of crusading fame, had acquired the earldom of Leicester by a marriage with Aïnicia, sister and co-heiress of the last earl, but had forfeited the dignity when he was banished from the English realm. About 1230, his second son and namesake, Simon, with consent of an elder brother, received the coronet again. Eight years later, his marriage with Eleanor, the Countess-Dowager of Pembroke and sister of King Henry, gave him in England a position of remarkable prominence and power. His brilliant qualities shone out in full lustre. His earnest piety and love of bookish men endeared him to the clergy. His warlike prowess and keen political foresight made him a man of mark among the barons. To the people he was all in all, for he discerned their worth and weight in the triple union of a perfect constitution. The dominant idea of Montfort's life was "the people." It was for them he spoke at Oxford and bled at Evesham.

The jealousy of Henry having banished him from England (1248), he assumed for a time the government of Gascony; but he did not get on well with the turbulent nobles of southern France. Perhaps his father's name had much to do with his failure there. Listening to the murmurs of the Gascons, Henry recalled the earl, and charged him with treachery; but De Montfort, prepared to bide his time, demanded payment of the money he had expended in subduing the Gascons. He had the barons as well as the people on his side.

The barons assembled in complete armour in the council hall at Westminster on the 2nd of May 1258, with De Montfort as their leader. It was a gloomy time. Famine had seized the land. Foreigners were sucking out the nation's blood. The weak king, whose mother, wife, and courtiers used him as their ready tool, had squandered English wealth in heaps on empty pageants and fruitless wars. Little wonder that swords rang sharply when Henry entered the hall. Paling at the sound, he began to make all sorts of promises. One of his half-brothers

tried to bully the stern assembly; but he might as well have bullied granite rocks.

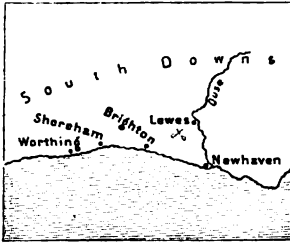
The adjourned assembly met at Oxford on June 11th. A muster of military tenants guarded the barons in the great work they had met to do. It was no light thing to beard a king, and foreign lances hedged the throne in many a row. "The Mad Parliament," as Henry's partisans called the patriotic assembly, appointed, without a word from the frightened king, a committee of twenty-four members to reduce the **1258** affairs of the state to some degree of order. The committee of twenty-four chose a sub-committee of four, and these four nominated a Council of State of fifteen as a permanent body. The Council of State prepared the *Provisions of Oxford*. The principal enactments were—(1) that four knights should be chosen by the votes of the freeholders in each county, to lay before the Parliament all breaches of law and justice that might occur; (2) that a new sheriff should be annually chosen by the freeholders of each county; (3) that three sessions of Parliament (consisting of the Council of State and twelve barons) should be held regularly every year; and (4) that the royal castles should be placed in the hands of Englishmen. To maintain these *Provisions* the king and his son Prince Edward swore a solemn oath. They were afterwards solemnly proclaimed in the king's name, along with the Great Charter, in Latin, in French, and in English—the first official document couched in the English language issued since the Norman Conquest. The fact is significant of the revival of English nationality, though the struggle for that great prize was only beginning.

For five years, change and disunion seemed to paralyze the national cause. Richard, King of the Romans,* a soldierly

* The title "King of the Romans" was regarded as a certain step to the imperial throne of Germany. Emperors, desirous that their eldest sons should succeed them, caused the title to be invented. But in Richard's case the usual result did not follow. He never became emperor, although he spent vast sums of English money in Germany with the view of securing votes. His English title was Earl of Cornwall.

brother of Henry, who had won considerable fame as a Crusader, came to England to prop the shaken throne. Henry, fortified with a papal absolution, mustered courage to break the oaths he had taken at Oxford, to dismiss the committee, and to seize London. Prince Edward, the heir-apparent, joined the barons. Many of the barons joined the king. Leicester, disgusted, crossed the sea again. All seemed a chaos of parties and partisans. The magic of the sword brought order, when order seemed hopeless.

The arbitration of the French king, Louis the Ninth, having failed to satisfy the barons, war began. It was easy at the beginning to see the superior strength of the national party, for the richest English shires—the midland and the south-eastern—the



Cinque Ports, and above all London, filled with rich and sturdy citizens, glowed with ardour on the side of Leicester. Both parties plundered the wretched Jews without remorse or pity. In the first battle the king, breaking into Northampton, won a slight advantage. But Lewes* turned

the scale. With an army, wearing the white cross on every breast, Leicester descended from his camp on the slope of the South Downs to fight with Henry, who lay in a hollow. Prince Edward, darting with his fierce cavalry too far in pursuit of a crowd of scattered Londoners, returned to find the battle lost, and the king his father a prisoner, locked fast in the Priory of Lewes. Stunned by this unexpected disaster, he fell into the hands of the victors with scarcely an effort to escape. By a treaty called "The Mise of Lewes," concluded on the following morning, another attempt

* Lewes, the county town of Sussex, lies above the Ouse, about seven miles from the sea. The hill, on which the battle chiefly raged, stands two miles to the north-west, and is still called Mount Harry.

was made to patch up the quarrel by peaceful means. The questions in dispute were to be referred to three arbitrators—two Frenchmen and one Englishman; and meantime, young Edward and his cousin Henry, Richard's son, remained in the hands of the barons as hostages for their fathers.

While Henry lay in custody, Montfort issued writs in the king's name for a Parliament which met in the beginning of the next year. To this Parliament there were summoned, besides the nobles and the higher clergy, two **1265** knights from each shire, and two burgesses from each of the chief cities. This was the first occasion on which the Commons were recognized in connection with the Great Council of the nation; and although their presence there was not continuous, their right to take part in the work of legislation and government was now fully conceded. Thus the last, and in one sense the greatest, element was added to the Parliament of England. Monarch, lords spiritual, lords temporal, knights of the shire, were joined by the representatives of the rich and busy towns, with which, in spite of civil war and sweeping taxes, the land had become thickly studded.

The escape of Edward gave a new turn to the war. Blocked up on every side, and disappointed in aid he expected from his son, whom the royalists surprised by night near Kenilworth,* old Leicester stood gallantly at bay near Evesham† on the Avon. Having prayed and taken the sacrament, "Sir Simon



* *Kenilworth*, a market town of Warwickshire, four and a half miles from Warwick. It is noted for its magnificent castle, which was a stronghold of the Montforts, and was the scene of Dudley's splendid hospitality to Queen Elizabeth.

† *Evesham*, a borough on the Avon in Worcestershire, fifteen miles from Worcester. It was originally called *Evesham*.

the Righteous," as the Commons loved to call their wise and virtuous champion, formed his troops into a solid circle, and for a time baffled every charge of the foe. When his horse sank dead below him, the old man fought on foot with a courage that never quailed. His son fell. His friends lay in ghastly heaps around. There was nothing left him but to die, **August 4,** and he died sword in hand. A butchery of his surviving **1265** partisans stained the victory of the royalists, who wreaked a pitiful revenge on the popular hero by hacking off his head and limbs. Thus Montfort fell. The England of his own day loved him well, and in secret cherished his memory long. That is the best evidence that the movement he headed was in reality a national one.

The death of Henry, whom this battle restored to freedom and an untroubled throne, followed in 1272. Prince **1272** Edward had gone, two years earlier, to share in the perils and questionable glories of the eighth and last Crusade.

CHAPTER IX

ROGER BACON.

At college—Settled at Oxford—What Bacon knew—Gunpowder—The telescope—Spectacles—A wise Pope—*Opus Majus*—The charge of magic—In prison—Bacon's death—Michael Scott.

IN 1214, the year before John signed Magna Carta, a boy was born near Ilchester in Somersetshire, whose name has come to be associated in a remarkable way with science in the Middle Ages. At a fitting age he entered the schools of Oxford, whence he passed to be finished at the University of Paris, then the great centre of European learning. His student life is to us a blank ; but we can easily fancy the restless brain of the young Englishman, already teeming with daring and independent thought, chafing and fretting against the formalism of the Aristotelian philosophy, which then absorbed the mental energies of almost all the learned world. Roger Bacon—so the young student was called—being no mean linguist, went deep into Aristotle in the Greek, and saw enough to convince him that the philosopher of Stagira was treated most unjustly by modern translators. "Oh," he writes in a fit of rage, "I would burn every translation if I could."

At the age of twenty-six, Bacon returned to Oxford, when he assumed the gray robe of the Franciscans, at the instance, it is thought, of Robert Grosstete (Greathead), 1240 Bishop of Lincoln, who was esteemed a notable mathematician. Within his quiet cell at Oxford, Bacon devoted

himself to study and experiment, spending, as he tells us, two thousand pounds in twenty years on books and instruments, the necessary material for his scientific toil. How much Friar Bacon really knew becomes an important question in dealing with the state of science in medieval England. But it must not be forgotten that he shone like a solitary light in a mass of the thickest darkness. Astrologers and alchemists were not wanting in England, who worked on blindly, little aware that in their search for gold and immortality they were clearing the way for the foundations of two great departments of natural science—astronomy and chemistry. And Bacon, bitten too with the gold-fever, bent many a night over the coloured flames of the glowing crucible in search of that magic stone that was never found. But Bacon shot far into the future in his scientific knowledge. We do not wonder so much at his acquaintance with the nature and effect of a substance resembling gunpowder, of which he tells us that “with an instrument as large as the human thumb, by the violence of the salt called saltpetre, so horrible a noise is made by the rupture of so slight a thing as a bit of parchment, that it is thought to exceed loud thunder, and the flash is stronger than the brightest lightning.” It is undoubted that several of the Asiatic nations—the Arabs and the Chinese, for example—knew and wrote of this explosive substance long before its introduction into Europe. But when we find the distinct germ of those huge telescopes which now pierce the deeps of space, and turn the white dust of the Milky Way into clusters of blazing suns, developing itself in the little laboratory of this gray-robed monk of Oxford more than three centuries before Galileo was born, we feel indeed that Roger Bacon was a man far in advance of his age, and we hesitate not to class him, as a scientific explorer, side by side with his illustrious namesake of the Elizabethan time. Although we know certainly from his writings that he understood the action of glass lenses upon the rays of light, we have no proof that he

made a telescope however rude. With the single magnifying lens or simple microscope he was, of course, quite familiar. The words containing his idea of the telescope possess much interest :—

“We can so shape transparent substances, and so arrange them, with respect to our sight and objects, that rays can be broken and bent as we please, so that objects may be seen far off or near, under whatever angle we please ; and thus from an incredible distance we may read the smallest letters, and number the grains of dust and sand, on account of the greatness of the angle under which we see them ; and we may manage so as hardly to see bodies when near to us, on account of the smallness of the angle under which we cause them to be seen ; for vision of this sort is not a consequence of distance, except as that affects the magnitude of the angle. And thus a boy may seem a giant, and a man a mountain.”

The first application of lenses in aid of defective sight—that is, the invention of spectacles—seems, from the way in which Bacon speaks of this important subject, to belong to an earlier day.

The fame of Friar Bacon spread far and wide ; but with fame was coupled that penalty which every man of superior knowledge paid in the Middle Ages for his renown. A belief fell upon men that the Franciscan had nightly dealings with the Fiend ; and luxurious monks crossed themselves with pious awe when they saw Brother Roger looking through bits of glass, or gazing with rapt face on a rainbow embroidering the dusky sky.

There were, however, men in Europe who appreciated Roger Bacon. When in 1265 a French priest, who had once been English legate, assumed the tiara as Clement the Fourth, he remembered the studious monk of whom he had heard so much, and whose writings Franciscan jealousy and suspicion had prevented from reaching him. At the request of this distinguished and liberal pontiff, Bacon sat down to write his *Opus Majus*, for

which the collected material was ready to his hand. Some tracts already written had given practice to his pen. In seven books of Latin, whose clear simplicity reflected the calm and steady light that burned within his brain, he summed up all he knew of science as it then was, treating, among other things, of grammar, mathematics, astronomy, chronology, geography, music, optics, and experimental philosophy in general. The geographical section, which combines the observations of the ancient world with the researches of contemporary travellers, possesses considerable interest. His examination of the calendar supplied arguments to men who investigated its defects two hundred years later. When the *Opus Majus* was finished, Bacon sent it by the hand of a favourite pupil and eminent mathematician, John of London, to the Pope, whose desire for knowledge had called it into being. Two other works by Bacon, *Opus Minus* and *Opus Tertium*—the former an epitome of the *Majus*, the latter a sequel to it—are said to have been despatched to Rome at the same time.*

The jealousy and hate with which the heads of the Franciscan body regarded the daring philosopher smouldered long, but at last burst into flame. A charge of using magic, founded
1278 on the old notion that he had the devil's help, was trumped up against this glory of his century and his land. His lecture-room was shut, his books were condemned as unholy things; and at the age of sixty-four he was summoned to Paris, that he might hear from the lips of Jerome, general of his order, a sentence of destruction on his books and of imprisonment on his person. It seems a hard ending for such a blameless life. But the very nature of his occupations took the sting from the punishment; for it was not so difficult for a studious man to reconcile himself to the gloom of prison walls. His world lay within; and no change of place could

* The *Opus Majus* was edited in 1733 by Dr. Jebb. The seventh book, on moral philosophy, has been lost or overlooked. The manuscripts of the *Opus Minus* and the *Opus Tertium* are in the Cottonian Library.

rob him of empire there. So for ten years, while earnest efforts were made to obtain his release, he mused and theorized, probably experimented, and certainly wrote in his jail, very much as he had done in his cell at Oxford. Three times St. Peter's chair changed its occupant, before, at the intercession of some great men, his prison doors were unlocked. He came out to work as he had worked through all his life. Returning to Oxford, he found there a grave in the church of that order from which he had suffered such bitter injustice **1292** and despite. His last work was a manual of theology, finished not long before his death, which probably took place in 1292.

Roger Bacon and his great Scottish contemporary and intellectual kinsman, Michael Scott of Balwearie, loved the crucible and the retort and the astrolabe, and dabbled in volumes of magical lore such as the Arabs of Toledo loved and taught. They could not help taking a colour from the age they lived in, any more than the summer sea can help reflecting the sapphire arch that bends above it. But they were no mere alchemists or astrologers. Amid all the fascinations which the phantom-stone and the phantom-elixir exercised on their heated imaginations, in common with all the world in the Middle Ages, they clung with unswerving love to a goddess whose service brings its own reward.

the Third). All England rejoiced in the presence of a king, ripe in bodily strength and military skill, who gave promise of a long and glorious reign. The poor hunted Jews alone trembled and were sad, as indeed they well might.

Casting his eyes west and north, this tall soldier of six-and-thirty saw that the whole island was not his. It became the object of his policy to push his English frontiers out to the sea on every side, and to absorb Wales and Scotland in the greater might of the southern realm. A statesman's instinct, resting its conclusions upon the geographical position and structure of Britain, taught this keen-eyed king to foresee that our island, if held by one united national brotherhood, might defy the assaults or direct the destinies of almost all the world.

Beginning with the nearer and, as it turned out, the easier task, he led an army in 1277 into Wales, where Llewelyn ap Gryffyth wore the ancient crown. All the Norman kings but one or two had turned the edge of their swords on the rocks of Wales. Edward himself in 1263 had crossed the Severn and pierced a toilsome way to the foot of Snowdon without avail. He now came resolved to conquer. The struggle with Montfort and the trials of the Crusade had not been a barren training. While he passed from Chester to Flint and Rhuddlan* with his soldiers, a fleet from the Cinque Ports blockaded all the havens of the Welsh coast. Shut up in his forests, Llewelyn was starved into the acceptance of most humiliating terms. He was to pay 50,000 marks, to yield up all his kingdom as far as to the river Conway, to do homage, and to give hostages. Anglesey alone was to remain in his hands, but even for it he was to pay a yearly rent of 1,000 marks.

Five years later the flame of war broke out afresh. David, the brother of the Welsh king, spurning the gilded bondage of

* *Rhuddlan*, a village of 1,472 inhabitants, on the Clwyd in Flintshire, about two miles from the sea.

the English court, was reconciled to Llewelyn. He seized Roger Clifford, the English justiciary of North Wales, in Hawarden Castle, and carried him captive to the mountains. Welsh armies then laid siege to the castles of Flint and Rhuddlan. Edward, who had foreseen this crisis, **1282** cleared a way with the axe to Snowdon, while his fleet pounced on Anglesea. Pouring round Snowdon bands of Basques from the gorges of the Pyrenees—men trained from boyhood to the warfare of the mountains—he tracked the Cymri to their remotest strongholds, and by a movement from the south compelled Llewelyn to march toward the Wye. There, caught with only one or two attendants, while engaged in surveying the valley of that stream, the last Prince of Wales received a lance in his side, which laid him dead. His head, crowned in mockery with a silver ring and then with an ivy wreath, rotted on the battlements of the Tower of London. David tried to maintain the war; but vainly. Betrayed into English hands, he was hanged and mutilated with revolting cruelty at Shrewsbury in the following autumn. **1283** The conquered land, parcelled into counties and placed under the rule of sheriffs, thus became an appendage of the English crown.

It so happened that a son and heir was born to Edward at Caernarvon Castle, just when the conquest of Wales was completed. Skilfully taking advantage of this **1284** circumstance, the English king, some time afterwards, erected his newly-acquired territory into a principality, and made his little son the first Prince of Wales, greatly to the joy of the mountaineers, who hailed one born in their country as their lawful lord far more easily than they could acknowledge subservience to a king who had been cradled by the Thames.

Thus Edward accomplished one portion of his scheme. He found the other a harder task. While he was preparing to go to Gascony, news came that Alexander the Third of Scotland was

dead, having in a dark night ridden over a precipice near Kinghorn (1286). A little child of three, whom chroniclers call the Maid of Norway, thus became by her grandfather's death the Queen of Scotland. It occurred to Edward by-and-by that he might bloodlessly secure the union of the kingdoms by the marriage of this girl with his son. The proposal was made; a treaty was concluded (1289); and Scottish ships went over the sea to Norway to bring the little bride-elect to her mother's land. She died* at Orkney in 1290, shattering every hope that had been built upon her life and reign.

Edward then resolved to shape to his own ends the unhappy strife which rose around the vacant throne. Of thirteen claimants of the royal seat, only two seemed to possess any solid ground for their claim. They were John Balliol of Galloway and Robert Bruce of Annandale, both descended from David, Earl of Huntingdon, the brother of William the Lion. Bruce was the son of Isabella, David's second daughter. Balliol was the grandson of Margaret, his eldest daughter. Bruce was nearer to the royal stock; Balliol was in the more direct line.† In order to avoid a civil war, the Estates of Scotland invited the English king to act as umpire in this momentous dispute.

He accepted the office, and asked the Scottish nobles **1291** to meet him to hear his decision. They assembled in 1291 in the parish church of Norham,‡ where Edward startled them by asserting his feudal superiority over Scotland, and by demanding that it should be at once recognized. Whether the claim was just or not, the competitors saw it to be for their interest to propitiate the umpire, and both of them admitted it. Commissioners were then appointed—forty friends

* It has been doubted whether the Maid really died there. According to one story, she was carried off to the Continent by some of the Scottish nobles who wished to get the crown. Ten years afterwards, a young woman appeared in Norway, and claimed to be Margaret, Eric's daughter. Some believed her story, but she was burned at the stake as an impostor.

† See Genealogical Table at end of chapter.

‡ *Norham*, a castle on the English side of the Tweed, about half-way between Berwick and the mouth of the Till.

of Balliol, forty friends of Bruce, and twenty-four Englishmen—to examine the rival claims. Edward meanwhile secured the Scottish castles, and appointed the great officers of the kingdom. In November 1292, the commissioners re- **1292**
ported in favour of Balliol, and Edward gave judgment accordingly. Balliol accepted the crown as a vassal of England, and did homage “for the whole kingdom of Scotland,” both before and after his coronation.

While *Toom Tabard*,* as Balliol was nicknamed, ran several times a year into England at the beck and summons of his superior, a storm was brewing between England and France. The jealousy of rival sailors struck the first sparks. While some English galleys, bound for Bordeaux, were sailing in 1293 by the Norman coast, out came a Norman fleet **1293**
to seize the prizes. The English admiral, blazing up when he heard of this outrage, dashed into the mouth of the Seine, cut out six ships at anchor there, and while he lay not far from the scene of this exploit, made a much greater haul upon a crowd of Norman wine-ships that were returning from the south. Every river and haven of Normandy poured forth its fiery seamen, resolved to sweep the Channel clear of the insolent islanders. The Cinque Ports, nothing loath, mustered all their strength for a final and crushing blow upon the arrogance of the French mariners. Around an empty ship, anchored somewhere between the hostile shores, the noise and turmoil of the great naval duel raged, until whatever was left of the French hulls spread wings and fled, wounded and beaten, to their creeks and bays. This transaction embroiled Edward in a war with France—a complication of his scheme which he had probably not foreseen. This French war produced no important results. The French king, Philip le Bel, seized Gascony, and in 1297 poured sixty thousand men into the **1297**
territories of Guy, Count of Flanders, who had formed

* *Toom Tabard*, empty coat; referring to his being a sham king.
(875)

a close alliance with the English king. Edward's expenditure of blood and gold in the double scene of war resulted only in defeat and humiliation. But a heavy blow, received in 1302 at

Courtrai, where the burghers of the Flemish towns
1303 defeated the steel-clad chivalry of France, cleared the way for the Treaty of Montreuil (1303), by which Edward recovered Gascony.

It was during this war that the first true and regular English Parliament was held. Being in conflict at the same time with France, with Wales, and with Scotland, Edward was sorely in need of supplies. He resolved to appeal to all classes of his subjects for aid, and therefore, in October 1295, he summoned to Parliament all the three Estates of the realm—the
1295 Lords Spiritual, the Lords Temporal, and the Commons (both knights and burgesses)—and he received supplies from each Estate separately. That forms a memorable era in the history of Parliament.

It is more than likely that the repeated calls upon Balliol for acts of homage and journeys to England formed part of a deep scheme to goad that irresolute man into a weak rebellion, which would permit Edward to draw the sword with some show of reason. Soon after the French war had begun, Balliol and his Parliament, instead of sending military aid to Edward as required, signed at Stirling a treaty, offensive and defensive, with the court of France. A raid into Cumberland, and another into Northumberland, soon followed. Edward rode northward with a great army, assaulted Berwick-on-Tweed, and butchered all within its walls. A letter he got
 March
1296 from Balliol a few days later, renouncing all homage and fealty, did not tend to cool his fury. "Has this felon fool done such a folly?" he exclaimed; and a few weeks saw Dunbar, Roxburgh, Edinburgh, and Stirling all in his fierce grasp. Yet a few weeks, and Balliol, disrobed, discrowned, and with the white rod of penance in his shivering hand, knelt

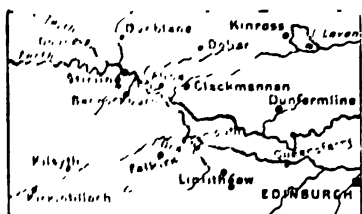
on the sod in the churchyard of Strickathro, near Brechin, to confess his folly and his shame. Having penetrated to Elgin in order to complete his conquest and receive the oaths of the conquered nobles, Edward proceeded to organize a government which might keep in subjection the territory he had won. John de Warenne, Earl of Surrey, Hugh de Cressingham, and William Ormesby remained to represent his royal authority, holding respectively the great offices of governor, treasurer, and justiciary. In this darkest hour of Scottish history William Wallace appeared on the scene. But before we trace the story of his career, we must take note of a constitutional crisis which occurred at this time.

Edward was again in straits for money to carry on his wars. When he was about to sail to Flanders, the seizure of all the wool and hides in the warehouses by the Thames raised a storm that troubled all classes of the nation. Two of the greatest nobles in the land—the Earl of Hereford, who was Constable, and the Earl of Norfolk, who was Marshal of England—refused to leave the shore with the forces mustered for the Continental war. “You shall either go or hang,” said the furious king to Norfolk. “I will neither go nor hang,” said the undaunted earl; and he kept his word. After the king sailed, the earls declared that he had broken faith with the Parliament, inasmuch as he had failed to confirm the Charters, which he had promised to do as the condition of his receiving a grant of money. In a Parliament which Prince Edward, **1297** who was regent in his father’s absence, was forced to call, the necessary confirmation of the Great Charter and of the Charter of Forests was given, with the addition of clauses declaring “that henceforth no *tallage* or *aid* shall be levied without consent of the peers spiritual and temporal, the knights, burgesses, and other freemen of the realm.” The Charters, with that important addition, were afterwards confirmed by the king at Ghent; and though he afterwards tried

to introduce qualifying words, he was obliged to abate them.

William Wallace was the second son of Sir Malcolm, the knight of Ellerslie in Renfrewshire. Having killed an Englishman at Lanark, he became a leader in that guerilla warfare with which the Scots contrived to annoy the scattered garrisons of English soldiers in the land. When he had acquired sufficient strength, he made a successful dash on *Scots* during the absence of Warrene. Many of the first nobles then flocked round this champion of Scottish freedom; among them, young Robert Bruce, Earl of Carrick, grandson of the man whom Edward's choice had excluded from the doubtful glory of a vassal-crown. After a series of brilliant sieges which made him master of Brechin, Forfar, Montrose, and many other castles, Wallace was lying before the beleaguered castle of Dundee, when secret news reached his camp that an English army of more than fifty thousand men, under the old Earl of Surrey, was in full march toward Stirling. He met them by the Forth with little more than forty thousand soldiers. When Surrey, swayed by the impatient clamour of his troops, permitted his battalions to cross the narrow bridge of wood that spanned the stream, the Scottish troops poured from the broken hills down on the disordered half that had made the passage, and so threw the entire army into miserable rout. The Forth was thick with bodies. Cressing-

Sept. 11,
1297



ham was slain. Surrey rode off to Berwick. Every keep disgorged its English garrison; and Wallace assumed the title of Guardian of the Scottish Realm (*Custos Regni Scotiae*).

Edward, who hurried from Flanders in the spring of 1298, and joined a huge army already mustered on the plains near

York, soon had his revenge for Stirling Bridge. His chief difficulty was to discover the whereabouts of Wallace. When he was almost in despair, there came to his camp two Scottish traitors, who told him that Wallace lay not far off in the woods of Falkirk.* Edward gladly seized the chance. The whole force slept that night in armour on Linlithgow Moor; and although a kick from his horse broke two of the king's ribs, he climbed into the saddle and rode with the morning light to Falkirk, where the Scottish army lay.

In the battle of that July day Wallace was thoroughly beaten. Four solid circles of pikemen, protected in front by a peat morass, divided by the archers of Ettrick Forest, and guarded by a line of ropes and stakes, formed the Scottish array. The English attacked in three divisions. But it was not till huge stones and unceasing arrows had broken the serried rim of the Scottish circles that the cavalry of Edward could produce any effect. Then the wavering circles dissolved in flight. An ungrateful aristocracy, swayed a good deal by jealousy, laid heavier blame on Wallace than this defeat deserved. He returned to his wild, free-booting life; while the guardians of Scotland, Bruce among them, kept up an irritating war with England.

When Edward had concluded with France the peace of Montreuil, he felt himself free to fling his full weight upon unhappy Scotland. For ninety days (April 22 to July 20, 1303), an English army lay around Stirling rock, which was defended by the gallant William Oliphant and a small garrison. King Edward moved about coolly amid the rain of darts and stones which came from the castle wall. At last, when food had failed, the defenders came out to throw themselves on the victor's mercy. He scattered the chiefs among various English prisons; and marching right

* Falkirk, in Stirlingshire, lies a little south of the Forth, about twenty-four miles from Edinburgh. It is now noted for its trysts, or cattle-fairs.

through the land from end to end, reduced it once more to apparent submission.

Soon after the fall of Stirling, Wallace fell into the hands of his relentless foe. After being hunted like a wild beast through the woods, he was caught asleep, and was borne to Dumbarton

Castle, then commanded by Sir John Menteith, who
1305 forwarded the great prize to London. There, impeached of treason and condemned, he was put to death with the multiplied cruelties that characterized the age (August 23). His head was placed on the spikes of old London Bridge, and his hacked limbs were sent to strike terror through the north.

Another man, not greater, only more successful, arose to fill the place of Scotland's champion. The younger Bruce, educated in the household of Edward, was placed in command of the castle of Kildrummie in Aberdeenshire. He cherished a secret design on the Scottish crown, to wear which he had some claim. The Red Comyn of Badenoch, Balliol's nephew, advanced a rival claim, and, it is said, disclosed the ambitious schemes of Bruce to the English monarch. Riding in
1306 flight from the English court, Bruce summoned Comyn to a meeting in the Church of the Grey Friars at Dumfries. Stung by an insulting denial, he so far forgot the place he stood in as to stab his betrayer by the altar-steps. His friend Kirkpatrick, rushing in as Bruce ran out in dismay, completed the dreadful crime (Feb. 10).

The passionate deed had far-reaching and unlooked-for effects in Scotland. It forced Bruce to go on. Nothing but success could condone his sacrilege. Necessity committed him to the cause of Scottish independence. He had no choice but to accept the position, and he was crowned at Scone, within two months of the bloody meeting at Dumfries. When the news of this daring move, for which Scottish affairs were hardly ripe, reached the king at Winchester, his wrath flamed violently up. After a splendid gathering of knights in the gardens of the

Temple and the court-yards of Westminster, after the Prince of Wales had received his spurs, and Edward had sworn to avenge the death of Comyn, the great armament that had been mustering against Bruce moved toward the north.

Having suffered a severe defeat in the wood of Methven near Perth, Bruce betook himself with his scanty train to the mountains, suffered there many perils and distresses, and was at last forced to hide his head in the isle of Rathlin on the Irish coast.* A winter there gave him abundant time to think. The next spring found him once more in Carrick. In May, he defeated Pembroke and Gloucester at Loudon Hill, drove them into the castle of Ayr, and besieged them there.

Meanwhile Edward, who was manifestly dying, braced himself for a final effort against Scotland. The spring air breathed a deceitful strength into his frame. He thought himself fit once more for the saddle; and having offered up his litter in Carlisle Cathedral, he feebly rode forward, with **1307** the help of a horseman on each side, to the Solway shore, making six miles in four days. He never rode again. At Burgh-on-the-Sands, on the 7th of July 1307, he died, aged sixty-eight years.

A striking event of this reign was the expulsion of the Jews from England. They had come to the island under the patronage of the Conqueror, who had protected them. The feeling against them grew more intense during the subsequent reigns, and occasionally broke into violence. At length, in 1279, numbers of them were executed for clipping the coin; and eleven years later, in 1290, they were driven almost penniless to the Continent, where they found shelter for their wearied heads.

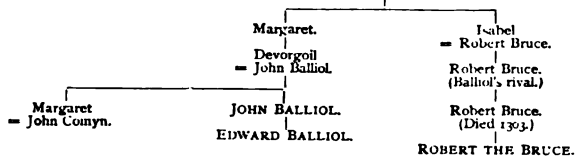
Several very important statutes were passed during Edward's reign. First, there was the *Statute of Mortmain*, passed in 1279. Land held by corporate bodies—for example, by monas-

* This small island lies a few miles from the Antrim coast, within sight of the Mull of Cantire.

teries and churches—was said to be *in mortuâ manu* (in a dead hand), and was exempted from some of the feudal dues. By a trick of the law, laymen got the benefit of these exemptions. They gave lands to the Church, and received them back again as tenants of the Church. The statute checked these abuses, by making it illegal to grant land to the clergy without the king's consent. Next in order was the *Statute of Winchester*, passed in 1285. It re-enacted and enlarged the Assize of Arms of Henry the Second (1181), and made provision for the defence and the police of the country. The justices appointed to secure the observance of the statute afterwards became the justices of the peace. The *Statute of Quia Emptores* (1290) enacted that portions of estates granted as sub-tenancies should be held directly of the lord-superior. Another statute, known as the *Second Statute of Westminster*, established the law of entail, by enacting that a land-owner had only a life-interest in his land, so that, if he died childless, it should revert to the original grantor.

THE SCOTTISH CROWN.

WILLIAM (The Lion).—David, Earl of Huntingdon.



CHAPTER XI.

THE INDEPENDENCE OF SCOTLAND.

Gaveston—The Ordainers—The northward march—Bannockburn—Siege of Berwick—The Despensers—Berkeley Castle—Mortimer.

THE seven years that elapsed between the death of the first Edward and the defeat of his son at Bannockburn were to England years of shame and suffering. Two solemn injunctions uttered by his dying father's lips young Edward disobeyed wilfully and at once: he did not carry the bones of the old warrior at the head of the English army into Scotland; and he did recall to his presence and close friendship a handsome, vicious, and overbearing Gascon youth named Piers de Gaveston, who had been banished a few months previously. Publicly honoured and caressed by the king, the favourite ran his course of brilliant folly, until the spirit of stern men could no longer brook his insults. The barons took up arms against him, and the king placed him for safety in Scarborough Castle. There he was forced to surrender, and in spite of a promise of life, his head was struck off at Blacklow Hill.*

Before the death of Gaveston, the Parliament had tried to curb the headlong vice and riot of the king's life. Appearing at Westminster in arms, as their fathers had done when John and Henry reigned, they forced Edward to submit his affairs, domestic and public, to the control

* This hill rises above the Avon between Coventry and Warwick.

of a committee of peers, consisting of eight bishops and thirteen barons, who sat in London under the name of *Ordainers*. The

Parliament of the following year extorted the royal
1311 signature to several ordinances which made serious gaps in the royal prerogative. Among these were the following:—1. All grants made thereafter to favourites without the consent of Parliament should be invalid. 2. The king should not leave the kingdom or make war without the consent of the barons. 3. The barons, in Parliament assembled, should appoint a guardian or regent during the royal absence. 4. The king should hold a Parliament once a year, or twice if need be. Edward gave his assent in writing to the ordinances, but at once began to cast about for means to break his written promises.

During all these years, Bruce, aided by his gallant brother Edward, and by Randolph and Douglas, had been recovering the castles which the English held within his realm. At length only Stirling remained of all the keeps that the great Plantagenet had won; and even that stood in imminent peril; for the troops of Edward Bruce lay around its lofty battlements, and Sir Philip Mowbray, the governor, had consented to surrender on Midsummer day the next year, unless previously relieved by an English army. Edward recognized the urgency of the case, and made such an effort as was quite unusual with him. He equipped a fleet, and he marched northward at the head of an army of 100,000 men, including 40,000 cavalry. Edward trusted in numbers alone. He knew that his troops were not animated by the spirit of patriotism. The Earl of Lancaster and several other nobles had refused to accompany him, and some of those who followed him proved traitors in the field.

Against this mighty wave of war the King of Scotland could muster scarcely 40,000 men. But the battle is not to the strong. When the bright sun of June flashed on the English

lines, moving from Edinburgh in ceaseless flow towards that spot south of Stirling known as the New Park, where Bruce had chosen his position, his brave heart must have beat faster at thought of the weighty stake that hung on the coming fight. The battle did not begin on that memorable Sunday; but a skirmish and a duel foreshadowed the event of the morrow. Randolph baffled an attempt made by eight hundred English horse to reach the endangered castle; and King Robert, riding on a pony and armed only with an axe, cleft the skull of a big English knight, who unfairly strove to ride him down in the space between the lines. Night fell. Engineers, stealing in silence from the Scottish camp, dug along the weakest part of the front—the left wing to the north-east—numerous pits, three feet deep, till the soil was like a piece of honeycomb. In the bottom of these pits sharp stakes stood point upward, and over each hole a sod-covered hurdle lay, capable of bearing the weight of a man but not the heavy footfall of a horse. This was Bruce's plan for the ruin of the English cavalry.



A, Edward Bruce; B, Randolph; C, Douglas and Walter the Steward; D, King Robert; E, the Flagstaff.

Day broke on the rival armies. The three divisions of the Scottish army which lay facing the south-east, protected in front by a piece of marshy ground, and resting their right wing

on the edge of a wooded cleft, through which the Bannock ran, presented an unbroken line of spears ; for there was not a horseman in the host except the king and one or two of his generals. A whirlwind of English knights, led by the Earl of Gloucester, dashed on the hedge of steel, but they broke into fragments with the force of their own charge. Edward in person led the main body to the attack ; but the ground, broken with quagnires and clumps of wood, prevented his unwieldy array from advancing with a full firm front. They came on in a straggling column, which was powerless against the serried line of spears. Hemmed in by uncertain and broken ground, galled in the back with the random arrows of their own rear-ranks, and at last entangled in a mass of indescribable confusion, the giant column

June 24,
1314 was cleft by the vigorous dash of Randolph and his men, round whom the battle closed like a sea. Edward's most effective force, the archers, who from a neighbouring hillock rained deadly shafts on the Scots, fled before five hundred horsemen, sent by King Robert to take them in flank. Still the English, packed into a narrow space, held their ground with characteristic tenacity until the Scottish reserve, brought up fresh and poured upon the exhausted mass, made a visible impression. But it was not until the slopes of a hill behind the Scottish lines displayed the seeming banners of a new host rushing down to the battle-field that the flight of the English troops began. Appalled at this sight, which was merely a procession of camp-followers with sheets and blankets flapping on tent-poles, knights flung away their armour, and pikemen their spears, and fled pell-mell from the field. King Edward, who in the hour of despair had displayed more fighting power than history generally gives him credit for, spurred fast to Dunbar—a ride of sixty miles—and there took ship for Berwick. Thus did Scotland strike from her limbs the chains of the Plantagenets, and Robert Bruce sat securely on the Scottish throne.

Five years later, King Edward again measured his strength with Scotland, and with the same result. Leaving behind him a people plague-stricken, hungry, and wretched beyond modern conception, he moved in 1319 to attempt the recovery of Berwick, taken in the previous year by King Robert. **1319** All the engines of the English siege-train, all the forlorn hopes of their army, could not conquer the spirit of the garrison or force a passage through the low walls. And even while Edward was dashing his head vainly against Berwick bounds, a Scottish army slipped into England by the West Marches, ravaged Yorkshire, and nearly caught the English queen at York.

Hugh le Despenser played the perilous part of royal favourite in Edward's later years. He was the successor of Gaveston,* whose sister-in-law he had married. The Earl of Hereford and the Earl of Lancaster organized a great conspiracy against Despenser and his father; and the king could not but yield for a time to the storm. The Despensers—father and son—were banished. Returning, however, in a couple of months, they had the cruel joy of beholding Lancaster made captive at Boroughbridge,† and beheaded at Pontefract‡ (1322).

The rage of an injured and reckless woman sealed the doom of Edward and his favourites. Queen Isabella, sister of the French king, fled to France; was there joined by Roger Mortimer, one of Edward's bitterest foes, and soon her own guilty lover; raised a force of foreign mercenaries, and landed at Orwell on the Suffolk coast. Edward fled to Wales, **1326** taking young Despenser with him. Old Despenser, caught at Bristol, swung there on a gibbet. Nor was his son long behind him. The mountains afforded no sanctuary to the

* The two wives were sisters and co-heirs of the young Earl of Gloucester, the king's nephew, who was killed at Bannockburn.

† *Boroughbridge*, a borough in the West Riding of Yorkshire, on the Ure, seventeen miles from York.

‡ *Pontefract*, also a borough in the West Riding of Yorkshire, twenty-four miles from York, near the meeting of the Aire and the Calder. It was called *Kirkby* by the Saxons.

fugitives, who had no resource left but an unconditional surrender. Edward was sent to Kenilworth, while Hugh was hanged at Hereford.

The great hall of Kenilworth then witnessed a sorry sight. The Speaker of the Parliament, in the name of the insulted

English nation, pronounced a sentence of dethronement
1327 on the luckless king; and the royal steward, snapping the white stick he bore as if the king were dead, discharged all persons from the service of the degraded monarch. Nine days later (February 1), his son Edward the Third, a boy of fourteen, received the crown at Westminster from the hands of the Archbishop of Canterbury. The deposed king spent the next seven months in different castles. At last, in Berkeley* Castle, in September, he was put to death with horrible cruelty.

Having placed the sceptre in a boyish hand—the new king was only fourteen—Queen Isabella and Roger Mortimer, the partner of her crimes, directed the affairs of the kingdom as they pleased. There was indeed a Council of Regency, consisting of twelve great lords, but it possessed only nominal power.

The tumults of Bannockburn had not yet nearly subsided. A host of Scots, mounted on swift Galloway ponies and carrying a little bag of meal apiece, dashed into northern England, and passed the Tyne. The boy-king led an English force to meet them. But he and his knights might as well have chased a shadow as these Scottish riders. Once they saw the
1327 smoke of the Scottish fires, but found the birds flown on reaching the temporary camp. Twice they looked across the Wear at the Scottish force, at one time so close to them that they could see the pictures on the shields. On the second occasion, Douglas, in a sudden night-attack, nearly succeeded in capturing the youthful Edward. When the English banners turned southward without a blow having been struck,

* *Berkeley*, a borough in Gloucestershire, on a little stream, the Avon, which runs into the Severn a mile and a half from the town. It is sixteen miles from Gloucester.

deep murmurs arose against Mortimer (now Earl of March), who was supposed to have been bribed into a treaty with the Scots.

Mortimer's sun was setting fast. Edward resolved to shake off his yoke. Entering Nottingham Castle by an under-ground passage, some armed men joined the king one night on the dark stair, and breaking into Mortimer's chamber dragged him, in spite of Isabella's tears, away from the fortress.

Convicted by his peers of murder, usurpation, and 1330 embezzlement, he suffered the penalty of his guilty life, being hanged at the elms of Tyburn. The Castle of Risings* shut its gates upon the degraded queen-mother, who, though visited at times by her son, never regained her liberty.

The death of the great victor of Bannockburn, which took place in 1329 at Cardross on the Clyde, left Scotland open to a heavy blow. David Bruce had not the fire of his father's soul, nor the vigour of his father's arm. Young Edward of England, smarting under memories of Bannockburn, and wounded in his boyish vanity by the escape of the Scots on the Wear, assisted Edward Balliol, son of John, to seize the Scottish throne. At Dupplin Moor by the Earn, he won a victory which secured this prize, and in return for aid received he did homage as a vassal of the English crown. In the following year, Balliol having been driven from the throne of the Bruces, an English army laid siege to Berwick. The Regent Douglas advanced to attempt the relief of this important place; but rashly attacking the English forces, which occupied the slopes 1333 of Halidon Hill,† about a mile to the north-west of the town, he met defeat and death in the gallant but imprudent strife. David, who had thus been dethroned by his brother-in-law—for he had married Edward's sister Joanna—found safety in France, even at this period the secret abettor of Scottish hostility towards England.

* *Risings* or *Castle Rising* is five miles north-west of Lynn, on the left bank of the Rising or Habingly river. The keep of the Norman castle still stands.

† See map, page 821.

CHAPTER XII.

THE PILGRIMS OF THE TABARD INN.

The muster—The destination—Chivalry—The Church—Professional—Agricultural—Operative—Purpose of the chapter.

FLY back on the wings of thought five hundred years, and, with our first great poet as guide, enter the court-yard of "The Tabard Inn" in Southwark, hard by "The Bell." As we pass in, the merry welcome of the big bluff host rings rich and mellow on the ear. Every nook of the hostelry, although its chambers and its stables are noted for their size, is filled to overflowing. For April has come, with its sweet and fruitful showers; the tender green of the young corn begins to embroider the bare brown fields; the air rings with the song of birds; and thoughts of pilgrimage, undertaken often for piety, but oftener for amusement, begin to stir in the minds of English folk. The devoted servants of the Church often managed, by a trip in the bright and balmy spring-time, to unite piety with pleasure. The destination of the eight-and-twenty pilgrims met in the Tabard is the shrine of murdered Becket at Canterbury; and with early dawn, roused by the active host, they ride on their way towards Rochester over the pleasant daisied turf of Kent. The host rides with them; for last night at supper they hit upon a plan of beguiling the time by telling tales in turn, and consented to submit themselves to the direction and judgment of the jolly innkeeper, at whose suggestion this agreeable pastime had been chosen. Geoffrey Chaucer, the first great En-

glish poet, is also of the company, for it is to him that we owe these portraits of the men of his time.

Mark the motley group, as the hoofs ring softly on the moist and chalky soil. First, on a fine charger rides a *Knight* in undress, wearing a frock of fustian, all stained with the rubbing of the armour which he has lately doffed. Gentle and meek as he now looks, the blood of many foes, slain on fifteen deadly battle-fields in Prussia, Spain, Africa, and the East, has streamed from his steel. His son, a dainty *Squire* of twenty years, rides with him in a short flowered gown of brilliant colours, made in the height of the fashion with long wide sleeves. The joy of a fresh, loving heart pours out in a constant stream of music and song. A fine flute-player, a capital rider, a graceful dancer, a poet, a penman, an artist, this gallant youth presents a graphic and enchanting likeness of a young English gentleman in the time of Edward the Third. Carving at his father's table stands out prominently among the duties of his squirehood. A third figure, that of the *Yeoman* or Forester, completes the group of chivalrous portraits limned by Geoffrey Chaucer. This brown-faced bowman, with hood and coat of green, under his belt a sheaf of arrows trimly dressed by himself with peacock feathers, a strong bow in his hand, a sword and buckler on his left side, and on the other a keen ornamented dagger, a silver jewel shining on his breast, and a horn slung from a green baldric, supplies us with a vivid photograph of the men who won the day for England at Crecy and Poitiers.

So much for Chivalry : now for the Church. No fewer than seven various figures connect themselves more or less nearly with this great power of the Middle Ages. We mark in the variegated crowd a Prioress, a Monk, a Mendicant Friar or Limitour, a Summoner, a Pardoner, a poor Parson, and by-and-by a Canon. Giving due precedence to the lady, let us sketch the outlines of the *Prioress*, Madame Eglantine. Her long, well-shaped nose, her small red mouth, her eyes gray as

glass, and her broad white forehead entitle her to be considered a beauty. Her well-made dress—her pretty bracelet of coral, green, and gold, with its motto, "*Amor vincit omnia*" (Love conquers all)—but especially the delicacy of her demeanour at table, where she never lets anything drip on her breast, and does not dip her fingers too far into the sauce—betoken one used to good society, as things went then. Her gentle smile, her sweet singing through the nose, and her knowledge of French, learned at Stratford and very different from the Parisian tongue, afford additional proof that she belongs unmistakably to the high-bred ladies of the land. Like others delicately nurtured, her tears spring at the merest trifle. A dead mouse or a beaten lapdog sets them flowing in a trice. Equally fine is the Benedictine *Monk*, from whose bridle sweet bells jingle as he rides. His bright rolling eyes, fat red face, and portly form, developed by indulgence in roast swan, and kept in good case by riding after his greyhounds, well befit the grandeur of his dress. His sleeves are edged with the rarest fur, a curious gold pin fastens his hood, and pliant boots press the sleek sides of his berry-brown horse. The *Friar*, called Limitour because he begs within a certain limited district, has a wide acquaintance among the farmers and innkeepers within his beat, being an especial pet with their wives and daughters, for whom he carries about a tippet full of knives and pins. His merry talk, his easy penances, his capital songs, make his presence welcome everywhere. The *Summoner*, whose business is to cite delinquents before an archdeacon's court, is one of the most repulsive portraits in the group. His fiery face and blotched brows result from excessive wine and coarse feeding. Between him and the Friar a fierce grudge burns, which displays itself in their pungent tales. The *Pardoner* typifies that canting, cheating class whose doings stirred the wrath of John Wyclif. He bears a wallet full of pardons, "from Rome al hote," as Chaucer slyly says, a glass case of pigs' bones, and other things, which he intends to palm

off on simple country folk as holy relics. He will thus often in a day make more money than two months' stipend of the Parson. The trick of talking well being a necessary appendage to this imposture, he is described as a good reader and a fluent preacher. Our love clings especially to the poor *Parson*, who spares no labour or pains in ministering to the spiritual wants of his parishioners. Far asunder as are the dwellings of his flock, no stress of weather, no rain or thunder, can keep him from trudging round, staff in hand, to pay his pastoral visits. Living a simple godly life, doing his work himself, wasting no time in ambitious runs to London, he can afford, though meek and lowly in the main, to speak boldly and sharply out to those who may prove obstinate in opposition to the truth.

Professional and business life has its worthy representatives in the Sergeant of Law, the Doctor of Physic, the Clerk of Oxford, the Merchant, the Manciple, and last, though assuredly not least, that fair specimen of the English *bourgeoise* the jolly Wife of Bath.

With head choke-full of law, knowing by heart every statute and every judgment pronounced since the time of the Conqueror, the *Sergeant* trots on in a coat of common mixed cloth, girt with a belt of silk. So great is his renown that he has often been deputed to act as Justice of Assize; so great his legal skill that no flaw can be detected in a document prepared by his busy brain. The *Doctor* is dressed in a garment of blood-red and sky-blue, lined with taffeta and the thin silk called sendal. Dabbling in astrology and fortune-telling as well as in medicine, he savours strongly of what moderns call a quack. The Black Death gave him a golden harvest, which he still garners with care. What he knows of digestion leads him to measure out his own food, and to eat only the most nutritive things. The *Clerk* is a lean, laconic, threadbare bookworm, as yet without a living in the Church, but content in the meantime to devote himself to Aristotle and the other worthies, clothed in black or

red, that lie always at his bed-head. The *Merchant*, whose forked beard falls over a coat of motley, wears a Flanders beaver and well-clasped boots. Sharp and hard as steel in his bargains, he allows none to know the secrets of his trade, and talks loudly of his profits on every occasion. The *Manciple*, whose business it is to buy victuals for an Inn of Court, can deal so cunningly with his learned employers as to fill his pockets with the profits of his purchasing.

There upon an ambling palfrey sits the stout and comely *Wife of Bath*, who has been to the church door with five husbands. Her round, red face is surmounted with a broad-leafed hat like a buckler; her kerchiefs are of fine heavy cloth; her tight scarlet stockings and new shoes with sharp spurs show off her feet and ankles to full advantage. She has travelled much on pilgrimage, has visited Jerusalem thrice, seeing on the way Rome, Bologna, Compostella, and Cologne; and she is certainly not overburdened with bashfulness in her talk. Before beginning her story, she will treat her audience to the full details of her matrimonial experience, making the prologue twice as long as the tale.

The Franklin, the Reeve, and the Ploughman give us an idea of those who farmed the soil of merry England long ago. Nowhere have we a finer picture than that of the jolly *Vavasour* or country gentleman of the time, whose rosy face and beard of daisy whiteness claim at once our veneration and our love. In his own shire he is a man of no small note, having acted as sheriff, and having been often returned to serve in Parliament. The close-shaven, close-cropped, spindle-shanked man, with the surcoat of sky-blue, and with the rusty blade by his side, whose gray hack Scot keeps ever at the tail of the crowd, lives in a cozy house embowered in green trees upon a Norfolk heath near Baldeswell. Once a carpenter, he has risen by shrewdness and push to be the *Reeve* or Steward of a landed proprietor in that shire. He overlooks the working of the entire estate, keeping a

sharp eye on crops, cattle, pigs, horses, fowl ; letting nothing escape his searching ken ; keeping the herds and bailiffs in wholesome fear, and his master in the best temper. The honest *Ploughman*, as keen and scrupulous a labourer in field and barn as his brother the Parson by hearth or sick-bed, rides in a sleeveless frock upon a mare.

The Miller, the Skipper, the Cook, the Haberdasher, the Weaver, the Dyer, and the Tapestry-maker show us fine specimens of the trading and working classes, who form the bulk of the nation, and in one sense its greatest strength.

Robin the *Miller*, hardly able to keep his seat for the quantity of strong Southwark ale he has drunk, is a brawny, big-mouthed man with a fox-red beard, equally famous for stealing corn and for winning the ram at wrestling-bouts. As if his tongue could not make noise enough, he blows a screaming bagpipe all the way through the Southwark street. All tanned with sea, wind, and sun, the *Skipper* or shipman rides awkwardly on a hack, with his coarse cloth gown hanging to his knee and a knife slung from his neck by a cord. In port he revels in Bordeaux wine ; but at sea, on board his good barque *Magdelayne*, none can surpass him in knowledge of currents, harbours, and the changes of the moon. Every haven from Gothland to Finisterre, every creek in Brittany and Spain he knows rock by rock. The *Cook*, who possesses a highly cultured taste for the strong ale of London, has joined the ranks professionally ; for even pilgrims must eat. The boiling of chickens and marrow-bones, the manufacture of pies, blanc-manger,* mortrewes, poudre marchant, and other unknown dishes for the hungry riders, will occupy a good portion of his time during the trip. The five remaining tradesmen, dressed in the livery of their guild and wearing knives, girdles, and pouches wrought with silver, look forward to a time when possibly they may sit

* The blanc-manger here mentioned differed entirely from our modern confection. It was some preparation of "capon's brawn tased small."

as aldermen on the dais of the Guildhall, and hear their fat rosy wives saluted as "My Lady," sailing to feasts with long trains borne behind them like the queen.

Nowhere but in the Prologue of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* have we pictures like those of the men and women over whom the later Plantagenets reigned. In the four-and-twenty Tales, which were all that the gifted author completed, we get further glimpses or rather views of English life in the Middle Ages, the tone of thought which coloured social intercourse, and especially the kind of stories which then did the work of the modern novel. Of course, this special set of pilgrims, containing so many varied and strongly-lined characters, never in all probability trotted along the Canterbury road; but in every fresh detachment from the Southwark inns, specimens of the Knights, Millers, Wives of Bath, and other devotees, whose acquaintance we have just made, appeared sprinkling the motley crowds that wended to the favourite shrine of the murdered St. Thomas.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BLACK PRINCE.

The English nation—Edward's mother—Invasion of France—Sluys—In Brittany—Landing at La Hogue—The Black Prince—Crecy—Calais—The Black Death—The Commons—Treason—Poitiers—Treaty of Breigny—Navarretta—Du Guesclin.

A STRUGGLE now began which lasted for upwards of a hundred years, and which, though marked with many fluctuations of success, ended in the all but total extinction of English power in France. From that struggle we derive some of the proudest names in our martial history. In that struggle we beheld the most powerful of all the engines employed to weld the English nation into a compact and enduring whole. Previous to Crecy and Poitiers, the Saxon and the Norman elements in the nation, though united, were still distinguishable. After the ferment of the Hundred Years' War, every sign of rivalry disappeared. The Englishman stood where once the hostile races fought.

Edward the Third of England was the son of Isabella, daughter of Philip the Handsome, who became King of France in 1285. Charles the Fourth, the last survivor of her three brothers, died in 1328, leaving no child: a daughter, born after his death, was set aside by the Salic Law. Edward saw the chance, but could not seize it then. Yielding to the pressure of the hour, he bent his haughty soul so far as to do homage for Aquitaine to the chosen candidate, Philip of Valois. When, how-

ever, the time seemed ripe, he cast aside the mask of meekness, and boldly claimed in his mother's name the crown her father had worn.* While he acknowledged the Salic Law in part, he ingeniously maintained that though it prevented a female from filling the throne, it did not destroy the rights of her male descendants. Lawyers argued on both sides of the strait; but sword and arrow soon took the place of words. Success in Scotland, such as it was, set the blood of the young English king in a flame for war; so, abandoning the mimic splendour of the tilt-yard for graver pursuits, he prepared for the invasion of France.

As an important preliminary, he formed a treaty with Louis of Bavaria, then Emperor of Germany, which enabled him to secure the aid of the Duke of Brabant and the Count of Hainault. His marriage with Philippa formed a close bond of union between him and the latter, who was the brother of that princess. Although the Earl of Flanders adhered to the cause of the French king, Edward won over to his side as a counterpoise that powerful brewer of Ghent, Jacob von Artevelt, who had established a centre of democratic independence in the very heart of the Flemish dominions.

The first blow of this great war was struck at Cadsant, an island lying between the havens of Sluys and Flushing. Thither Sir Walter Manny, a famous English knight, led an armament over the sea from the Thames. Gallantly the French and
1337 Flemings, who garrisoned the post, faced the deadly arrow-rain of the advancing English ships; but the English archers shot so thick and true that the defenders of the dikes gave way at last. The English cloth-yard shaft was the greatest weapon of its day.

The war thus kindled was carried on in detached enterprises for a time. French ships harried the southern coast of England, burning Portsmouth, Southampton, and Plymouth, and destroy-

* See Genealogical Table, p. 232.

ing all the vessels they could seize. A thrilling episode in this naval pirating was the affair of the *Edward* and the *Christopher*, two English wool-ships coming home from Flanders. Being beset by a squadron of thirteen hostile vessels, they fought undauntedly for nine hours against these fearful odds, striking only when "labour, wounds, and slaughter" had utterly exhausted the gallant crews they bore. We discern the barbarism of the times in a little touch which tells us that the wounded Englishmen were flung overboard by the victors. A dash of the Cinque-port mariners in a fleet of boats from Dover to Boulogne in the fogs of mid-January took a swift revenge for the many injuries inflicted on the English shore and shipping.

The year 1338 passed inactive by. In the September of the following year, Edward invaded France from Flanders, and laid siege to Cambray ;* but he was obliged to retire, after ravaging the surrounding country. Early in 1340, he returned to England, and held a Parliament in order to obtain further supplies.

Anxious to give aid to his brother-in-law and ally of Hainault, Edward collected a fleet of two hundred and sixty ships, and sailed over to the coast of Flanders in June. At Sluys,† at the mouth of the Scheldt, he came upon a French fleet of nearly four hundred vessels, led by two French admirals and the great Genoese sailor Blackbeard, and bearing on their decks forty thousand fighting-men. Towering among the ships, the eyes of the English seamen recognized the fine *Christopher*, lately captured by the French. On the following morning, Edward drew out his line of battle with great skill, although this was his first nautical exploit. Placing the strongest ships in front, those with archers on the wings, and a vessel with men-at-arms between every pair of the latter, he kept in reserve a squadron to protect the rear, and stationed a strong guard round

* Cambray, on the Escaut, one hundred miles north-east of Paris.

† Sluys or L'Escluse is a well-fortified place, situated on a bay of the North Sea, at the mouth of the Scheldt, and on a canal to Bruges.

the transports. The hostile fleet, chiefly manned with Normans, Picards, and Genoese, moved out in three squadrons, **June 24,** early in the morning. When these saw the English **1340** vessels tacking, they thought it was a flight; but they found their mistake when the seeming fugitives, having turned, bore down on them with trumpet blasts and stirring shouts. The battle began before ten in the morning; and all that mid-summer day huge engines hurled crushing stones through the air. English archers replied with clouds of arrows to the whistling of the French cross-bows. Men-at-arms hewed and stabbed across the bulwarks, which were bound together with grapnels and hooked chains. The huge *Christopher*, retaken by the English and filled with archers, galled the Genoese severely. At last the French, stung to madness by the rain of shafts, and unable to escape with their ships by reason of the chains that bound them, began to leap into the sea. All was then soon over; and Edward sent a letter to the bishops and clergy in England, announcing his victory at Sluys—a document, it may be added, which is regarded as the first despatch among the English records proclaiming a naval victory. Philip heard the bad news from the lips of his jester, who veiled it in a joke.

Then followed in the same year a siege of Tournay,* lasting eleven weeks all but three days, and ending in a truce between the armies of England and France. Had the siege gone on a few days longer, the garrison would have eaten their last crust; so the town had a narrow escape. A truce for three years brought this period of the war to a close in 1343.

The murder of Von Artevelt at Ghent changed the plan of operations laid down by the English king. No longer able to depend entirely on Flanders, he resolved to strike at France in other directions. Sending, therefore, the Earl of Derby with a force to Gascony, he embarked in person at Southampton with

* *Tournay* is now a city of Hainault in Belgium, forty-seven miles south of Ghent. It is divided by the Scheldt.

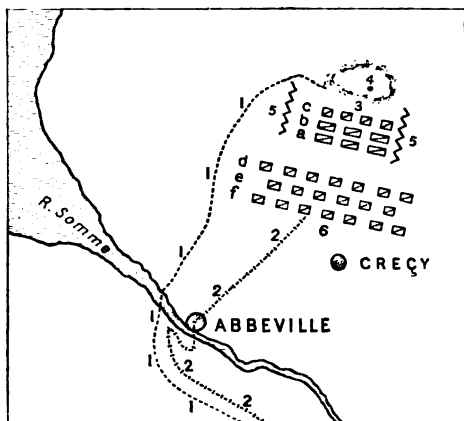
a great army bound for the same southern province of the invaded land. A storm drove him to anchor on the Cornish coast for six days, during which, at the persuasion of Sir Godfrey de Harcourt, he changed his mind as to the destination of his fleet. To Normandy they were now to direct their course. Landing at La Hogue, where he cunningly interpreted a bloody nose, got in leaping from his ship, as an omen of good, he prepared for an advance upon Caen. Here the Prince of Wales, better known as the Black Prince, from the armour which he wore, first came into prominence. Having now reached the age of sixteen, he received knighthood on the sands of La Hogue, and was associated with his royal father in the command of the central battalion of the three into which the army was divided. The English army,



passing from Caen to Evreux, spread its ravages almost to the suburbs of Paris, but then turned sharply off to Beauvais and to Poix—bent, it is said, on getting safely out of France. But most of the bridges of the Somme had been broken down, and the rest were strongly guarded. Philip had caught the English

army in a trap from which there seemed to be no escape. Almost in despair, Edward surveyed the Somme, but could find no ford and no unguarded bridge. At this crisis he heard from a prisoner of a spot below Abbeville where the river could be passed at the ebb of the tide. Dashing in at the proper time, he led his forces over in the face of a great body of the enemy, who in vain tried to prevent the passage of the stream. Philip, in hot chase, found the water too high to follow. He had to go round by Abbeville, while the English king made his way to the forest of Crécy, where a battle must certainly be fought.

Leaving Abbeville at sunrise on Saturday, August 26, 1346, Philip toiled with his soldiers on to Crécy, where the army of Edward, refreshed with food and sleep, awaited his approach. Rain and thunder then came on, and the sky grew dark. When the sun shone out at five o'clock in the afternoon, the Genoese crossbowmen advanced to the attack in a mass of fifteen thousand men. They were tired with their heavy march of eighteen miles.



1. Edward's line of march.
2. Philip's line of march.
3. The English army.
 - (a) The Black Prince.
 - (b) Arundel. (c) Edward.

4. The windmill.
5. Trenches.
6. The French army.
 - (d) Genoese. (e) Alençon.
 - (f) Philip.

The sun dazzled their eyes and destroyed their aim. All at once a shower of arrows began to fall on them with a force which neither shield nor armour could withstand. They fled. Vainly the superb cavalry of the Duke of Alençon Aug. 26,
1346 strove to stem the flight. They, too, got a share of the deadly shower, and many bit the dust. But Alençon and the Count of Flanders managed to pass through the confused masses of the Genoese, and fell with fury on the foremost battalion of the English, led by the Prince of Wales. They could make no impression on the solid masses of infantry, the value of which the English had learned from the Scottish leaders Wallace and Bruce. The second battalion moved up in support of the first. The English held their ground in spite of the terrific onsets of the French cavalry. To some it seemed as if the latter were irresistible. An Englishman who fought by the prince sent for aid to the king, who stayed with the reserve by a windmill on a hill. "Is my son dead, unhorsed, or badly wounded?" asked Edward. "No, thank God," said the knight, "but he is so hotly engaged that he has great need of your help." "Return to them that sent you," replied the king, "and tell them not to expect that I shall come as long as my son has life; and say that I command them to let the boy win his spurs. The glory and honour of the day shall be given to him, and to those into whose care I have intrusted him." This reply stirred new fire in the English ranks. The French lines gave way; and the beaten king, whose gallant charges and many perils were unavailing, rode away to the castle of La Broye, and, taking horse again at midnight, entered Amiens in the gray dawn. The English never left their ground. There was no pursuit.

In the tumult of this great battle a few stunning explosions may have pealed above the din with a sound of thunder to which warriors' ears were then unused. It is likely enough that some rude cannon were fired at Crécy. If so, that was not the first occasion on which these engines appeared in battle;

but the bow-and-arrow was still the national weapon of the English.

The siege of Calais was a natural sequel to the victory of Crécy. Edward had not long invested that celebrated port, when cheering news crossed the sea from England, telling of a great victory won over the invading Scots by his good queen Philippa, who had met them at Nevil's Cross,* had beaten them in a three hours' fight, and had taken their king David prisoner (October 17, 1346). By building a wooden town between Calais and the bridge which crossed the encircling marshes, Edward secured the comfort of his troops, while starving Vienne and the garrison into a surrender. The completeness of this barrack-town may be judged from its market-place, where meat, bread, cloth, and other necessities were regularly sold. The whole story of this long siege, which lasted almost a year (August 31, 1346, to August 4, 1347), speaks well for the chivalry of both sides. Edward not only allowed seventeen hundred of the poorer inhabitants, who were starving, to leave the town, but he gave them their dinner and some money as they passed through his camp. By guarding the bridge over the marshes and the way along the shore—the only two means of approaching Calais with relief—he prevented the French king from doing anything to save the place. At last hunger did its work. Six citizens, nobly devoting themselves to save the rest, came out with ropes round their necks to deliver up the keys. The executioner was preparing to take the lives of these brave men, when the entreaties of Queen Philippa won their release from the melted heart of her husband. A truce for two years being then agreed to, Edward and his wife went home.

No pestilence that ever smote Europe has surpassed in horror and destructiveness the Black Plague, which swept from the filthy lanes of Asia in 1348 and fell in the following year on

* *Nevil's Cross.* The scene of this battle is marked by a stone cross set up about a mile west of Durham.

Paris and London. Two hundred a day were buried in the single churchyard of the Charterhouse; and there is little exaggeration in the statement of the chronicler, that one-third of the population of England perished in the awful days of the malady. Labour became scarce in consequence, and the labourers, discovering their power, combined **1349** to demand higher wages. Parliament therefore passed the *Statute of Labourers*, requiring all able-bodied men to work at their former wages on pain of imprisonment.

Pestilence had scarcely laid aside her darts, when war reappeared. Spain and England had come into collision on the high seas. Having learned that Don Carlos was lading his ships in the harbour of Sluys, Edward determined to teach him how perilous it was to pillage English ships on their way from Gascony or elsewhere. With the Black Prince and many lords on board his fleet of fifty vessels, he weighed anchor at Sandwich, and cruised in the Strait of Dover for three days. As King Edward sat enjoying music on the forecastle of his ship, the watchman, stationed in the castle on the mast, called out, "Ho! I spy a sail." It was then the hour of vespers. The trumpets sounded, and the ships drew up in line of battle. More than forty huge Spanish *carracks*, towering high above the English ships, bore insolently down on them with coloured streamers floating in the wind. Edward **Aug. 29, 1350** struck a big one. The Spaniard's mast, snapped by the shock, fell with its castle into the sea. Though the English vessel sprang a leak, she grappled with another, from whose lofty deck a rain of stones and bars of iron did terrible damage. Dashing across the bulwarks of their own sinking craft, the royal crew flung themselves on board the enemy, swept her decks clear of the Spanish crew, and made the prize their own with little loss. Before the night set in, seventeen of the Spanish ships had fallen into English hands; and when morning dawned, not a Spanish sail broke the offing.

It is with something like relief that one turns from these red pictures to the steady advance of the power of the English Commons. Inch by inch they encroached on the sacred ground of royal prerogative. Right after right they wrested from the unwilling king, whose good sense, however, forbade him to kindle a spirit which might cost trouble, and whose constant need of money obliged him to be very civil to those sturdy merchants and land-owners who held the national purse-strings. The seventy parliaments which he summoned during the fifty years of his reign contributed to mould the assembly into a definite shape and fixed usages. In 1333, the knights of the shire and the representative burgesses began to hold their meetings in a separate chamber, and to take distinctly the outline of the House of Commons. It must be remembered, however, that only the wealthier commons were as yet represented in that house—the landed gentry in the counties, and the merchants in the cities and towns. The masses of the people—the followers of Wat Tyler in the next reign—were unrecognized. They received pay during session-time from their constituents, the knight getting four shillings a day, the burgess two. The Houses met at eight o'clock in the morning. One of the most important checks of abuse accomplished during this reign was the reduction of the *Purveyance* system within reasonable bounds. The king on his travels had the right—which he shared with every one of his suite—of seizing horses, carriages, and food at his own will, paying what he liked, if he chose, but oftener choosing not to pay at all. A law was now passed to abate the evil—to secure small payments on the spot, and larger sums within four months.

But the *Statute of Treasons* claims the highest rank among the enactments of the reign. Five great offences were
1352 under this statute to be regarded as treason:—1. Compassing or imagining the death of the king, the queen, or their eldest son; 2. Levying war within the realm; 3. Taking

part with the king's enemies; 4. Uttering counterfeit coin; 5. Murdering the chancellor, the treasurer, and any of the judges, when engaged in the discharge of their duties.

The truce which followed the siege of Calais was soon broken. A vain attempt on the part of the French to recover the lost key of their kingdom formed one of the earliest operations of the renewed war (1349). In 1350 Philip the Sixth died, and John succeeded to an impoverished kingdom and a ruinous war. During the summer of 1355, the Black Prince, making Gascony the base of his operations, filled the basin of the Garonne with blood and flames. In the following year he marched northward, and the French king, moving from Blois, made for Poitiers to cut off his retreat. A battle followed within a league or so of Poitiers. Great Sept. 19,
1356 as was the disproportion of the armies—the French numbering over sixty thousand, the English hardly ten thousand—the Black Prince, by the exercise of that military skill which has made his name famous, won a decided victory. By choosing broken ground, crossed by hedges and vine-palings, he impeded the movements of the magnificent cavalry led by John; and his green-coated yeomen, drawn up in the usual harrow form, sent their shafts into the thick of the press so hotly that confusion soon became rout. At the proposal of Chandos, ever panting to be where blows rang thickest, the guard of King John was singled out as the aim of a special charge; and that gallant monarch, with bleeding face and armour soiled, surrendered at last with his youngest son to a knight of St. Omer. The prince received his illustrious captive with knightly courtesy, waited on him at the supper-table that night; and when in the following spring (1357) they made their entry together into London, he rode as a page on a little black pony beside the cream-coloured charger that carried John to his prison in the Savoy.

Peace was concluded at the little village of Bretigny in 1360,

and so the first act of the long and bloody drama was closed. The following were the principal articles:—

1. That Gascony, Guienne, Poitou, and the intervening provinces—the whole of the south-west of France—should belong to the English crown, to be possessed without homage, as the neighbour and not as the vassal of France;

2. That Calais, Guines, and Ponthieu should also belong to the English crown;

3. That the English king should renounce all claim to the crown of France, and to the districts of Normandy, Touraine, Anjou, and Maine;

4. That three million golden crowns should be paid within six years as John's ransom;

5. That eighty-three French hostages should be pledges for the fulfilment of the treaty.

Concluded in May, this treaty was read at Calais in the following October in presence of the two kings, and **1360** was then solemnly sworn to. John, who had been brought over in state bondage, was released the next day; but failing to raise his ransom, he soon found his way back to the Savoy, where he died in 1364.

While the Black Prince held his court at Bordeaux, Pedro of Castile—branded by some chroniclers as the Cruel, called by others the Great Justiciar—appeared before him in the character of a suppliant, bewailing the loss of an hereditary throne, wrested from him by his half-brother Enrique, with the aid of the French hero Du Guesclin. Edward forgot the crimes, and saw only the sorrows of the Spaniard, in whose aid he buckled on his armour, and passed into the kingdom of Navarre through the famous Brier Valley* of the Pyrenees, deep with winter snow. Want of food pressing hard on the English army, it became the object of Du Guesclin to avoid a battle and to let hunger do its work. But the Black Prince forced

* *Roncesvalles* or *Roncerville* is a pass in Pyrénées Basses, near St. Jean-Pied-de-Port.

him to a battle, which was fought near Navarretta, a village south of the Ebro. Many knights, unhorsed in the mellay, could not rise again, owing to the weight of their armour. The arrow, drawn by English sinews, did its customary work, and won the day again. Sir John Chandos, made **1367** a knight banneret before the battle,* swept all before him on the field. De Guesclin fought bravely, but was made prisoner. Pedro, placed on the throne by the victory of Navarretta, refused to pay the troops who had won for him that royal seat. This ingratitude plunged the Black Prince into a sea of troubles. Men will not fight for nothing; and his soldiers clamoured for their pay. There was nothing for it but to resort to the perilous expedient of taxing his French dominions; a hearth-tax was accordingly imposed, to the intense disgust of the Gascons and their neighbours, and to the great joy of the French king. The unfortunate expedition sowed the seeds of mortal disease in Prince Edward's frame. He recrossed the Pyrenees, to drag out the remnant of his life in a sick-chamber.

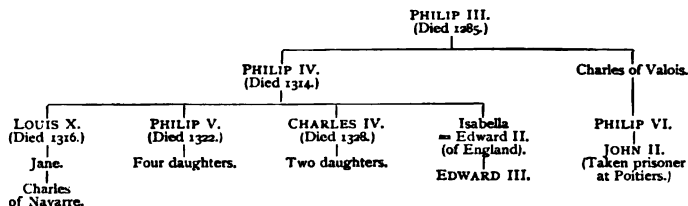
Du Guesclin, at last permitted to buy his freedom, received the distinguished office of Constable of France, and set himself with new vigour to the task of sweeping the English intruders from French soil. The English were unable to resist him. At last Bordeaux, Bayonne, and the little spot of which Calais formed the centre, alone remained of all the broad fields over which the victor at Crécy had stretched his mighty sword. Words cannot tell how deeply these disasters must have rankled in the failing heart of the prince. At Eltham on Trinity Sunday, June the 8th, 1376, death came to release **1376** his vexed soul from a wasted frame. More pitiful still is the spectacle of the gray-headed father, who had so proudly

* The ceremony of creating a knight banneret—that is, a knight entitled to lead other knights to war—consisted partly in cutting off the ends of the swallow-tailed pennon, so that it became a square.

watched his boy from the windmill at Crecy. Bearded by his Parliament and entangled in the wiles of Alice Perrers, **1377** he went down to the grave a year later than his illustrious son, full of years, but, alas! not full of honours. The widows and orphans of Scotland and of France were both well avenged for the misery his wars had left in their cheerless homes.*

* The institution of the Order of the Garter dates from the reign of Edward III. Having given his garter as a signal in some battle which became a victory (probably Crecy), he fixed on this as a fit badge of the knightly Order, which was established in 1350 to commemorate his great exploits in France. Among the first knights enrolled the Black Prince and Chandos shine conspicuous. This little band of blue velvet, bordered with gold and inscribed with the old French motto, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*" (Evil be to him who evil thinks), is one of the highest distinctions our sovereign can confer.

THE FRENCH SUCCESSION.



CHAPTER XIV.

WAT TYLER, A MAN OF THE PEOPLE.

Accession of Richard the Second—The poll-tax—Wat Tyler's blow—John Ball—On Blackheath—Rotherhithe—London flooded—Mile End—The four demands—Walworth's scimitar—Character of Richard—A great stain—Dethroned—Præmunire.

RICHARD THE SECOND, the son of the Black Prince, ascended the English throne in 1377, on the death of his grandfather. As he was then only in his twelfth year, twelve counsellors, among whom not one of his uncles appeared, were nominated by the prelates and barons to aid the chancellor in the government of the kingdom, until Richard should come of age. The French war smouldered on, bursting often into fierce and sudden attacks on the southern coast of England. It was out of this very war, already forty years old, that the most momentous and suggestive transaction of a comparatively barren reign grew. The money squandered on French battlefields emptied the treasury of England; and there remained no way of refilling it but the taxation of the people. Out of that taxation came discontent and Wat Tyler.

In order to maintain Calais, Bordeaux, and the other maritime towns of France, which most aptly received from the tax-imposers the name of "the barbicans of England,"* a poll-

* The aptness of this name lies in the fact that the barbican was an outwork which stood on the outer edge of the moat, guarding the approach to the drawbridge. If England was the castle and the Channel its moat, these ports were undoubtedly barbicans.

tax was laid on the nation. In the second year, it was graduated from twelve pence for every one over fifteen in the case of the poorest, to twenty shillings in the case of the highest class.

The small amount of the collection led to a rigorous
1380 inspection everywhere as to those who had refused or had neglected to pay. The land became a mass of smouldering discontent. All over western Europe it was a time of revolt on the part of down-trodden peoples against heartless and oppressive rulers. A desire for freedom and impatience of oppression had for many years been steadily growing in the hearts of the English commons. Now came taxation for a seemingly endless war to deepen and to quicken these feelings. The conduct of a rude collector towards the daughter of Wat Tyler at Dartford* fired the train that had been in preparation for centuries. The father, roused to fury by the cries of his wife and daughter, leaped from the roof where he had been working, and with his lathing-staff knocked out the brains of the insolent collector.

In Kent, Essex, Sussex, and Bedford—the four counties in which, from their nearness to the capital and to the Continent, the civilization of the people must have advanced furthest—the ferment against the oppression of the nobles and the imposition of the hateful tax had been working with most violence. A priest of Kent, named John Ball, who had oftener than once been imprisoned for preaching doctrines not in accordance with the dogmas of the Church, used every Sunday after mass to gather a crowd around him in the market-place of Canterbury, and to inveigh bitterly against the greed of the rich. His favourite text was the quaint couplet,—

“ When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who was then a gentleman?”

“ They,” said he, “ are clothed in velvets and rich stuffs, orna-

* *Dartford*, a market-town of Kent, on the Darent, fifteen miles from London.

mented with ermine and other furs, while we are forced to wear poor cloth. They have wines, spices, and fine bread, when we have only rye and the refuse of the straw ; and if we drink, it must be water. They have handsome houses and manors, when we must brave the wind and rain in our labours in the field ; but it is from our labours that they have wherewith to support their pomp. We are called slaves ; and if we do not perform our services, we are beaten." So his inflaming speech ran on week by week, until there was needed only some decisive blow to stir fire into flame. The staff of Tyler gave that blow.

Then, from all the counties named, and from others adjoining, a vast mob began to pour in scattered streams toward London, clamouring for speech with the king ; but the greater part of them seeking they hardly knew what. Some vague notions of universal equality fermented in their heated minds ; but the hope of revenge, and perhaps of plunder, formed their strongest spring of action. By the time that the sticks, rusty swords, axes, and worn-out bows of this sudden army had clustered on Blackheath, its numbers had swelled to nearly one hundred thousand. These men belonged to the lower order of the commons—the class of villeins and hired labourers in the country, and of handicraftsmen in the towns—who, though forming the bulk of the population, had as yet no say in the government. Their leaders assumed the names of their crafts, —Wat the Tyler, Jack the Miller, Jack Straw. Already they had done considerable mischief as they passed along the ways, —a special object of their wrath being the house of any attorney or king's proctor who might unfortunately live within sight of the road.

Diverse feelings agitated London when the news came in that these hordes lay clamorous and hungry upon Blackheath. A party of more than thirty thousand citizens favoured the rebel movement ; but the loyalists, under William Walworth

the mayor, promptly shut the gates, and placed there a strong guard. In order to make their demands known to the king, then living within the strong walls of the Tower, the rebels sent thither Sir John de Newtoun, Constable of Rochester, whom they had pressed into their ranks under menaces of death. By this knight Richard returned for answer that if they would come down to the Thames next day he would hear what they had to say.

Next morning, accordingly, the royal barge brought the king and his suite down to Rotherhithe, a manor of the crown, where ten thousand yells from rough throats greeted his approach. Richard, whose barons would not let him land, rowed out on the stream, and asked the rebels what they had to say. They demanded that he should come ashore. "No!" said Salisbury; "you are not properly dressed, gentlemen." Infuriated by this insult, the mob then began to move toward the gates of London. They destroyed the beautiful suburban villas which studded the banks of the Thames at Southwark and Lambeth, and broke open Newgate, whose prisoners swelled their ranks. Howls of rage broke from them when they were brought to a sudden check by the closed gates of London Bridge. They swore that unless these flew open they would burn every house in the city. This threat and the expostulations of their friends inside undid the bolts. The hungry files streamed in, spread right and left in search of food and drink, and, when their hunger was appeased, set fire to the splendid palace of the Savoy, occupied by the unpopular Duke of Lancaster. Heated with wine from princely cellars, they swept through the streets, burning houses, killing every Fleming they could find, and bursting into the houses of the Lombard money-changers in search of coin.

By sunset the mob had gathered in a huge concourse before the Tower, where the king could hear their shouts and yells. A conference at Mile End, "a handsome meadow, where in the

summer time people went to amuse themselves," was ultimately arranged. When the king rode out of the Tower, the most daring ruffians in the mob entered the building with a rush, ran from room to room, and slew four unfortunate persons whom they found there—the Archbishop of Canterbury (Ball's bitter foe), the Prior of St. John's, a Franciscan friar who was physician to Lancaster, and a sergeant-at-arms who collected the tax.

The well-meaning part of the crowd met Richard at Mile End with a cry of "No slaves!" and dispersed quietly on receiving royal letters of pardon and redress, drawn up in haste. They made four principal demands:—1. That villenage should be abolished for ever. 2. That good land should be reduced to fourpence an acre. 3. That they should have the full liberty of buying and selling, like other men, in all fairs and markets. 4. That all past offences should be pardoned. A promise of redress had stilled their clamours and sent them home; but Tyler rejected these mild reforms with disdain. Three times, amended charters came from the long-suffering king; and three times the cry was for more.

Smithfield, where every Friday the horse-market was held, saw the closing scene in this mingled tragedy and farce. About twenty thousand gathered there. Richard, riding by with sixty horse, stopped at the Abbey of St. Bartholomew, and Tyler galloped insolently up till his horse's head almost touched the king. Some words passed, and Tyler began to finger his dagger in a threatening manner; whereupon Sir William Waltham, the Mayor of London, struck him on the head with a scimitar, and felled him to the ground. It was a perilous crisis. Every bow bent in the yelling ranks of the rebels, drawing thousands of arrows to the head against the little band of horse. The gallantry of the royal boy, then aged fifteen, saved his kingdom and his life. Dashing up to them alone, he cried, "Gentlemen, I your king will be your leader." Bow-

strings slackened and brows unknit. The rebellion was at an end. Most of the rebels fled. Betrayed by their own men, Jack Straw and John Ball were found hidden in an old ruin; and in no long time their severed heads were blackening on the spikes of London Bridge. A bloody assize followed under Justice Tresilian, who traversed the country in spite of the letters of pardon granted at Mile End, inflicting the severest penalties upon all who were accused of having taken part in the movement.

The spirit which flashed in this instance from the youthful Richard seems in great part to have deserted him in maturer years. He sank into a leader of fashion, a splendid spendthrift, delighting in such things as gowns of scarlet trimmed with the rarest furs. In these tastes Richard was encouraged by his favourites, of whom the chief were De Vere, Earl of Oxford, and De la Pole, Earl of Suffolk. A strong party of opposition was headed by the king's uncle, the Duke of Gloucester. The object of the movement was declared to be the reform of the administration. In 1386, Suffolk was dismissed from the chancellorship. A council of regency, consisting of eleven lords and bishops, was appointed, with Gloucester at its head, and the king was deprived of all power. Two years later, the "Wonderful Parliament" condemned the king's
1388 favourites as traitors, and such of them as did not escape by flight were put to death. Richard submitted quietly for a few years. Then he suddenly and secretly turned on his enemies and rent them. In 1397 Gloucester and his leading associates were arrested. Some were banished; some were put to death. Gloucester died mysteriously at Calais—no doubt by foul means. In 1398 all the acts of the "Wonderful Parliament" were reversed, and Richard received such supplies and such powers that he was practically an absolute monarch. Parliament was virtually extinguished, as its functions were transferred to a commission of twelve, nominated by the king.

He did not long enjoy his power. His cousin, Henry of Bolingbroke, the son of Lancaster, dethroned him in 1399. Returning from exile while Richard was fighting in Ireland, he landed at Ravenspur in Yorkshire, reached London with sixty thousand men, and in a few weeks met the monarch **1399** at the castle of Flint. On the 30th of the following September, Richard's deposition was solemnly pronounced in full Parliament at Westminster Hall. At Pontefract Castle, on St. Valentine's Day in the following year, he died, most probably by foul means.

One law of this reign deserves special notice—that called the statute of *Præmunire*,* which decreed that “any person purchasing in the court of Rome or elsewhere any provisions, excommunications, bulls, or other instru- **1393** ments whatsoever, and any persons bringing such instruments within the realm, or receiving them, or making notification of them, should be put out of the king's protection; that their lands and goods should be forfeited; and that they themselves, if they could be found, should be attacked and brought before the king and council, there to answer for their offence.”

* This statute derived its name from “*Præmunire* (or *præmoneri*) facias A. B.”—Cause A. B. to be forewarned—words used in the writ issued for the execution of this and similar preceding laws.

CHAPTER XV.

WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM.

Justice for Wykeham—Rise in the Church—Architectural genius—
Political fame—A dark cloud—Later life.

THE name of Wykeham, who was Bishop of Winchester from 1366 to 1404, and who was mixed up with all the leading public transactions of his time, has not received the prominence due to his genius and his tact. Whether we regard him as the architect of Windsor Castle and other noble piles of building, as the munificent and enlightened founder of the great school at Winchester and of New College at Oxford, or as a politician who won and kept the respect even of his most violent opponents, we are justified in claiming for him a place in history close to such men as Chaucer, Wyclif, and Edward the Black Prince.

The village of Wykeham or Wickham in Hampshire was the place of his birth. He went to school at Winchester, but studied, it seems, at no university. Never in any sense did he claim to be a learned man. His mind was of that sturdy kind that may be bent by a college training, but that can grow strongly up from its native roots without much external aid, and can do a noble sort of practical work in the world without a deep knowledge of Aristotle or of Plato. Having entered the Church, William received from King Edward in 1356 a presentation to the rectory of Pulham in Norfolk; and in ten

years he climbed by many steps of preferment to the see of Winchester, being then forty-two years of age.

He probably owed his first introduction to the king's favour to that architectural genius which enabled him to design and direct the new buildings at Windsor. The fourteenth century was rich in exquisite works of architecture, in the gorgeous style called the Decorated English; and the clergy took no inconsiderable share in this outgrowth and evidence of the national taste. The nave of York Minster, the south aisle of Gloucester with its splendid foliage, the magnificent choir of Lincoln, the lantern of Ely, and the spire of Salisbury graceful as a lily-stalk, all belonged to his opening boyhood; and some of them may have had a powerful influence in developing his youthful genius.

Grants and pensions aided him to uphold his rising state. In every character he filled—architect, clergyman, politician—Prosperity marked him as one of her favourites. When he received the mitre of Winchester in 1366, he had already been for some time royal Secretary and Keeper of the Privy Seal. In the following year, the distinguished position of Lord High Chancellor of England awaited his acceptance. That great office he held for four years (1367–1371), during which he made many friends and but few enemies. A petition from Parliament, begging that the Great Seal should not be in the hands of a churchman, caused him to resign. He carried with him the favour of the king and the good-will of Lancaster, to whose influence was chiefly owing the state of things that brought about his resignation.

From Lancaster, whose ambitious path he crossed in 1376, arose the greatest, indeed almost the only cloud in Wykeham's life. Accused of embezzlement, oppression, and other abuses of his exalted station as keeper and chancellor, the bishop was brought to trial, convicted on a trifling point, and banished from the court. At the same time the revenues of his see were

sequestered. Next year did little or nothing for him. King Edward the Third, bound hand and foot by beautiful Alice Perriers, forgot in his dotage, or could not aid in his feebleness, the genius that had created the noble turrets of Windsor. Winchester's name was specially excepted among the pardons granted in 1377, the year of Edward's jubilee. In this dark hour his brother clergy, met in convocation, lifted so bold a voice in his behalf that his revenues were restored to him, and all penalties were remitted. But the case had cost him ten thousand marks—a heavy punishment in itself.

During the reign of Richard the Second, Wykeham took a leading part in politics, and brought to a successful end his great educational projects. New College at Oxford was finished in 1386; Winchester School, in 1393. In the Council of Regency appointed by Parliament at Gloucester's instance in 1386, to control the government of Richard, he was included as one of the king's friends. Wykeham seems never to have lost the respect and confidence of his sovereign, who, three years later, forced on him the acceptance of the Great Seal. His second tenure of the chancellorship ended in 1391, when he seems to have retired from the stir of public life to the quiet of his episcopal palace, where he varied the routine of duty with the oversight of the masons and sculptors who were busied in rebuilding his cathedral. But his life wore quietly away in the performance of his sacred duties. He died in 1404 at South Waltham, having reached the age of eighty years, and having seen four kings on the English throne.

Wykeham, outliving both Chaucer and Wyclif, whom no doubt he knew well, formed a link between the Angevin kings and the House of Lancaster. His architecture founded his fortunes; but his rectitude, his knowledge of humanity, his talents for public work, and his steady industry contributed to build upon that foundation a fame which entitles him to an honourable place among illustrious Englishmen.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE PERCIES AND GLENDOWER.

Henry the Fourth—Border wars—Owen Glendower—The Percies—Battle of Shrewsbury—Old Percy—Prince Hal—Death of Owen.

THE brave grandson of Edward the Third, who had already won laurels on many fields in Prussia and elsewhere, and who had visited the far East in search of adventure, now sat on the throne, by the will of Parliament alone. The rightful heir* was Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, the great-grandson of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, elder brother of John of Gaunt. His father, Roger, had been declared heir-presumptive by Richard in 1385; but Roger was killed in Ireland the year before Richard's deposition, and Parliament passed over his son, then a boy of ten, on account of his youth.

Though Henry shut up the young Earl of March and his sisters in Windsor Castle, his throne was by no means secure. The kings of France and Scotland refused to acknowledge him, and allowed their ships to ravage the English coasts. In consequence of repeated invasions by the Scots, who were encouraged by France, Henry soon found himself in- 1401
volved in a Scottish war. He marched to the Firth of Forth, and burned Leith; but he accomplished nothing else. Famine drove him back across the Border. The slopes of the Cheviots and the basins of Annan, Tweed, and Tyne were indeed

* See Genealogical Table, p. 254.

at this time always running with blood. Only a dozen years before (in 1388), Sir Henry Percy, better known as Hotspur, having lost his pennon in a skirmish with Douglas at Newcastle, flung his men with a sudden surprise upon the Scots encamped at Otterburn.* The battle of Chevy Chase raged under the harvest moon. The Douglas fell, pierced with three spears; but his victorious countrymen carried off the English leader a captive to Scotland. Such raids and such fights occurred continually. Now, when Henry withdrew from the fruitless war, the Percies kept up the hereditary feud, aided by an injured Scottish nobleman, the Earl of March.† The allies overthrew the Scots at Nesbit Moor. A little later (Sept. 14, 1402), a still more decisive battle was won by the allied forces of March and the Percies at Homildon Hill‡ in Northumberland. Foolishly the Scots stood, like deer in a park, on the sides of the hill, while the English archers, standing below, discharged flights of arrows at the living targets.

While war thus desolated the Border counties, its flames had also burst out in Wales with a violence which nothing could abate. Owen Glendower (or Glyndwr) kindled the war, and maintained it with little interruption until his death. Let us see who this Welshman was.

Born in Merionethshire about 1349, and descended through his mother from Llewelyn, the last native Prince of Wales, Owen Glendower received a good education, studied in London, and ultimately became shield-bearer to Richard the Second. When that monarch lost his throne, Glendower retired to his little estate in Wales; but not to rest. He had a powerful neighbour, an Anglo-Norman noble, Lord Grey de Ruthyn, who cast covetous eyes on a part of his inheritance. Grey seized the

* *Otterburn Ward* lies in Northumberland, on the Reed, twenty miles west by north of Hexham.

† A Scottish Earl of March. Not Edmund Mortimer.

‡ *Homildon* or *Humbleton Hill* is about a mile from the market-town of Wooler in Northumberland. *Nesbit Moor* lies about four miles north of the same town.

land when Henry seized the throne. In vain Owen appealed to the Parliament for redress. His suit being dismissed, he became furious. The malicious conduct of Grey in keeping back the writ which summoned Owen to follow the banner of King Henry into Scotland, led to an open rupture. Grey's land and the town of Ruthyn* were naturally the first points of attack. The Welsh harps rang boldly out in praise of Owen, a lineal descendant of their native kings. Claiming for him magical gifts and direct intercourse with the world of spirits, they added awe to admiration in the regard with which the simple minds of the Welsh peasantry had invested their hero. He rapidly became invincible. In vain Henry invaded Wales three times. Glendower and the mountains 1402 proved too strong for the levies of the midland meadows.

Choosing, now Plinlimmon, now Snowdon, for his base of operations, the Welsh chieftain spread the ravages of war all round these giant cones of rock. The English universities were emptied of their Welsh students, the English farms of their Welsh servants; for a tide had set in which bore the mountaineers back from every quarter to the blue hills they loved.

A prisoner whom Owen took at Pilleth Hill† caused his sphere of operations to widen. This was Sir Edmund Mortimer, uncle of that young Earl of March who came in before Henry as the lineal heir to the English throne. Mortimer's friends wanted to ransom him from Glendower. The king, mindful of his relationship to a rival, refused to permit this. The refusal galled the proud spirit of Percy, whose wife was Mortimer's sister. The Percies had other causes of complaint. Henry had deprived them of the ransom of their Scottish prisoners, and he owed them a large sum of money, which he was unable, or unwilling, to repay. The Percies then drew the

* *Ruthyn* or *Ruthin*, a borough in Denbighshire, stands on a hill above the Clwyd, eight miles south-east of Denbigh.

† *Pilleth Hill* is near Knyghton in Radnorshire, which lies upon the Teme.

sword against the king whose battles they had just been fighting. The four English leaders of the great plot then formed—Hotspur, his father the Earl of Northumberland, his uncle the Earl of Worcester, and his friend Scrope, Archbishop of York—added to their number the valiant Welshman, Owen Glendower, won over by his captive Mortimer, and the Scottish Earl of Douglas, bribed by a release without ransom.

Douglas marched his vassals across the Border; Worcester brought archers from Cheshire; and with the aid of these Hotspur, his father being sick, led an army towards North Wales in the hope of meeting the levies of Glendower. But Henry, with great military skill and promptitude, intercepted the march at Shrewsbury,* placing himself between
July 21,
1403 the Northerners and their Welsh allies. A battle ensued, each army amounting to about fourteen thousand men. With a shout of “Esperance, Percy,” replied to on the royal side with “St. George for us,” Hotspur and Douglas led a glittering wave of steel in full charge on the army of the king. The line yielded to the flood, but closing instantly behind, pent it up as with a parapet of stone. Arrows rained upon the huddled mass, thus cut off from their friends; and in three hours the rebels were annihilated: the shaft had beaten the lance. An arrow pierced Hotspur’s brain; Worcester, taken prisoner, had his head cut off without delay; and Douglas remained in close but kindly custody.

The short career of the other conspirators may be summed up in a few words. Scrope, having joined old Percy in a renewal of the civil war two years after the battle of Shrewsbury, fell into the hands of the king, and, in spite of the mitre that he wore, lost his head on the block. England had never before seen a prelate die by the axe of the public headsmen; and popular superstition ascribed the so-called leprosy which

* *Shrewsbury*, the county town of Shropshire, lies on the Severn, not far from the middle of the shire. The battle was fought about three miles from the town.

settled in the king's face below the nose to the wrath of Heaven smiting him for the sacrilegious crime. The Earl of Northumberland, crossing the Border, appealed to his ancient enemies for aid against his ancient friend, but without avail. The gray-haired outlaw, ever nursing a hope of looking once more from strong castle ramparts over the fair pastures of Northumberland, wandered to Wales, to France, to Flanders, but found none to aid him in his schemes. At last a few Border Scotsmen lent their swords, and followed the old earl to his last field at Bramham, near Tadcaster* in Yorkshire. There he laid down his broken life amid the din of battle (Feb. 28, 1408).

Meanwhile Owen Glendower maintained his hostile attitude among the mountains of Wales. A treaty which he formed with the King of France showed the importance attached by Continental powers to the movement he headed. All the elements of heroism cluster around his name; misfortune and mystery are not lacking in the story of his life. Clouds began to lower on his enterprise when young Henry the Prince of Wales, now aged seventeen, assumed the command of the English army in Wales. Though he was unable to subdue Glendower, he weakened his position so much that the once popular patriot was driven to take refuge in the caves of his native mountains. His hopes revived when the Admiral of France landed with twelve thousand men at Milford Haven (1407). The allied forces marched to the neighbourhood of Worcester, where many skirmishes took place, but no battle. Harassed and hungry, the French troops fell back, and sailed away in borrowed ships. Owen, left to himself, sank to the position of a guerilla chieftain, swooping from the hills only when lack of 1415 food compelled him; and when, in 1415, he followed Henry to the grave, his glory had been shorn by time and disaster of more than half its beams.

* *Tadcaster*, a market-town in the West Riding of Yorkshire, lies on the Wharfe, nine miles south-west of York.

CHAPTER XVII.

WYCLIF AND LOLLARDIE.

John Wyclif—His doctrines—Persecution—The Remonstrance—The Fiery Statute—Sawtré—Constitutions of 1408—Badby burned—Sir John Oldcastle—A stain—Reaction—Lull in the agony.

A RAW country lad from Yorkshire, then aged sixteen, enrolled himself at Oxford in the year 1340 as a student of Queen's. Forty-one years later, he turned his back on the city of colleges, driven by the violence of foes to spend, but not to waste, his splendid talents among the hovels of an obscure parish in Leicestershire. Yet a few years, and paralysis struck him down in the chancel of his own church. This man, whose life extended from 1324 to 1384, was the illustrious John Wyclif, earliest champion of English Protestantism and earliest translator of the whole Bible into English. The Mendicant Friars excited his hearty anger, and he did not spare them with his pen. The tribute to Rome, promised by John and demanded by successive popes, was another subject on which he expressed his mind with honest freedom. His plain-speaking drew down on him papal bulls and prosecutions in the Church courts. He was fortunate in having the support of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, who stood by his side at St. Paul's in 1377, and bearded the ferocious Bishop Courtney in his behalf. The Synod of Lambeth, held in the following year, was another peril through which Wyclif passed unscathed. His "poor priests" spread his doctrines far and wide over the

land, while he in his cell and class-room at Oxford, where he lectured as professor of divinity, wrought at high pressure with voice and pen. His lectures against transubstantiation brought matters to a crisis between him and the university. In 1381 the chancellor condemned his teaching and shut his class. That merely gave him the opportunity of producing his greatest work. At Lutterworth he devoted the sunset of his life to the translation of the Bible from the Latin Vulgate into English. This work done, Death came and found him ready.

Before proceeding to trace the chief points in the history of the Lollards,* as the disciples of this remarkable man came to be called in contempt, we may note a few of the doctrines which formed his creed. He held the Crown to be supreme in authority over all persons and possessions in the realm of England—churchmen and laymen being alike amenable to the civil courts, and their property being equally subject to the action of the law. This doctrine aimed at paralyzing all secular power of the Pope in England. But Wyclif would gladly have paralyzed also the spiritual power of Rome: he considered the Pope to have no claim whatever to the headship of the English Church. Baptism and the Lord's Supper he retained as sacraments. Confirmation, penance, holy orders, extreme unction, he rejected as priestly inventions.

The persecution of the Lollards began under Richard the Second. Wrongly, the outbreak under Tyler has been ascribed to the influence of Wyclif's preaching. It suited the persecutors of the Lollards to connect their preachings with the crimes of the country rebels. The crusade began, and raged fiercest in four counties, three of which lay around Lutterworth, out of whose humble parsonage the English Bible had come. Leices-

* Walter Lolhard, burned at Cologne in 1322, is thought to have originated the name of this sect. He held opinions not unlike those of Wyclif. Other suggested sources of the name are *lokium*, Latin for a "tare," and *lollen*, Old German for "to sing." The former would represent them as weeds in the wheat-field of the Church; while the latter refers to their practice of singing hymns.

tershire, Northamptonshire, Nottinghamshire, and Herefordshire felt the heaviest blows of the opening war.

It was not long before the Lollard voice spoke boldly out. Wyclif had been in his grave eleven years, when an address to the people and Parliament of England, known as the **1395** Lollard *Remonstrance*, was presented to the House of Commons. This outspoken document—the cry of an awakening people against the corruptions of the Church—found an echo in the hearts of many men who sat on the benches of the Lower House. In vain King Richard and Pope Boniface frowned and censured. The English people applauded not noisily but with deep heartiness. Crowds might be often seen around the doors of Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's listening eagerly to the papers which some Lollard hand had posted in the dark of the previous night. This was a common way of acquainting the public with facts and opinions, in days when the Newspaper was a thing unknown, and the Book took years to write and print.

The accession of Henry the Fourth, although he was the son of Wyclif's protector, only made matters worse for the Lollards. His insecure throne needed priestly propping; so he tried to buy the aid of the Church by taking vengeance on her foes. The fires of Smithfield began to cast their red glare upwards on the London sky. A powerful prelate who had been instrumental in bringing Henry over to England, bent all the force of his mind to the task of uprooting the heresy which had sent its fibres through all the lower and part of the middle strata of society. It seemed to the government that fire alone could remedy the evil. It must be burned away. A terrible **1401** statute* was therefore added to the roll of English laws, enacting that persons preaching without license, possessing heretical books, convening unlawful assemblies, or in

* *Statute*.—"The Statute of Heretics," or *De Heretico Comburendo* (Concerning the burning of the heretic).

any way spreading the hated doctrines, should be thrown for three months into a bishop's prison, and then, if still obstinate, should be burned.

Within a month or two after the passing of this terrible statute, William Sawtré was publicly burned in Smithfield as a relapsed heretic. While Rector of Lynn in Norfolk, his loose opinions had attracted the jealous eye of the Church, and in 1399 he lost his living on a charge of heresy. This frightened him, or friendly persuaders bent him, into a recantation of his errors; and he was again received into the bosom of the Church as priest of St. Osith's in London. But the truth would not be repressed. He preached heresy, as it was called, again, and was condemned to be burned. Solemn and prolonged was the ceremony of unfrocking which preceded the horrors of the stake. It took place in St. Paul's, and Archbishop Arundel presided. His robes and vest- Feb. 12. ments and all the emblems of his office were taken from the victim one by one; and with a layman's cap on his head he was handed over to the High Constable to be burned at the stake.

The English clergy, in full convocation assembled, agreed in 1408 to a set of Constitutions, in the composition of which the hand of Arundel displays itself. These must be regarded as a sign that the Fiery Statute of seven years ago, with all its horrors, needed a stern and positive supplement to enforce obedience to the Papacy upon the English mind. The books of John Wyclif, "the heresies known under the new and damnable name of Lollardie," and the University of Oxford, "once so famous for its orthodoxy, but of late so poisoned with false doctrines," were strongly condemned. In the face of this resolute opposition, Lollardie took stronger root and flourished. In London, in Lincolnshire, in Norfolk, in Herefordshire, in Shrewsbury, and even in Calais the disciples of Wyclif multiplied daily.

The death of a brave plebeian, one Badby a smith, accused of denying the doctrine of transubstantiation, was also the work of Arundel the primate. When fire was laid to the dry wood that rose around the huge tun in which the martyr
1410 stood, the Prince of Wales (afterwards Henry the Fifth), melting at the cries of the sufferer, offered him a pension of threepence a day if he would recant; but he chose rather his present pain and speedy death than life and money bought with denial of his faith. This martyrdom stained the year 1410.

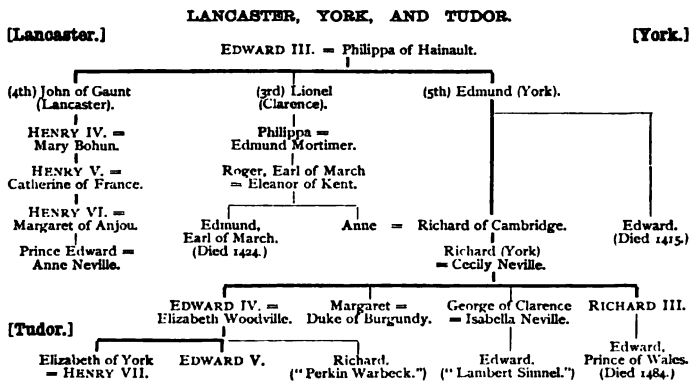
The most illustrious Englishman of the Lollard sect was Sir John Oldcastle, who obtained by marriage the higher title of Lord Cobham. Thoughtful beyond all the soldiers and courtiers who surrounded the throne, this man found his truest pleasure in books, and clung with especial love to the books of John Wyclif. He became a Lollard—the central spirit of the sect. Arundel marked him as a noble quarry, and began to hunt him down. Henry the Fifth, assuming the crown in 1413, had soon the unpleasant task of choosing between an old comrade whose nobleness of mind he could partly value, and a torch of persecution like Primate Arundel. Touched with a
1413 weakness for theological argument, the royal amateur tried to shake the noble Wyclifite in his faith. He tried in vain; and when the Fiery Statute became the royal standpoint of controversy, Oldcastle went down to Cowling, his place in Kent. Arundel's summons to the heretic to appear before his court met with a stout refusal. Soldiers only could drag the illustrious Lollard to the Tower. The sentence of fire was pronounced; and had not the king allowed respite for fifty days, it would have been carried promptly into execution. Politics had probably already begun to leaven this religious movement. Round their escaped leader crowds of Lollards drew eagerly and fondly, mingling a design on the freedom of the king with their original schemes for the reform of the

Church. A projected midnight muster in the meadow of St. Giles, then lying some distance outside London gates, came to the ears of the watchful and resolute king, who, marching in the dead of a winter night to the place of **1414** rendezvous, took the precaution of shutting the city gates behind him. A few score Lollards were caught lurking in the fields, or gathering at certain points on the roads; the barred gates held those within the city fast in a trap: probably a revolution was nipped in the bud (1414). But Oldcastle, who cannot have been far away, got safely off to Wales. Four years later, when a movement of the Scottish nobles, Albany and Douglas, toward the strongholds of the Border, seemed to favour the Lollard cause, Oldcastle, in the hope of reviving his scattered and frightened party, hovered around London and was seen. The retreat of the Scottish army forced him to flee to Wales; but he was overtaken and caught. **1418** Doomed by the Lords to death, he was burned as a heretic in St. Giles's Fields. Even Horace Walpole, who believed in very little, speaks of him as one "whose virtue made him a reformer, and whose courage made him a martyr." The literary talent of Oldcastle marks him out specially among the men of his day. He edited the works of Wyclif, and wrote, besides several religious tracts and sermons, a pamphlet called *Twelve Conclusions addressed to the Parliament of England*.

Arundel had died long before the execution of Cobham, and his successor Chicheley, formerly Bishop of St. David's, burned with even fiercer zeal against the Reformers. The Lollard Tower of Lambeth Palace, built by Chicheley, still overlooks the Thames, with cruel rings of iron, its wainscot scratched with noble names. The fires of persecution continued to burn as thickly as before. The natural result followed. With the faith of the Lollards, which struck deeper and stronger roots after every fresh attack, there mingled a bitter vindictive feel-

ing, a growth of human weakness which has often stained the best of causes.

Oxford was among the first to show symptoms of reaction. In 1441 twelve members of the university which Wyclif had once adorned examined by appointment the works of the Evangelical Doctor, as he had been called, and pronounced the bulk of them to be only worthy of the flames. The backward tide then set strongly in. Luxury and vice ate into the vitals of the Church. Matters were in this frightful state, when the storm of civil war burst upon England to cleanse or to destroy. The immediate effect of that great national convulsion—the struggle between the rival Roses—was to cause a lull in the persecution of the Lollards, who sink out of sight during the whirl of battle-fields that come thick in the annals of the time. But Lollardie did not perish. From its seeds sprang the Protestant Reformation of the next century.



CHAPTER XVIII.

AGINCOURT.

Henry the Fourth and France—An old claim—Southampton—Siege of Harfleur—March by the shore—Looking for a ford—St. Crispin's Day—Homeward—Visit of Sigismund—Siege of Rouen—Burgundy murdered—Treaty of Troyes—Death of Henry the Fifth.

WHEN Charles the Well-beloved of France became imbecile (1392), a keen and protracted struggle for the supremacy arose between the Princes of Orleans and Burgundy. Both sides courted the aid of Henry the Fourth. In 1411, he sent a force to assist the Burgundians in the capture of Paris; but in the following year, tempted by the promised restoration of Aquitaine, Poitou, and Angoulême, he flung the weight of his aid on the Armagnac or Orleanist side. He gained little from his interference in this civil strife, for soon afterwards the rival factions combined against the English.

Henry the Fifth saw in the shattered and disorganized state of France a most tempting spectacle. In 1415, the conqueror of Owen Glendower laid claim to the crown of the Capets, reviving the old arguments of Edward the Third. The clergy and the nobles of England, assembled in a "Great Council," approved of his ambitious design; but, if we may judge from his having recourse to the pawning of jewels and to similar expedients for raising money, the Commons of England did not at first think well of this foreign move.

A muster of men and ships at Southampton displayed the

serious intention of the king to invade the land he claimed. The discovery of a plot to raise the son of the Earl of March to the English throne stopped him on the eve of embarkation. He wept when he found that his friend and bed-fellow Lord Scrope had joined the Earl of Cambridge and Sir Thomas

Gray in this conspiracy; but that did not prevent him
Aug. 11, from putting him to death along with the other con-
1415 spirators. At last his great fleet of fifteen hundred vessels spread their wings, and made for the mouth of the Seine, where stood the great fortress of Harfleur,* selected as the first point of attack.

Had his approach been less sudden, a few Frenchmen might have successfully disputed his landing on that difficult shore; for the rocks and marshes which naturally guarded the beach had been strengthened by great ditches and earthworks of enormous thickness.† Passing these unhindered, he found himself before the key of Normandy. For thirty-eight days the English army plied the siege of Harfleur with all the resources at their command. One barbican, standing in front of the principal gate, bore the hottest brunt of the attack. Stone balls flew thick from cannon and balistæ; mines and trenches honeycombed the earth outside the walls; fagots to fill the moat and ladders to scale the walls were made in vast numbers by the carpenters of the English camp. Nor was the defence unworthy of a nation of cavaliers. Every night witnessed swarms of the besieged working to repair the breaches made during the day by the English engines. Baskets filled with earth and sand, and huge layers of soft mud, in which the balls of the enemy sank harmlessly, filled every gap, while pots of sulphur, quicklime, and burning fat stood ready to be cast

* *Harfleur*, now a village of Seine-Inférieure, lies on the right bank of the Seine, within a short distance of Havre. A mile of marsh separates it from the river, and its former harbour is dry.

† One authority makes the place where Henry landed *Kydcause*, about three miles from Harfleur. Another says it was the harbour between Harfleur and Honfleur.

upon the heads of the attacking force. Henry, having summoned the garrison in vain to yield, resolved to delay the assault no longer, especially as food ran low and disease was thinning his ranks. The very night before the projected attack, a proposal came from the town, which was followed by a speedy surrender (Sept. 22).

The captor of Harfleur, instead of taking at once to his ships,



formed the heroic resolve of going home by way of Calais. After leaving a garrison within Harfleur, and weeding his broken ranks of the sick and the wounded, there were left beneath his banner scarcely nine thousand men. Starting on the 8th of October with his little force arrayed in three divisions, he advanced along the sea-shore, calculating on accomplishing his march of one hundred miles in eight days. He pressed toward the estuary of the Somme, intending to cross at

Blanchetaque, where Edward the Third had forced the passage of the stream on his way to Crécy. He reached Abbeville on Sunday the 13th, and found to his dismay that a vast array of French soldiers made the passage of this difficult ford utterly impossible. Three courses then presented themselves—to fall back on Harfleur, to seek a higher ford, or, failing that, to march round by the sources of the river. Adopting the second course, he turned suddenly inland, and tried all the fords and bridges as he passed; but without success. At last, when he was almost in despair, the spirits of the starving English were suddenly raised by the news that an unguarded ford lay close by.* A villager gave the welcome information. The passage was safely accomplished, and the little army, filled with joy at their escape, marched swiftly on toward Calais. Meanwhile the Constable of France, galled that the quick that the prey he made sure of had escaped, concentrated all his forces in Artois, resolved to crush the daring little band of invaders at one tremendous blow. Henry, from the top of a hill, saw the foe marching in huge masses upon Agincourt,† and spreading over the country like a mighty forest. There were at least fifty thousand soldiers in that great army of France. The English king established his head-quarters in the hamlet of Maisoncelles, about three bow-shots from the village whose name the battle bears. Through a long October night the English watched in silence the tall dark figures of their foes moving across the red glare of camp-fires. Rain fell heavily; and only now and then broken gleams of moonlight pierced the darkness.

At last morning dawned—the eventful 25th of October, which has made St. Crispin's Day a bright spot in the English

* This ford, which the people of St. Quentin had neglected to stake, lay, according to Monstrelet, between Béthancourt and Voyenne. The 19th of October saw the English crossing from noon to dark.

† The battle-field of Agincourt lies near the pretty town of Hesdin, which is in the valley of the Canche, in the department of Pas-de-Calais, fifteen miles south-east of Montreuil.

calendar. The French army was arrayed, according to the invariable tactics of the day, in three great bodies. Henry rode before his little army, gallantly dressed, with a jewelled crown on his shining helmet, and a tunic blazing with the golden lilies of France and the leopards of England. The English were on foot in one great mass, fringed with lines of archers. Every archer had carried into the field a long, pointed stake, which he stuck into the ground in front of him, slanting outwards, as a protection against the attacks of the French cavalry. Two little bits of strategy Henry quietly performed: he sent two hundred archers to hide themselves in a field which would lie on the flank of the attacking French; and he ordered the barns of Hesdin to be set on fire.

Through all the morning hours the French army moved not; but the advance of a daring little band of the English toward noon stung the vanity of France, and the giant files made a plunge forward; only, however, to be impaled on the stakes which bristled along the line of the bowmen, if the yard-shafts of these bowmen had not already done their deadly work. The position skilfully chosen by Henry obliged the French to attack with a narrow front, so that they soon became a confused mass, unable to couch their lances or to charge. Attempting to retrieve this mistake by a backward movement, the French cavalry, in which the strength of the grand Oct. 25,
1415 army lay, stuck in ploughed fields soaked with recent rain. Then the English archers, slinging their bows on their backs, and seizing axe, or mace, or bill-hook, rushed from behind their stakes and battered the mail-clad Frenchmen with such effect that the dead and the dying were piled up in heaps. The second line of the French army then came up, but only to meet a similar fate. Struck down by the weapons of the English, the leading files lay helpless on the wet and bloody ground, until a wall of dead and living bodies arose in front of the English lines. Henry fought nobly amid the thickest of the

fray. A mace-blow brought him to his knees, and the battle-axe of Alençon shivered his crown. But he received no wound.

The battle of Agincourt lasted only three hours, during which ten thousand Frenchmen fell, including some of the noblest in the land. Of that vast number only two thousand were common soldiers; all the rest were gentlemen. The Constable, the Admiral, the Dukes of Brabant, Berri, and Alençon, were lost to France on that bloody day. The prisoners numbered fifteen thousand, and included the Dukes of Orleans and Bourbon. The English loss, headed by the Duke of York, amounted only to sixteen hundred men of every grade.

Henry went right on to Calais, and thence crossed to Dover. News of his glorious victory had preceded him, and his subjects welcomed him with enthusiasm. The citizens of Dover rushed into the surf to meet his ship. Twenty thousand citizens of London met him at Blackheath to escort him within their gates. The whole city kept holiday, and spoke its joy with the voice of trumpets.

In 1417, Henry again penetrated Normandy with an army of thirty-five thousand men. Wintering in the invaded territory, he made himself master of Caen, Bayeux, and other strongholds which formed the very vitals of the province. In less than a year all Lower Normandy crouched at his feet. Then crossing the Seine, he invested Rouen,* surrounding it on the land side with batteries, trenches, and wooden towers, and cutting off all hope of a river supply by stretching thick chains of iron across the stream above and below the town.

The siege lasted nearly six months; and then hunger
1419 unlocked the massive gates. On the 16th of January

1419, the King of England, who by conquering Normandy had reversed the achievement of his ancestor Duke William, made a triumphal entry into Rouen.

* Rouen, the capital of Seine-Inférieure, lies on the right bank of the Seine, eighty-five miles from Paris.

When Rouen fell, Paris trembled to its lowest stone. Negotiations began. In a splendid tent at Meulan by the Seine Henry met the Queen of France, the Duke of Burgundy, and the lovely Princess Catherine, who afterwards became his wife, and whose charms might now, her mother thought, soften the rigour of the conqueror's demands. While the conference was going on, secret messages were passing between the Dauphin and the Duke of Burgundy. In a short time these bitter foes, under the influence of a common danger, kissed and made friends. Henry, in a rage at this turn of affairs, took Pontoise* and threatened Paris; but a fearful crime saved him from the need of further warfare. Meeting the Dauphin on the bridge of Montereau with nothing but a velvet cap on his head, Burgundy received a mortal blow from a battle-axe as he bent before the royal boy. Bad as France then was, this murder drew from her heart a cry of horror; and Philip, the young Duke of Burgundy, at once concluded a treaty with Henry at Troyes.†

By the Treaty of Troyes, Henry obtained the hand of Catherine, the regency of France, and the reversion of the crown he sought. In return for these great prizes, he agreed to settle an income of twenty thousand nobles on his wife; to govern as regent by the advice of a council of Frenchmen; to drop the title of King of France while Charles 1420 lived; to attach Normandy again to the French throne upon his accession; and to violate in no way the liberties, laws, and customs of the French people. In addition to these conditions, he undertook to make war on the Dauphin, until that prince abandoned the territory he had seized.

In accordance with the last clause in the treaty, Henry, after visiting England with his bride, continued the war with

* *Pontoise*, in the department of Seine-et-Oise, lies eighteen miles from Paris on the right bank of the Oise.

† *Troyes*, capital of Aube, is situated in a plain, on the left bank of the Seine, one hundred and twelve miles south-east of Paris.

the Dauphin. He took with him to France James the First, the poet-king of Scotland, who no doubt gladly exchanged the lonely tower of Windsor for active service in the basin of the Seine. And then the world beheld a strange sight—a Scottish king fighting in France against Scotsmen. For the Earl of Buchan, second son of the Scottish regent, had led five thousand of his countrymen to the aid of the Dauphin, and had received from that unfortunate prince a baton as Constable of France. Dreux* and Meaux† yielded to the valour and skill of the English; and the advance of Henry to relieve Cosne,‡ hardly pressed by Buchan, obliged the Dauphin to take refuge for the second time in the fortress of Bourges.§

But Henry was dying. His military glory, his regal splendour, his fatherly joy over the son lately born at Windsor, shrank into vapours of the earth before the icy touch of a conqueror greater than himself. At Vincennes, on the last day of August 1422, he died, worn out by some illness without name. Knights in black armour, with lances reversed, followed the coffin on its solemn journey to Calais. It rested for a night by the field of Agincourt, then thick with fallen leaves, and passed by the same route as the living victor of seven years ago had taken, to its place of rest in Westminster Abbey, close to the shrine of Edward the Confessor. He was only thirty-four.

* *Dreux* stands on the Blaise, a tributary of the Eure, forty-one miles west of Paris.

† *Meaux* is in the department of Seine-et-Marne, on the Marne, twenty-five miles from Paris.

‡ *Cosne* (the old *Condé*), in Nièvre, on the right bank of the Loire.

§ *Bourges*, lying where three tributaries of the Cher mingle their streams, is in the department of Cher, seventy miles south by east from Orleans.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE FRENCH BUBBLE BURST.

The Duke of Bedford—Crevant and Verneuil—Jacqueline of Holland—Gloucester *versus* Beaufort—Gloucester's literary tastes—Siege of Orleans—Battle of Herrings—La Pucelle—The siege raised—Charles crowned—The cell and the stake—Congress of Arras—Magic—Margaret of Anjou—The last sword—Two rivals die—A headsman at sea—Loss of Normandy—Loss of Guienne—Death of John Talbot—Consolation.

AN infant not a twelvemonth old now represented the majesty of English kingship. But the destinies of England lay chiefly in the hands of three men, all princes of the blood—John, Duke of Bedford, and Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, brothers of the late king, and their uncle, Henry Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester.

Bedford, a valorous and skilful soldier, dazzled by the false lights which played over France, flung his whole soul into the extension of the English empire there, leaving to Gloucester as protector and to the Privy Council the management of home affairs. There was, indeed, much to dazzle and allure in this French mirage. On the death of Charles the Sixth, not two months after Henry had died at Vincennes, the infant son of the victor at Agincourt was proclaimed King of France and England. Nor was the title an empty boast, for "the Isle of France with Paris, a part of Maine and Anjou, nearly all Champagne, the whole of Picardy and Normandy with few exceptions, and Guienne in the south, including Gascony, owned the English

sway. Their alliance with Philip, the Duke of Burgundy, gave them the feudal honours and military use of Upper and Lower Burgundy, Flanders and Artois; and the temporary attachment of the Duke of Bretagne added the forces of that province to the English power." The kingdom of Charles the Seventh had shrunk into a few central provinces between the Loire and the Garonne.

Salisbury and Bedford maintained the glory of the English arms—the former in the battle of Crevant,* fought in July 1423; the latter in the greater fight of Verneuil,† which took place on the 16th of August 1424. The strength of Charles lay chiefly in his Scottish allies; but so terrible were the English archers, who shot from behind their bristling rows of wooden stakes, that neither French nor Scots could make head against the fatal shafts. Shut up in Bourges by this great defeat, the would-be king amused himself with his flower-beds and his garden tools.

Then occurred the first in a long series of disasters which dissolved the phantom empire of the English France within the short period of thirty years. Humphrey of Gloucester claimed the wide inheritance of Jacqueline, sovereign of Holland, Zealand, Friesland, and Hainault, because he had married this lady during a visit she had paid to England. Now her real husband, the Duke of Brabant, from whom she had eloped, was still living, and he did not like to see so many coronets and broad acres slip between his fingers. So Brabant sought aid from his powerful cousin of Burgundy, who took up arms on his side against the English invaders of Hainault. This quarrel complicated French affairs, and ultimately weakened the English cause, for Burgundy's help was the strongest backing the English regent had in France. A papal Bull afterwards

* *Crevant* is on the Yonne, not far from Auxerre.

† *Verneuil*, in the department of Eure, near the left bank of the Avre; now noted for woollen, hardware, and pottery manufactures.

dissolved the English marriage ; but the mischief between Burgundy and Bedford had been already done.

The struggles of Gloucester and his uncle Beaufort at home also hampered the regent very much. He was called to England to decide between the rivals, when he ought to have been hunting Charles from fort to fort in France. Henry Beaufort was the son of John of Gaunt by Catherine Swynford, his second wife. The mitre of Winchester descended on his head in 1404, on the death of William of Wykeham. This see, one of the richest in England, afforded the prudent bishop splendid opportunities of accumulating such riches as no Englishman of his day possessed. His money added greatly to his influence. Henry the Fifth petted this wealthy uncle, and borrowed largely from him. Four times he held the dignified office of chancellor. In the struggle between his nephew and himself, he enlisted on his side the sympathies of the English nobility, leaving Gloucester to cajole the citizens of London and the populace of the land by his frank and pleasant manner.

In contrasting these two men, we find a certain phase in the character of Gloucester which touches his memory with a tenderer light than that which surrounds the name of Beaufort. He entertained in his princely mansion of Baynard's Castle,* on the Thames, the few literary and scientific men of whom England could then boast. Nor was Gloucester merely a vain, ignorant patron of learning. He was himself a keen student of those classical treasures whose value the European world was then only beginning to discover ; and he collected books with great earnestness, displaying, however, a generous desire that others should taste the sweets that cost him time and gold. In 1443 he presented the University of Oxford with more than one hundred valuable manuscripts.

* *Baynard's Castle*, which perished in the Great Fire, after having been the residence of kings and nobles, had its north front in Thames Street, its south upon the river. It was built by Baldwinus, a follower of the Conqueror. Shakespeare, in *Richard III.*, has laid two scenes of act iii. in the court-yard of this fortress. See Timbs's *Curiosities of London*.

In the autumn of 1428, nothing would satisfy the rash and eager spirits in the English army but a move on the Loire, preparatory to the seizure of the French dominions south of that great physical boundary. Bedford, whose clear eye saw danger in the attempt, uplifted a warning voice, but in vain.

On the 12th of October the Earl of Salisbury, the **1428** bravest leader on the English side, appeared under the walls of Orleans* with a small force of eight or nine thousand men. Having occupied the southern suburb, he directed all his energies against a couple of towers, called the *Tournelles*, which rose from the bridge across the Loire. He took this important position in eleven days; but the French, by breaking the arches which joined the *Tournelles* to the northern bank, neutralized the advantage thus gained. It must not be forgotten that the principal part of the city lay on the northern bank of the river. Through gaps left by the insufficient English lines some of the first officers in France (*La Hire*, *Saintrailles*, and *Dunois*) led fresh forces into the beleaguered town. Salisbury having been killed, the Duke of Suffolk took his place as commander of the attacking force. Brave John Talbot, too (afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury), lent to the struggle the weight and sharpness of a sword which had been used vigorously against the princes of Ireland. The cannon roared by night and by day; the great bell roused the weary citizens from rest every night to guard some fresh breach in the walls. Yet through all the winter the English seemed to gain nothing. The besiegers assaulted; the besieged sallied with varying and indecisive fortune. At last a decided success gilded the English arms. An English knight, Sir John Fastolfe, was approaching Orleans from Paris, escorting a string of provision-carts with a small body of sixteen hundred men, when he was suddenly attacked at the village of Rouvrai, near his

* *Orleans*, the capital city of Loiret, on the right bank of the Loire, seventy-six miles from Paris. It stands on the site of the ancient *Aurelianus*.

destination, by a force of French and Scots amounting to four thousand men. Ranging the carts in the form of a hollow square with two openings, he defended this *impromptu* fortress by placing his archers, supported by the men-at-arms, in the gaps, and thus succeeded in beating off the formidable band. Since herrings formed a large part of the stores, the engagement was afterwards called the Battle of Herrings.* This reverse plunged the garrison of Orleans into despair.

The news of their distress, vibrating through all France, had reached at last a peaceful valley of Lorraine. There in a peasant's hut a girl of seventeen—slender, dark-haired, sweet-eyed, silver-voiced—had listened to the news with panting breast; for many years ago, while strolling in her father's garden, she had heard gentle Voices in the air, urging her to liberate France from its peril; and these Voices, never since quite forsaking her, had lately come oftener and spoken more earnestly. She left her native hamlet of Domrémy for Vaucouleurs,† where she so importuned the governor Baudricourt that he sent her on to Charles at Chinon.‡ After some hesitation the Dauphin accepted the assistance of this maiden, who was none other than the famous Joan of Arc, otherwise called La Pucelle. Lance in hand and head unhelmed, she rode in gleaming white armour on a coal-black horse. Thus she journeyed to Orleans with soldiers, victuals, and **1429** artillery; and, passing the carelessly guarded English lines by night in a thunderstorm, appeared among the glad and weeping people like the spirit of Hope in woman's guise. The English then fought as if a blight had fallen on their arms; the besieged, as they had never fought before. But she did more than rekindle courage in drooping hearts: her very presence spread a purifying influence among the rough and often brutal

* Salted fish formed the principal item in the rations of the English soldier at this period.

† Vaucouleurs, a town on the Meuse in the department of Meuse.

‡ Chinon, twenty-eight miles south-west of Tours.

soldiers in the town. In nine days she drove the English from the walls which they had been battering for nearly seven months. On the 7th of May, a vigorous dash of the besieged, headed by Joan and her banner, assaulted the *Tournelles*. An arrow hit her between the shoulder and the neck. She fell, but was carried off, and soon revived. When the English soldiers, with scarcely an arrow or a grain of powder left, saw the Witch, as they used to call her, rising in this way from the dead, and dashing towards the wall, they dropped their points and fled. Over the mended bridge Joan, mistress of the *Tournelles*, re-entered the city, whose steeples rocked with rejoicing bells. When the red glare of the bonfires, which blazed all night in the streets, gave place to the gray dawn, the smoke of burning batteries was seen rising from the English lines; and the May sun rose on long rows of spears and banners receding sullenly from the scene of their discomfiture.

Brief but brilliant was the path of this girl, who shines in history like a comet, not like a steady star. She took the castle of Jargeau;* she defeated and captured Lord Talbot at Patay.† She frightened Troyes into capitulation. Then she accomplished her patriotic mission by beholding Charles invested at Rheims with the crown and sceptre of the Capets. That event took place on the 17th of July 1429, little more than two months after the siege of Orleans was raised. But from that day fortune forsook Joan. She failed in an attack on Paris. The winter went by. Spring saw her in the field of Lagny,‡ victorious for the last time. A fatal disaster then came. Defending the city of Compiègne against the Burgundians, she made a sortie which failed, and in her retreat, before she had time to cross the drawbridge, an archer caught her skirt and pulled her—a captive—from her horse (May 23, 1430).

Her after-treatment is a lasting stain on the English name.

* *Jargeau* is on the Loire, eleven miles east of Orleans.

† *Patay* is a small town, fifteen miles north-west of Orleans.

‡ *Lagny* lies on the Marne, ten miles south-west of Meaux.

Sold by her captors to the creatures of the English government, she attempted to escape their horrid vengeance by leaping from the top of a tower in Beauvoir Castle ; but the fall only stunned her for a time. After some changes, she found herself chained in an iron cage within the great tower of Rouen, and watched with sleepless care by English guards, who treated her shamefully. Resolved that she should feed the flames, her jailers treated her as a doomed heretic and a sorceress long before she was even brought to trial. That trial was a mockery. All attempts to make her sign a paper, abjuring what her tormentors called her crimes, met with signal failure. The fire soon roared for its prey in the old market-place of Rouen, where her statue now stands ; and with shrieks and groans, yet with no word implying distrust in the truth of the Voices that had called her from her father's hut, but uttering with her last sigh the name of Jesus, this true heroine perished at the stake.

May 30,
1431

In vain young Henry the Sixth received the crown of France at Notre Dame. The days of that French bubble, blown by Edward the Third and distended by the victory of Agincourt, were numbered. Bedford, having buried his wife, a sister of the Duke of Burgundy, consoled himself a few months afterwards by marrying Jacquetta of Luxemburg. This gave offence to Burgundy, who made advances to the Dauphin Charles. A magnificent congress, containing representatives from all the great states in Europe, assembled at Arras* to arrange the affairs of France. Beaufort, now a cardinal, was the leading English statesman present. The feeling of the congress was so evidently adverse to England that Beaufort retired in disgust. Burgundy and Charles were reconciled ; and a treaty, consecrated with many religious ceremonies, cemented their union. Before the assembly dispersed, Bedford had died at Rouen ; and in his grave lay

1435

* Arras, the old capital of Artois on the Scarpe, forty-two miles north-east of Amiens.

buried every hope of rebuilding the tottering fabric of English power in France.

In the meantime Gloucester's influence had declined in England. The coronation of the young king in 1429, at Beaufort's instance, had taken from him the office and prestige of the protectorship. Gloucester and his party resented this deeply, and strove hard to deprive Beaufort of his mitre, and to convict him of having violated the statute of *Præmunire*. Beaufort, rooted as if on a rock, bore every charge unshaken; yet he thought it wise to secure himself against contingencies by obtaining two Acts of Parliament in his defence. So the strife went on.

The marriage of King Henry with Margaret of Anjou, which took place in 1445, certainly won for England a spirited and gallant queen, but it gave the last blow to the English empire beyond Dover Strait. The father of this princess, René, titular King of Sicily and Jerusalem, demanded Maine and Anjou back from the English as a price for his daughter's hand. Suffolk gave them, and Beaufort allowed them to go. They were the keys of Normandy, soon to be used with decisive effect. Before narrating the consequences of this gift, which excited deep indignation in England, let us glance back at the events which followed the Congress of Arras.

In 1436 Paris opened its gates and gave up to Charles its feeble English garrison. But one sword—that of stout old Talbot—gleamed with the true English fire. What could one sword, however sharp, do to save a fallen ruin? Even the blunder of Duke Philip, who led a Burgundian force to attack Calais, and fell back in dismay on seeing English sails gleam white upon the sea, availed little to stem the strong rush of events which was sweeping the English out of France. Nor did the recapture of Harfleur in 1439 by Talbot prove more than a momentary check.

The bride-queen and the Marquis of Suffolk, who had chiefly made the match, united in overthrowing Gloucester, who had

always possessed in a remarkable degree the affections of the English people. Good Duke Humphrey, as he was popularly called, disliked the French marriage, and took no pains to conceal his dislike. In a parliament held at Bury St. Edmunds (February 1447) he was charged with treason. **1447** A few days afterwards, he was found dead in his bed there. It was commonly believed among his partisans that he died a death of violence. Beaufort, who had retired to Winchester to dream at the age of eighty of the tiara which had been his guiding-star in later life, died in his palace at Walvesey exactly six weeks after his distinguished rival, leaving most of his money for charitable purposes.

York, Suffolk, and Shrewsbury (Talbot) were then left to play the leading parts in the English drama. Of York we shall hear again. That he succeeded Bedford as Regent of France, and was afterwards Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, are the only facts about him which need be stated now. Suffolk maintained the policy of the queen amid the execrations of the English people, until vengeance overtook him. He was impeached in 1450, on charges which accused him of betraying the interests **1450** of his country to the French; and by the weak king was banished from the empire for five years. But some men in England vowed that the "queen's darling" should not get off with life. He sailed from Ipswich, and had reached the Strait of Dover, when a huge war-ship, *Nicholas of the Tower*, stopped his little craft and took him on board. The *Nicholas* then cruised about, until on the third day a little boat came off with a headsman and his axe. Suffolk was then beheaded by order of the Constable of the Tower.

Of all the English soldiers nurtured by this hundred years' struggle in France—men of the same stamp as Edward the Black Prince and gallant John Chandos—the last, and one of the most gallant, was John Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury. Let us linger a little over his valorous deeds.

The English regent, Somerset, who succeeded York in the command in France in 1444, helplessly saw a great muster of French troops in Maine, bent on the conquest of Normandy. Alleging a broken truce, they crossed the frontier and swept on victoriously to Rouen, within whose walls they had many friends. The walls were betrayed by their sentinels. A flash of heroism on the part of Talbot displayed his brilliant valour, but could not save the place. Rushing with lightning speed to the place between two towers of the wall where already the French soldiery were swarming thick, he threw the whole mass of climbing foes and traitor watchmen in a mingled mass of dead and living headlong into the ditch. But the citizens opened the gates; the garrison fled to the citadel, which gave in on the 4th of November 1449. In August of the following year, the fall of Cherbourg left England without a castle in Normandy.

Guienne saw the last of Talbot. Writhing with discontent under the government of Charles, the people of that southern province recalled the English. Talbot went, and took Bordeaux. The French, soon mustering strong, laid siege to Châtillon.* There it was that Shrewsbury laid down his heroic sword. Riding on a little pony to the relief of the town, he had almost driven the French from the trenches, when a culverin bullet struck his horse down, and some dastard stabbed the fallen and encumbered veteran. This death-blow fell in July 1453. Hunger forced the defenders of Bordeaux to capitulate in October. Calais alone now remained of all the wide possessions of the English in France.

Crecy and Agincourt played no unimportant part in consolidating the English nation. Yet it was well for England that her dream of an empire in France was shattered. Her kings and statesmen then turned their energies toward the building up of the insular kingdom in strength and freedom.

* *Châtillon*, or *Castillon*, lies in the department of Gironde on the right bank of the Dordogne, twenty-five miles east of Bordeaux.

CHAPTER XX.

LONDON WHEN WHITINGTON WAS MAYOR.

Whittington made Mayor—His princely gifts—The city wall and gates—The river and the bridge—The chief streets—Old St. Paul's—Guildhall—The friars—Westminster—The markets—A street scene—House on fire—Amusements—The taverns—The Tun.

EVERY child is familiar with the name of Richard Whittington. How he sat on a stone at Highgate listening to the prophetic music of Bow Bells; and how a cat,* which he had nurtured from kittenhood, laid the foundation of a magnificent fortune, and enabled him to realize the dreams of an unhappy youth, need not be here described. But it may be well to bring out something of the character of the man as history paints him, ranking among the most illustrious in the land.

Richard Whittington, the son of Sir William Whittington, Knight, was elected Lord Mayor of London† for the first time in 1397. A great honour, indeed, it was to fill the highest civic chair in England at that time; for London even then vibrated

* The cat, which plays so prominent a part in the nursery tale, is explained by a reference to the coal-carrying *cat* of Newcastle. In a print by Elstrucke of Whittington as mayor, a cat stands beside the figure. In some impressions a skull fills the place of the cat. (See Timbs's *Curiosities of London*, which furnishes many antiquarian facts about the capital.)

† Henry Fitz-Elwyne was the first *Mayor* of London. He held the office for twenty-five years (1189-1214). The civic representative of the king was called, immediately after the Norman Conquest, the *Portgrave*, *Portgreve*, or *Portreeve*—a name borrowed from the Saxon *Port-gerefa*. The charter of Henry I. calls the same official *Justiciar*. The second charter of Henry III. first uses the French name, *Mayor*. In 1285, a difficulty having arisen, the mayor resigned, and the king appointed a knight to be *Warden* of the city.

with life, and brimmed over with commercial wealth. On the usual day—the feast of St. Simon and St. Jude (October 28th)—having been already selected by the aldermen out of two chosen by the deputed commons, he went to Guildhall about ten “by the bell,” where, amid a crowd of aldermen in violet robes, he took the seat vacated by Adam Bamme, the outgoing mayor, and made oath on the sacred book to fulfil the duties of his new office. Next day, a gay procession rode at nine o’clock through Chepe, out by Newgate, and so along Fleet Street and the Strand to Westminster, where an oath similar to that of the previous day was taken before the Barons of the Exchequer. Dinner over, there was a grand gathering in the Church of St. Thomas de Acon,* preparatory to a religious service in St. Paul’s. Returning through the market of Chepe by torchlight, the mayor and his satellites dropped a penny each into the coffers of St. Thomas.

Richard Whittington belonged to the Mercers’ Company. A massive house of oak and chestnut frames, having stone chimneys on the ground floor, and an outside stair of considerable jut, stood until 1805 in Sweedon’s Passage, Grub Street.† In this the eminent mercer is thought to have lived.‡ Three times he held the office of Lord Mayor—in 1397, in 1406, and in 1419. During his second mayoralty he advanced £1,000 to the king upon the security of subsidies on wool, hides, and wool-fels—that is, sheepskins with the wool on. This proved his wealth, but not his generosity. Seldom, however, has a king been so magnificently dealt with as was Henry the Fifth by this merchant-prince, then grown old in the enjoyment of civic honour

* Thomas Becket, to whose influence the taking of Acre or Accho was popularly ascribed.

† *Grub Street, Cripple-gate*, is now called Milton Street, in honour, not of the poet, but of a decent builder, who took the street on lease. It was at first a street filled with archery business; but afterwards, especially after the publication of the *Dunciad*, came to be associated with the dress of the literary profession, who thronged the cellars and garrets of it and its numerous branching alleys.

‡ Another building, in a court off Hart Street, Mark Lane, used to be styled “Whittington’s Palace.”

and influence. Inviting the king and queen to a splendid banquet at Guildhall, he rose in the height of the revelry, and flung the royal bonds for £60,000 into the flames of some burning spice-wood.

The rebuilding of Newgate, and St. Michael's, Paternoster Row; some additions to Guildhall and St. Bartholomew's; the Library of Christ's Hospital; and especially an Almshouse, now represented by a building near Highgate Archway, were among his architectural gifts to the city that Whittington loved to honour. Under a marble tomb, with banners, in the Church of St. Michael which has just been named, his remains were laid. Church and tomb both perished in the Great Fire of 1666.

The London over which Whittington presided thrice deserves our special study, if we would enter thoroughly into the spirit of our medieval history. Some of the great landmarks which then guided men through the devious city-ways are still recalled by massive structures with the same name standing on the same spot, or enshrining in modern masonry some precious fragment of the old place.

A wall twenty-two feet high, built chiefly of green sandstone and flints, and studded with various towers of nearly double that height, ran from the Tower in an irregular semicircle of more than two miles to the mouth of the Fleet Ditch. Another turreted rampart, broken, however, by many wharfs, lined the north bank of the Thames between these points, completing the fortification of the city. Eight gates pierced this wall. A postern gate at the Tower, and *Aldgate*, some distance north, opened towards the east. *Bishopsgate*, guarded by the merchants of the Hanseatic Guild—*Moorgate*, where the city moat, often dry and bramble-grown, spread into a swamp—*Cripplegate*, where lameters flocked to touch the relics of St. Edmund—and *Aldersgate*, whence ran the great road to St. Albans—formed the four outlets of the north wall; while *Newgate*, leading to the grassy banks of the Old Burn (Holborn) and the terrible trees of

Tyburn, and *Ludgate*, which opened into Fleet Street, faced the west. These gates were arched over, and had rooms above, used often for the custody of prisoners. Newgate, a work dating from the twelfth century, served as a jail in King John's time.

The Thames in Whittington's time, though certainly not stainless, was tolerably pure and clean. The authorities allowed no refuse to be thrown into the stream, and forbade all bathing near the Tower. Citizens of sporting tendencies used to go down of an afternoon to fish at Queenhythe—an act which the dwellers in Upper Thames Street would now regard as an undoubted proof of lunacy. Vessels of different kinds—the highship with bulwarks, the boat with bails or hoops nailed over to support an awning, the skiff with oarlocks—passing under or through the drawbridge which formed the central part of Old London Bridge, came up to pay their customs and discharge their cargoes at Hythe. Nothing strikes us more, in looking at the life of this time, than the enormous quantity of fish, salted and fresh, consumed in Old England. At Queenhythe and at Billingsgate, a landing-place below the bridge, fishing-boats swarmed thick; and their dabs, mackerel, melwels (codling), herrings, conger, chopped porpoise, salmon from Scotland, lampreys from Nantes, oysters, whelks, mussels, and barrelled sturgeon from the Baltic Sea were consumed in countless shoals by the dwellers in Chepe and Dowgate. The solitary bridge that led from the city to Southwark, formed in those times a key to the possession of both. Wat Tyler and Jack Cade both knew its value in this respect. Begun in 1176, and completed in 1209, Old London Bridge was the first stone structure on its site. It lingered through a famous existence of more than six centuries, and perished in 1832 of old age and new-fangled architectural ideas. Its nineteen pointed arches—its drawbridge in the middle—its gatehouse at each end, where the heads of convicts rotted in the sun—its pretty Gothic shrine, sacred to St. Thomas of Canterbury, near the middle—its rows of houses

on each side—its broad central space, on which knights once jousted in glittering lists—and the natural fringe of wild London rocket, whose yellow blossoms and pointed leaves strove tenderly to conceal the ravages of time in its stately stone-work, all combined to make Old London Bridge one of the most romantic structures associated with London life in former days.

A stranger, entering the city by Aldgate and passing along Leadenhall Street, would come upon the din and bustle of *Cheapside*,* which then formed the principal business street of London. Lombard Street, in which the money-changers have firmly rooted themselves ever since the expulsion of the Jews, branches from its eastern end. Tower Street and Eastcheap, noted for its taverns, formed a lower and parallel line. The plan of the city, based on the nature of its slopes between the two hills on which stood St. Paul's and the Tower, was thus extremely simple—its main streets running parallel to the Thames, and crossed and connected by minor streets at right angles to the river. Beyond the walls, to the west, Fleet Street and the Strand, dotted with pleasant villas whose gardens fringed the stream, formed a continuous line of connection between London and Westminster.

Across the gentle hollow through which the Wallbrook ran down to the Thames, and in which most of the city lay, rose the lofty steeple of Old St. Paul's with its glittering eagle of gilded copper. Within this splendid structure of Caen stone, begun in the reign of Rufus by Bishop Maurice, all that taste could invent, or that gold could buy, was lavished on aisle and altar. Close by the church stood a tall cross of sculptured granite, which had already no doubt become a noted rallying-place for the citizens.

When Whittington first wore the robes of mayor, the civic courts were held in an "old little cottage in Aldermanberie Street;" but in 1410 a worthy grocer who had climbed to the

* *Cheapside*, from Old English *ceapan*, to buy; whence also *cheap*.

civic chair began the building of "a faire and goodly house, more neare unto Saint Laurence Church in the Jurie." After Richard was dead, some of his money went to pave the Great Hall with Purbeck stone, and to glaze some of the windows. Of this building the walls still stand firm and strong. When the Great Fire wrapped its red folds around the structure, everything perished but these solid walls, which stood glowing in the blaze "like a colossal palace of gold."

Religious institutions occupied a very important position in medieval London. Troops of friars—Black, White, and Gray—settled in the pleasantest spots they could secure, and many names on the modern map of London remind us of the districts in which they told their beads and grew fat. Within the south-western angle of the city wall, close to the Thames, the Dominicans or Black Friars had their monastery and their church. The Carmelites or White Friars settled between Fleet Street and the Thames. The Gray Friars dwelt near Newgate. The magnificent buildings by the Thames, once occupied by the rich and dissolute Templars, had by that time become the abode of studious lawyers, who found the position of the Temple both pleasant and convenient. The old Charterhouse School (now the Merchant Taylors') reminds us of the site where stood the house of the Carthusians; but no order possessed a more delightful dwelling than the Knights of St. John, whose priory, nestling in rich woodland, lay at Clerkenwell, a mile beyond the north-western angle of the wall.

The founding of a Saxon church to St. Peter on an island in the Thames began the abbey and city of Westminster, which took its name from the position of its nucleus with regard to St. Paul's. The famous abbey and no less famous hall stand about two miles west of the city of London, from which luxuriant gardens and orchards once separated them. Though its part in the tragedies of English history had scarcely yet begun, the splendour and grandeur of the Abbey Church, with its clustering

host of satellites—bell-towers, chapels, and almonries—exceeded all our modern notions of ecclesiastical pomp.

Let us try to picture a day's life in that old London whose landmarks, as seen by Whittington, have been described. When the bell of St. Paul's began at six o'clock to ring the hour of Prime, the markets woke into the active bustle of business. At Queenhythe and at Billingsgate boats with fresh fish and vessels with foreign merchandise paid their customs, and landed what they bore. The wharfs groaned under quarters of sea-coal, coombs of corn, trussels of leather, karks of nuts, codas of sulphur, karres of lead, ciphes of salt, stockfish from Pruz (Prussia), and a thousand other things the names of which sound strange to modern ears. First to the markets, before Prime rang, came the stewards and cooks of the people of quality, who by civic law had the pick of the poultry, fish, fruit, and other delicacies exposed for sale. No poor hawker or monger durst fill his little basket until the great substantial men had provided their dinners for the day. The hour of Tierce—eight in the morning—saw the markets pretty well cleared of all their perishable stuff. The tide of traffic was then flowing, full-stream, in Chepe and Cornhill. There the booths stood with their wares displayed in full view of every lounging. Velvets and silks for courtly dress, long-cloth dyed deep blue with woad, homespun goods and yarns, lay piled in rows to tempt the gallant as he swaggered by with his cropped head and monster sleeves, or the simple country maiden who had jolted that morning in her father's cart from Celtic Islington, in company with a pile of the cheeses for which that hamlet was famed. Passing along the narrow straggling streets, the upper stories of whose timbered houses jutted over the path below, one might see, through the openings in the booths and stalls, workmen of various kinds and obsolete names busily plying their crafts. Venders of "hot peascods," "strawberry ripe," "cherries in the rise," mackerel, oysters, and other perishable delicacies, stood

out on the street between the kennels, deafening the ear with their mingled clamours. Through the din of these scenes trudged the ballad-singer. Suddenly a crowd appears round the corner of the street. A poor wretch, condemned for selling a rotten partridge, or for gambling with false dice, comes past on a hurdle bound for the pillory. Every booth and stall sends out its little group of starers, although the thing often happens many times a day. Every eye has followed the crowd, until it can be seen no more, when a startling cry strikes through the row of loungers. From the projecting upper room of an armourer's house comes the cry of "Fire!"—frightful always, but trebly so in a city built of wood and chiefly roofed with stubble, dry as tinder. In defiance of express law a fire has been lighted in a grate standing close to a lath partition, which, of course, has soon burst into a blaze. The bedel sounds long roaring blasts on his horn. The neighbours rush bare-armed to the scene; for one house fairly on fire in medieval London meant a whole street or many streets laid in ashes. Thanks to the ever-ready barrel of water, which stands in summer before every door, and the ladder which leans beside it, the fire is got under before it has done much damage. Had the walls of the house—a newly built one—not been of stone raised sixteen feet above the ground, and had its roof not been of tiles, hundreds would have slept that night without a roof to cover them.

The Londoner in these times took care to amuse himself. School-boys on Shrove Tuesday turned the class-room into a cock-pit. When there was ice on the city moat or the swamp of Moorditch, skates of bone carried rejoicing crowds in swift curves over the surface. There were city tiltings, and boat-jousts on the summer stream. On many a fine afternoon archery practice was laid aside, and a gay stream went flowing southward over London Bridge to witness the bear baiting and bull-baiting in the Southwark Rings.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE KINGMAKER.

A war of nobles—Cade's rebellion—The protectorship—St. Albans—The Kingmaker—Four years' pause—Northampton—Wakefield—Mortimer's Cross—Edward king—Towton—The private marriage—The great quarrel—Warwick in exile—Edward's turn—Barnet Heath—Pecquigny—Edward's death.

WE must now shut our thoughts up almost entirely in England for half a century. The country, just freed from the exhaustion of a great French war, was plunging into the War of the Roses—so called from the emblems chosen by the rival houses, the Lancastrians wearing a red and the Yorkists a white rose. The peculiarity of that great civil war lies in the fact that it was essentially a war of nobles, in which the great bulk of the English people had little interest and took little part. The strength of Lancaster lay with the northern barons and the High Church party; York was supported by the reformers in Church and State, and by the trading cities of the south. The peasantry took little part in the struggle. Except where the desolating blight of actual battle fell, they gathered their harvests as usual. Among them, however, a great work was silently going on, of deeper national and human moment than the fate of a crown or the ascendancy of a certain line. *Villénage*—in other words, *slavery*—was perishing on English soil.

The abortive rebellion of Jack Cade (1450) formed a short

prelude to the bloody drama, the first act of which began five years later. This Irish soldier, assuming the princely name of Mortimer—perhaps with the connivance of the Duke of York—marched through Kent at the head of a clamorous mob. He entered London, lost the bridge in conflict with the citizens, saw his motley following melt into fugitive groups, and being closely pursued into Sussex, was slain there in an orchard by an esquire named Iden.

If Cade's rising was encouraged by York in order to feel the pulse of the nation's loyalty, the result must have been disappointing. Three years later his opportunity came. Henry fell into a state of dull insanity, and it became necessary to give the reins of power to some strong hand, fit to guide the destinies of England. Two men sprang out at once to contend for the protectorship. These were Edmund Duke of Somerset and Richard Duke of York; the former backed by the influence of Queen Margaret, the latter supported by some of the most powerful nobles in the land. York received from Parliament the great position which he sought, and Somerset was sent to the Tower and deprived of all his offices. A lucid interval enabled Henry once more to take the sceptre in his feeble hand. York went out of office, and Somerset out of prison. This began the war.

Ludlow Castle* was the nest of the Yorkist rising. Norfolk, Salisbury, and, a greater than either, the Earl of Warwick, whose figure stands out most prominently in this great battle-piece, flocked thither with their men-at-arms, ready to strike for the cause of the late protector. St. Albans† saw the first blood drawn. Surrounding this little town one summer day,
May 23,
1455 a band of three thousand Yorkists, chiefly from Wales and the adjoining marches, clamoured for the possession of Somerset, who was within the walls with the king. Refusal

* *Ludlow Castle* in Shropshire, where the Corve and Teme join, twenty-five miles south by east of Shrewsbury.

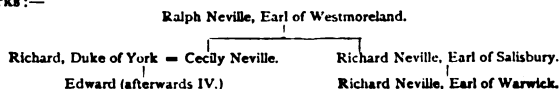
† *St. Albans*, a market-town of Hertfordshire by the Ver or Muse. It is close to the site of the Roman *Verulamium*.

brought the enemy into the streets, which they swept with a shower of arrows. Henry, wounded in the neck, cowered in a tanner's house, until York discovered him and made him captive. Somerset was slain. To Warwick chiefly the victory was due, for his military eye detected a weak point, and his dashing valour forced a way into the town.

Richard Neville, known in history as the Kingmaker, was probably then about thirty-five years of age, in the full prime of life and vigour. His father was Earl of Salisbury; his wife was Anne Beauchamp, daughter and heiress of the Earl of Warwick; and with her he had obtained in 1449 the estates of that illustrious family—a piece of good luck which caused his elevation to the great earldom. He was a first cousin of Edward, afterwards fourth king of that name.* While known only as the Lord Richard Neville he had fought in Scotland. His brilliant valour and profuse generosity of character dazzled the eyes and won the hearts of all. His boundless hospitality, added to his great family connections, so strengthened his hands that he became the foremost noble of his time in England.

The immediate results of the first battle of St. Albans were the return of the king's illness, the elevation of York again to the protectorship, the appointment of Salisbury as chancellor, and of Warwick as governor of Calais—then the most honourable military command at the disposal of England. Four years passed without actual bloodshed, but intriguing of course went on incessantly. An attempt to assassinate Warwick in London in 1458 drove the Yorkists once more to arms. They were quickly dispersed. Warwick was attainted, withdrew to Calais, and supported himself and his followers by piratical warfare in the Channel.

* The following branch will help to show the family connection between Warwick and the Yorks:—



The war broke out in earnest in 1459, when at Bloreheath* the victorious Salisbury, wearing a white rose in his helmet, left a field strewn with dead Lancastrians. The rivals fronted each other at Ludlow a little later in the autumn of the

1459 same year; but as one of Warwick's officers, Sir Andrew Trollope, had deserted with most of the Calais men, there was nothing left for York but flight. He went to Ireland, where his former genial rule had made his cause dear to the people. That was a serious check, but not a lasting one. Warwick, the darling of both soldiers and seamen, landed in Kent on the 5th of June 1460; and, thirty-five days later, fought the great battle of Northampton. Under a rain

July 10, so heavy that the royal cannon could not be fired, the

1460 strong earth-banks of the Lancastrian camp were scaled by the Yorkists, who drove the routed foe into the swollen Nen. Many nobles perished. Henry of Somerset got away. So did Margaret and her little son, who found shelter first in Wales and then in Scotland. Poor Henry, left to his fate, sat lonely in his tent, until his new masters came and conducted him on horseback to London.

So far the protectorship had been the apple of discord. York now stretched out his hand toward the crown, and in the House of Lords at Westminster formally claimed it, amid the plaudits of the assembled peers. His claim† rested on his descent from Lionel, an older son of Edward the Third than was John of Gaunt. After discussion and argument the Lords decreed that Henry should wear the crown for life, but that it should then go to York or to his heir. An Act of Settlement to that effect was passed. Margaret, who with many faults had the heart of a lioness, roused her northern friends in behalf of her disinherited son. Swords leaped from their scabbards at her call. York, who was keeping Christmas in his castle at Sendal, rashly

* *Bloreheath*, in Staffordshire, near the Dove, three and a half miles north-west of Ashborne.

† *York's claim*. See Genealogical Table, p. 254.



PLACES OF INTEREST.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1455. St. Albans (Herts). | 1461. Towton (Yorkshire). |
| 1459. Bloreheath—Ludlow. | 1464 Hedgeley Moor (Northumb.). |
| 1460. Northampton. | " Hexham (Northumb.). |
| " Wakefield Green (Yorkshire). | 1471. Ravenspur (Yorkshire). |
| 1461. Mortimer's Cross (Herefordshire). | " Barnet (Middlesex). |
| " St. Albans (Herts). | " Tewkesbury (Gloucester). |
| | 1485. Bosworth-field (Leicester). |

courted a battle with her partisans at Wakefield.* He was defeated in half an hour, and was put to death with many indignities (December 30, 1460). Salisbury was beheaded next day; and the heads of both the dukes, encircled with paper crowns, were stuck upon the gateway of York.

The father who fell at Wakefield left a gallant son to wear the crown he had claimed. So bland and handsome was this young Edward, formerly Earl of March and now Duke of York, that no one could resist his charms of face and manner. Though only nineteen, he wielded a weighty sword, which smote his

opponents so heavily in the battle of Mortimer's Cross,†
Feb. 2, 1461 that it placed the crown of England within his grasp.

Even the defeat of Warwick by the queen at St. Albans, a fortnight later, failed to raise the fallen stem of the Red Rose. Henry, indeed, exchanged imprisonment for freedom, and was not sorry to be relieved of a crown which had never fitted well. But Margaret and the boy for whom she plotted so hard and perilled so much had no resource but to fall back on the friendly north. Edward, going triumphantly to London, took up the sceptre amid the huzzas of citizens and nobles (March 3, 1461).

Within the same month was fought the bloodiest battle of all the twelve that redden the story of the war. Bent on recovering, if possible, by one convulsive effort the kingdom that had just slipped from her husband's fingers, Margaret caused her

captains to face the foe at Towton,‡ eight miles from
Mar. 29, 1461 York. Sixty thousand soldiers followed her banner under the command of Somerset and Northumberland.

To these were opposed almost fifty thousand adherents of the White Rose, the main body under Warwick. The arrows be-

* *Wakefield* (anciently *Wacheheld*), a town on the Calder in the West Riding of Yorkshire. The battle was fought at Sendal Castle, two miles to the south.

† *Mortimer's Cross*, in Herefordshire on the Lugg, five and a half miles north-west of Leominster.

‡ *Towton*. The battle was fought on a heath between the villages of Towton and Saxton, three miles south of Tadcaster.

gan to fly about four o'clock in the afternoon. Snow was then driving in the face of the Lancastrians, who, blinded by the flakes, shot short of the opposing lines. Darkness fell on the armies locked in deadly fight; dawn broke upon their gapped and ghastly ranks still slaughtering and sinking in the deepening snow. How the terrible struggle might otherwise have closed none can say; but a fresh body of Yorkists, coming up at noon under the Duke of Norfolk, decided the day in favour of Edward. Such a slaughter had never piled an English battlefield before; for more than thirty thousand dead, including the Earl of Northumberland, and many others of noble blood, were left among the snow. Margaret, bent but not broken by this cruel blow, carried her unhappy husband away to Scotland. Edward returned to London, and was crowned by the Archbishop of Canterbury. His brother George was made Duke of Clarence, and his brother Richard, Duke of Gloucester.

Three years passed without a battle, but not without bloodshed, for many noble Lancastrians died on the scaffold. By-and-by some of the leading Lancastrians submitted to Edward; others went abroad. The cause of the Red Rose seemed hopeless; but there was one brave heart that never failed. The ever-active Margaret left no resource untried to restore the fallen fortunes of her son—of her husband she made small account. When she thought herself sufficiently strengthened with money from Burgundy and troops from Scotland, she measured her new levies with Edward's men once more. Ill luck still pursued her. Lord Montague, Warwick's brother, scattered a large division of her army on **1464** Hedgeley Moor* (April 25), and then, falling on the main body at Hexham,† he broke it with a sudden charge (May 15). Henry lurked about the borders of the Lake country, until, nearly a year after the fight of Hexham, he was seized,

* *Hedgeley Moor*, in Northumberland, eight miles west-north-west of Alnwick.

† *Hexham*, a market-town upon the Tyne, twenty miles west of Newcastle.

while sitting at dinner in Waddington Hall in Yorkshire, and was carried to the Tower of London. Warwick, meeting him at Islington, caused his feet to be bound to his stirrups with thongs. It was an act of needless brutality.

Edward meanwhile scattered his favours with an unsparing hand, winning the hearts of the citizens by his frank manner. All seemed fair and bright in his prospects, when a cloud began to rise which speedily overshadowed the throne. That was due to Edward's secret marriage with Lady Elizabeth Grey, widow of Sir John Grey, a Lancastrian, and daughter of Sir Richard Woodville, who was afterwards created Earl Rivers. Out of this marriage (which the king avowed in the end of 1464) grew a rupture with Warwick. The Greys and the Woodvilles, crowding round their royal relative, began to poach on manors long preserved by the great family of the Nevilles. A young lady of considerable fortune was aimed at simultaneously by Warwick and by the queen. Warwick sought her for his nephew; Elizabeth for her son, Sir Richard Grey. To

Warwick's disgust, the queen bore off the prize. Another marriage widened the breach. The Duke of Clarence, Edward's brother, and then heir-apparent to the throne, married Isabella, the daughter of Warwick. This bound Clarence and Warwick together very closely, and they plotted against the king.

Soon afterwards a cloud of insurgents swarmed out of Yorkshire toward the south, bent on crushing the relations of the queen. There is little doubt that Warwick's hand was pulling the strings in this movement; at any rate the destruction of the Grey and Woodville party formed the dearest wish of his heart. A royal army fled before the rebels at Edgecote;* Earl Rivers and Sir John Woodville, the father and the brother of the queen, lost their heads at Northampton; and Warwick found himself the jailer of King Edward, made captive near

* *Edgecote*, in Northamptonshire, six miles from Banbury.

Coventry. A hollow reconciliation followed. Edward regained his freedom, and crushed a Lincolnshire rising on the field of Erpingham,* and denounced Clarence and Warwick as traitors. Clarence and Warwick sailed to Calais, but being refused admission, landed at Harfleur, and received a hearty welcome from the Admiral of France.

Louis the Eleventh, a crafty intriguer, set himself, through fear of an English invasion, to the difficult task of binding Margaret of Anjou to the powerful earl who had dethroned her husband and exiled herself and her son. The trickery of Louis brought about a rather startling marriage between Margaret's son, Prince Edward, and Warwick's daughter Anne, and also managed to bend the haughty soul of Margaret to a compact with one formerly her bitter foe. Edward had a friend in the Duke of Burgundy, who sent him news of every move that Warwick made; but so secure did the English king think himself in the possession of the throne his sword had won, that he neglected to take the common precaution of watching **1470** the seas over which the expected invasion was to come.

They landed near Plymouth (Sept. 13); and in less than a month thereafter Edward fled to Lynn and sailed for Flanders.

This sudden turn in the fortunes of the English crown raised Henry from a cell in the Tower once more to an uneasy mockery of kingship. In March, Edward landed at Ravenspur, and met an army under Warwick and Clarence near Coventry; and a battle seemed imminent. But Clarence and his men, suddenly changing the colour of the rose they wore, carried their pennons into the ranks of the invader—an unexpected blow, which made Warwick shrink away from an encounter in that place. There was then nothing to keep Edward from seizing London, which he did amid great civic rejoicings. The decisive fight, postponed merely, not abandoned, came off at Barnet, eleven miles from London. The offered mediation of

* *Erpingham*, the scene of this battle, was in Rutlandshire.

Clarence met from Warwick the treatment it deserved—contemptuous rejection. Beginning before dawn on Easter
April 14, Sunday morning, the battle raged till ten, a thick mist
1471 wrapping the common during the whole time. Edward's victory was complete, Warwick and his brother Montague being among the slain. Such was the end of the King-maker—the man with whom feudalism died, and whose sharp sword had quelled so many valiant foes.

Margaret and Prince Edward landed at Weymouth on the very day of Barnet. Twenty days later, her army was
May 4 scattered at Tewkesbury* by the Yorkist king and his brothers. Then, too, brave Margaret found her occupation gone; for the son she loved so well, and for whom she had fought so desperately, died in the victor's tent, first smitten on the mouth by the gauntleted fist of Edward, and then pierced with swords, probably those of Clarence and Gloucester. Henry was found dead in the Tower a few hours after the slayer of his son entered London in triumph. His wife lingered for five years in English prisons, and then, through the bounty of Louis the Eleventh, passed to her native land, where she died eleven years after the murder of her son.

A sham war with France, ending in the gold-bought treaty of Pecquigny † (1475), and the murder of Edward's brother Clarence, formed the most notable features in the last eleven years of his reign. The king never forgave Clarence for his alliance with Warwick, and Clarence was so imprudent as to blame the king in public for killing one of his friends
1478 as a worker of magic. Found guilty by the Lords of necromancy and treason, the duke passed into the Tower, whence he never came alive. The common story of his being drowned in a cask of wine may possibly be true. Edward died in 1483.

* *Tewkesbury*, in Gloucestershire, on the Upper Avon, ten miles from Gloucester. The battle was fought in Bloody Meadow, half a mile to the south.

† *Pecquigny*, or *Piequigny*, a village on the Somme, nine miles from Amiens.

CHAPTER XXII.

WILLIAM CAXTON.

Caxton's early life—Rise of printing—The *History of Troy*—
The Almonry—Caxton's successors.

THE name of William Caxton is associated with an event, the greatest not merely in the reign of Edward the Fourth, but in the whole medieval history of England—an event which, standing midway between the days of Wyclif and the days of Tyndale, displays, more clearly than any other landmark of our story, the sure yet silent approach of the Reformation dawn. In the year 1477, CAXTON SET UP A PRINTING-PRESS IN THE ALMONRY AT WESTMINSTER.

He was then probably sixty-four years of age. From a childhood spent in the Weald of Kent, he passed while yet a boy to learn a trade in London. There he spent many busy years, listening to the gossip of a mercer's shop, which was often thronged with buyers and sellers from abroad. Happily for England, Flanders attracted him strongly, and he crossed the sea.

At different places in the basin of the Rhine—especially in a forest at Haarlem, and in the vault of a deserted monastery at Strasburg—a new art was beginning to be practised, which excited but little attention for a few years, except in the way of arousing superstitious fears that the workmen had sold themselves to Satan. This we know to have been the common way of accounting, in the Middle Ages, for the possession of superior

knowledge or the power of inventing new machines. A man called Faust went to Paris with Bibles for sale, in which certain letters were red. He asked only a fraction of the usual price, and had at command in a little while new copies to replace those he sold. The legend of the devil and Dr. Faustus and the writing in blood grew as a matter of course from these things.

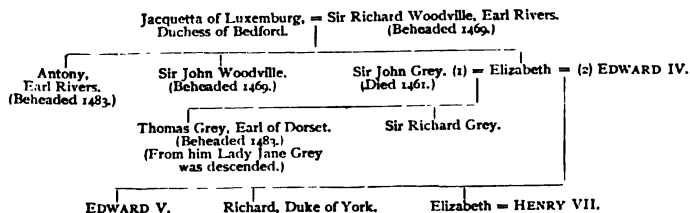
There were, however, a few men in Europe who penetrated the secret of these magical books. Caxton was one of them. He seems to have begun authorship before he knew anything of printing. Joining the household of the English bride who went over to Bruges in 1468 to share the coronet of Burgundy with Duke Charles, he resumed at the request of this lady a translation of a French *History of Troy*, which a touch of *ennui* had led him to begin. At Cologne he probably learned to print; and then in 1471 he brought out the book, which added a purer lustre to the year of Barnet Heath. It was the book he had written at Bruges—a translation into English of *Recueil des Histoires de Troye*, the work of Raoul le Fevre, Duke Philip's chaplain.

Six years afterwards he removed to Westminster, where he lived in a three-storied house called the Rede Pale, on the north side of the Almonry. There was published *The Dictes and Notable Wise Sayinges of the Philosophers*, translated from the French by Lord Rivers, his patron, and believed to have been the first-fruits of the transplanted press. Customers and sight-seers, no doubt, soon flocked to the workshop of the first English printer. Indeed, a placard in his largest type, inviting buyers to the Rede Pale, is still preserved in Brasenose College, Oxford. There his press clanked and his sheets were sent forth with the impress of the types for fourteen years. Edward died. The princes perished in the Tower, and Crookback fell on Bosworth Field. Still the hoary tradesman plied his useful task, little dreaming that the day would come when his name

would shine among those of the most illustrious of the land. Six years of the Tudor dynasty passed by, and then he died. His pen had seldom ceased to write for three-and-twenty years ; his press had seldom ceased to print for fourteen. Sixty-eight works, translated and original, evidenced the ripening power of his setting sun.

After Caxton's death in 1491, Wynkyn de Worde and Richard Pynson, both foreigners, and both assistants of our countryman in the Almonry, conducted the printing business in the English metropolis. Books became commoner, and the English people learned to read. With knowledge came light, and light led to freedom. Two things of which Britain is justly proud can be traced, in the main at least, to the old Scriptorium where Caxton erected his clumsy press ; and these are British Literature and British Liberty—both civil and religious. If, then, we measure Englishmen by the good they have done their land, what meed of praise shall be deemed enough for the mercer of the Kentish Weald ?

THE WOODVILLES.



CHAPTER XXIII.

BOSWORTH FIELD.

Gloucester's early life—When Edward died—Earl Rivers—Stony Stratford—Perils—Hastings killed—A sermon and a speech—The great charge—Buckingham's revolt—Dressed alike—The Benevolence—Milford Haven—Redmore Field—Not so very black.

RICHARD, Duke of Gloucester, whom his enemies sur-named Crookback, because one of his shoulders happened to rise a little higher than the other, was twenty-nine years of age when his brother Edward died. He was born in 1452, at Fotheringay Castle in Northamptonshire. He had gone to Utrecht after his father's death at Wakefield, and had received his education there under the eye of the Duke of Burgundy. He shared in the honours and profits of his brother's elevation to the throne, and he took part also in the reverses of that brother when the Kingmaker drove him in sudden flight to Flanders. At Barnet he led a division of the White Roses. At Tewkesbury he aided his brother Clarence, according to the popular story, in stabbing to death the young son of the beaten Henry ; and, a year later, he married the Lady Anne Neville, whom his dagger had made a widow there.

This man, upon whose memory unmeasured vials of abuse and wrath have been poured out by dramatist and historian, seems, after all, to have been no worse than his neighbours. He lies under the sore disadvantage of having had his portrait drawn by those who hated his line and triumphed in his fall.

He was undoubtedly ambitious, selfish, and unscrupulous ; but he was an able ruler, and he was wisely inclined to promote popular freedom.

When King Edward died, Gloucester was guarding the Scottish border, sword in hand. He certainly cannot then have been attracted by the glitter of the crown ; for his earliest act, after hearing the sad news, was to perform at York a funeral service for the dead king, exacting at the same time from all the nobility of the north an oath of allegiance to the boy-successor. This oath he was himself the first to take. The Duke of Buckingham, a nobleman of the first rank and influence in England, then began to act the part of tempter, by plying Richard with secret messages and promises of aid.

Young Edward, a boy of thirteen years, was living at Ludlow Castle, under the guardianship of his uncle Earl Rivers and his half-brother the Earl of Dorset. Rivers we have already met with as the patron of Caxton. He was the young king's natural guardian, and deserved the royal trust committed to his care ; but unhappily he fixed his heart on that which really was the right of Gloucester—the direction of affairs while the king remained a minor. This ambitious desire led the earl to send Edward off toward London before Gloucester could arrive at Northampton. Such a move alarmed Gloucester, who penetrated its purpose, and at once arrested Rivers and Dorset. Then advancing to Stony Stratford,* Gloucester and Buckingham took possession of the young king, who was attended by Sir Richard Grey and old Sir Thomas Vaughan. The royal boy wept bitterly when he saw strange faces around his table and his bed ; but tears had no power to melt the resolve of his captors. This occurred on the last day of April ; on the 4th of May a crowd of citizens welcomed him to the capital.

Gloucester then received the protectorship, not the higher step for which he had ventured and hoped—the regency of

* *Stony Stratford* on the Ouse in Bucks, seven miles north-east of Buckingham.

England. He stood in a difficult and perilous position. Although Lord Hastings had gladly seen Rivers imprisoned, for he bore him many grudges, he now made himself the champion of the boyish king, and boldly confronted Gloucester at the council table. Gradually a gulf grew between the protector and Hastings. A quarrel was evidently imminent. The day was fixed for the king's coronation; and as that would in all likelihood strip him of power as protector, he resolved not to await the attack, but to strike the first blow.

Having attached to him, by grants and promises and hopes, four great noblemen—the Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Northumberland, Lord Howard, and Lord Lovel—he proceeded to decided action. The death of Hastings was the first stroke. When Gloucester went to the council chamber in the Tower on the morning of the 13th of June, he seemed in the best
1483 of temper, and asked the Bishop of Ely to send him some strawberries from that prelate's garden at Holborn. But an hour later, between ten and eleven, he came in with a changed face, frowning and biting his lips fiercely. Baring his withered arm, he charged the queen and Jane Shore with having wasted his body by means of witchcraft. "*If* they have done so," said Hastings, "they be worthy of punishment." The *if* stung the protector to fury. As he smote the table with his hand, a cry of treason arose outside the door, and men in armour poured in and arrested Hastings, Lord Stanley, the Archbishop of York, and the Bishop of Ely. Hastings was carried out to the green in front of St. Peter's Chapel, and was there beheaded on a plank of wood lying by chance on the spot. The others were locked up in separate rooms. There was then no drawing back. More crimes must follow. The little Duke of York, taken from his mother, joined his brother in the Tower. About the 24th of June, Rivers, Dorset, and Vaughan perished by the axe at Pontefract Castle.

A sermon at St. Paul's Cross by Dr. Shaw, brother to the

Lord Mayor, and a speech by Buckingham, delivered a day or two later, prepared the minds of the citizens for hearing that the protector had seized his nephew's crown. A rabble of five thousand men from Wales and Yorkshire, who assembled in rusty armour in Finsbury Field, gave a military sanction to the usurpation of the duke, who became king **June 26.** on the 26th of June. He grounded his claim on the allegations, that his brother Edward had stood contracted in marriage to Dame Eleanor Butler, a daughter of Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, long before he married Elizabeth Grey; that therefore the second marriage was null, and its issue illegitimate; and that Clarence having been attainted, he, Richard, was heir to the crown.

Richard the Third began his reign with a royal progress through the centre and the north of England. He delighted in finery, and lost no opportunity of blazing in velvet and gold before the eyes of his subjects. While he was engaged in this progress, a horrid whisper began to circulate through the land. It was said that the young princes—Edward the Fifth and his brother the Duke of York—were dead. A groan of execration burst from the people at the news. A few clung to the hope that the tragic story was untrue; but most persons believed it, and believed also—though there was no proof—that Richard had caused his nephews to be murdered. Floating rumours spoke of a ship at the Tower wharf which bore the children to some foreign port; and on such slight foundations great conspiracies built themselves in the following reign.*

Before this dark story began to colour the English mind, Richard had received word of a spreading plot, in which Buckingham took a leading share. The rumour proved true. No very satisfactory account can be given of the causes of Buckingham's disaffection. A refusal of the lands of Hereford was

* In the reign of Charles II. (1674) men, digging below an old stair in the Tower, found the bones of two small human bodies, which were thought to be the remains of the princes. King Charles had them buried in the Chapel of Henry VII.

the ostensible ground. At all events Buckingham, who had long been wearing what he called "a painted countenance," left Richard at Gloucester, and went into Wales to collect material for a war. As soon as Richard knew that Buckingham had begun warlike preparations, he filled all the passes leading from Wales to England with armed men. Meanwhile the rebel duke had sent over to Brittany, where the exiled Earl of Richmond* lay, urging him to make a descent on southern England, in support of the rising in Wales. Outbreaks at Exeter, Salisbury, Rochester, and other places were also arranged. Buckingham forgot nothing except the uncertainty of autumn weather among the hills. A rain of ten days melted his plot to nothing, flooding the Severn so high that he could not cross. His Welshmen left him. He fled to Ralph Banaster at Shrewsbury, on whose friendship he thought he could rely. But

Nov. 2, Banaster betrayed him to the Sheriff of Shropshire.
1483 He was carried to Salisbury, and there beheaded on a new scaffold in the market-place (Nov. 2, 1483). Richmond, who had sailed across from Brittany, and lay at anchor in Plymouth Sound, shook out his sails when he heard the news, and went back to Vannes, to bide his time.

The troubles of King Richard now grew rapidly to a head. His son Edward, in whom his heart had centred all its hopes, died after a short illness in 1484. At the Christmas revels of that year two ladies appeared in modish dresses of similar shape and colour. They were Queen Anne and the Princess Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Edward the Fourth. The gossips of the court and city took note of this little circumstance, and gave it a meaning which the sudden death of Anne, a little later, seemed to confirm. We have no proof that Richard caused her to die; but there is little doubt that he would probably have married his niece, in order to prevent her union with

* Henry Tudor. He was the grandson of Owen Tudor and Queen Catherine, widow of Henry V. His uncle the Earl of Pembroke, exiled after being defeated at Mortimer's Cross (1461), carried the lad about with him in Brittany.

Richmond, had not Ratcliffe and Catesby spoken boldly out and forced him to make a public declaration disclaiming the immoral project. He had nothing for it now but to prepare and wait for the inevitable conflict.

Richard cast from him the last remnant of his popularity when he revived *Benevolences* or forced loans, which his brother had invented in 1473, but which Parliament had abolished in January 1484. The nobles did not then care how soon Richmond came to release them from the screw. Deep and wide the plot spread among the leaders of the English aristocracy; but the secret defection of Lord Stanley, a rich land-owner in Cheshire, did more to weaken Richard's cause than any other loss.

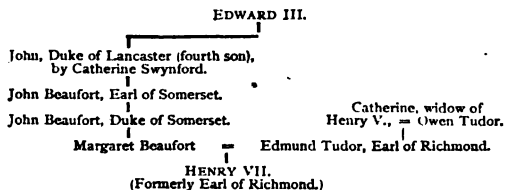
Sailing from Harfleur to Dalle on Milford Haven with a force of a few thousand men, Richmond landed on the Welsh soil to which his ancestry and his name endeared Aug. 1,
1485 him. He was then thirty years of age—of a quick gray eye and flowing yellow hair, full of life, and bent, if possible, on wearing the English crown. Moving with rapid and stealthy steps toward Shrewsbury, he gladly saw the banner of a noted Welsh soldier, Rice ap Thomas, whom he specially dreaded, advancing to join his ranks. From Shrewsbury to Stafford, from Stafford to Lichfield, from Lichfield to Tamworth, from Tamworth to the decisive field of Bosworth, the army of Richmond proceeded. Richard, who had taken his first stand at the central position of Nottingham, partly surprised by his rival's secret swiftness of approach, and partly wrapped in contempt of a man who possessed no warlike training, delayed until it was too late the necessary preparations for the impending struggle. The army therefore, on whose valour or fidelity his hopes of victory rested, was huge indeed in size, but certainly was not sound in heart. The battle took place on Redmore Plain.* Richard placed his archers in the central van,

* *Market-Bosworth* is in Leicestershire, thirteen miles west of the county town. Redmore Plain, the scene of the battle, lies a mile to the south.

with a solid square of infantry behind, and cavalry spreading out in wings on either side. A crown glittered on his helmet as he rode along the lines of his three-and-twenty thousand men. Richmond did his best to spread out his little force of five thousand in an imposing front. A large morass lay between the armies; of this the earl took advantage to defend his flank. After some opening archery-practice and cannonade, Stanley charged the royal lines; and Northumberland, with one-third of Richard's force, drew out from the battle and stood still. The remainder of the fight resolved itself into a desperate and gallant dash of Richard on the knot of men that encircled Richmond. He strove, sword in hand, to hew his way through the living rampart that defended Henry Tudor. It was vain. The flash of his sword, as it rose and fell, played like lightning in the centre of the press; but at last he sank under many wounds.

The victor went to spend the night in Leicester. A little later, there came in from the sodden field a naked corpse, flung over a horse's back, and covered with gore and clay. This was Richard's entry; a humble grave in the Gray Friars' Church received his insulted body. Richard the Third was a true Plantagenet; better, if anything, than the average specimens of his race. He had the characteristic virtues and failings of that princely line.

THE ANGEVINS AND THE TUDORS.



CHAPTER XXIV.

THE PASTON LETTERS.

Old letters—The Pastons—The “Good Judge”—Mema. of a mother—
A courtship—Death of Sir John—List of a library.

A NUMBER of letters, written to or by the Pastons, who ranked among the highest county families in Norfolk during many centuries, have come down to modern days, escaping that final blaze which often seals the fate of such documents. In these we have an historical treasure beyond price, for they afford us glimpses of the inner English life at a time when the sword was too busy in the land to permit the labours of the pen. The foreign* paper, with its various and often whimsical water-marks; the age-yellowed ink; the strange contortions of the writing; the wild, unsettled spelling;† the strings, passed through a hole cut in the folded sheets and then secured with wax; and the old-fashioned ways of beginning,—all speak to us of a time long departed and somewhat grotesque in its daily dress. Yet, in spite of accidental changes, the human heart beats on with changeless pulse. In the rude and antiquated Paston Letters men seek to borrow money, mothers scold their idle or scampish sons, gay bachelors joke each other

* No paper was made in England until the reign of Henry the Seventh, when John Tate the younger set up a mill at Hartford. His mark was an eight-pointed star, radiating from a double circle.

† We find a curious example of this in a letter of Sir John Paston's: “What hyght the arche is to the *gronde* off ye Ilde (aisle) and how hys the *gronde* off the Qwyr (choir) is hyer then the *gronde* of ye Ilde.” Here we have *ground* spelled in three different ways in a couple of lines.

about their flirtations and chat of hawk and horse, lovers write their soft nothings, and wife and husband discuss their household cares and exchange the gossip of town and country with complete unreserve. Mixing, as the Pastons did, with the leading nobles and courtiers of the day, and associating often with royalty itself, their letters derive a special historic value from the uncoloured accounts they give of the great national events in the midst of which they lived.

In the year 1378 was born Sir William Paston, knight, who became in course of time a Judge of the Common Pleas, and fulfilled the duties of his lofty position so well that he obtained the honourable by-name of the "Good Judge." He purchased the estate of Gresham in Norfolk, on which arose an embattled mansion-house, long the residence of the family. Agnes Berry of Hertfordshire was his wife, and bore him six children. John Paston of the Inner Temple, and Clement, who figures in the correspondence as an idle schoolboy of fifteen, were first and fifth of these. The eldest branch blossomed and bore fruit, and in this generation the principal interest of the letters centres. We learn to know most intimately the shrewd and active mother, Mistress Margaret Paston; the brave frank knight Sir John, who fights and frolics in France; his witty, sporting brother John, also a soldier, who ultimately succeeds to the estate, becomes high sheriff of the shire, and receives the highest rank of knighthood on the field of Stoke; and we hear incidentally of the Eton boy William and the Oxford graduate Walter, the latter of whom died young. The family supplied England with some of her first soldiers and lawyers. A Clement Paston was a great sea-captain in the days of Drake and Raleigh. And a Robert Paston received the earldom of Yarmouth from Charles the Second.

A better idea of these Letters, or *Bills* as we find their writers call them, may be gathered from a few specimens than from pages of description. The men write chiefly of war,

money, politics, or field-sports. It is from the ladies of the Paston households that we get delicious glimpses into home-life, which are of at least equal value with the records of battles and court-intrigues.

A set of memoranda, drawn out in 1457 by Agnes Paston in prospect of a trip to London, must be quoted whole. A sharp old lady Mistress Agnes must have been, and very watchful of her youngest son, who figures somewhat unfavourably in the jottings. The tutor or master does not seem to have stood then on a very high level.

"To pray Greenfield to send me faithfully word by writing how Clement Paston hath done his endeavour in Learning.

"And if he hath not done well, nor will not amend, pray him that he will truly *belash* him, till he will amend; and so did the last Master, and the best ever he had at Cambridge.

"And tell Greenfield, that if he will take upon him to bring him into good Rule and Learning, that I may verily know he doth his endeavour, I will give him 10 marks (£6, 13s. 4d.) for his labour, for I had lever (*rather*) he were fairly buried than lost for default.

"Item (here comes out the careful mother), to see how many Gowns Clement hath; and they that be bare (*too short*) let them be raised (*lengthened*).

"He hath a short green Gown.

"And a short musterdevelers Gown, which were never raised.

"And a short blew Gown, that was raised, and made of a side Gown, when I was last in London.

"And a side Russet Gown furred with beaver was made this time two years.

"And a side Murrey Gown was made this time twelve-month.

"Item, to do make me (*get made*) six Spoons of eight ounces of troy weight, well fashioned and double gilt.

"And tell Elizabeth Paston (*a daughter*) that she must use

herself to work readily, as other gentlewomen do, and somewhat to help herself therewith.

"Item, to pay the Lady Pole 26s. and 8d. for her board."

(Then returning to the subject of which her heart was evidently full—scapegrace Clement's education),—

"And if Greenfield have done well his endeavour to Clement, or will do his endeavour, give him the noble (6s. 8d.).

"AGNES PASTON."

The courtship of John Paston and Margery Brews forms a very interesting episode in the story which the Letters tell. John, whose sporting tendencies display themselves very strongly in a letter to his knightly brother about a mewed goshawk, which he wants very much, to reduce his growing fat and to keep his lonely hours company, receives a letter from his sweetheart's mother asking him to spend St. Valentine's day at Topcroft. Margery lets the good-hearted lady rest neither by night nor by day, teasing her to make papa give his consent to the marriage: hence the invitation, which ends with this encouraging couplet,—

"It is but a simple oak
That's cut down at the first stroke."

A love-letter follows from the girl herself; but this it would be quite unfair to quote, since she beseeches him "that this Bill be not seen of none earthly creature save only himself." In another devoted letter she fears her fortune may not satisfy him, but bids him, if he wanted more, to cease all visits to the house. A third person steps in, to urge the conclusion of the affair. Margery will bring 200 marks as her portion (£133, 6s. 8d.), and her outfit may be worth 100 more; besides which the writer "heard my Lady say, that, and the case required, both ye and she should have your board with my Lady for three years after." Upon this the matter goes on swimmingly. The mothers, Dames Elizabeth Brews and Margaret Paston,

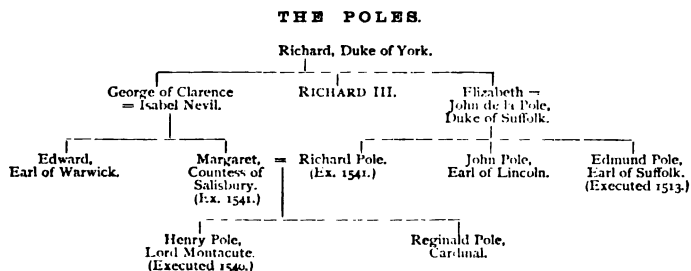
meet by John's request at Norwich in most perilous March weather, when the floods are out over all the flat land, and the full rivers are swirling madly to the sea. John affectionately desires his mother to beware that she take no cold by the way. Sir Thomas Brews, the lady's father, a cool old hand, writes off to Sir John Paston the knight, before the marriage is finally concluded, stating that he had stretched a point in giving his daughter so much money, and praying that Sir John would "put thereto his good will and some of *his* cost." The knight looks very kindly on the happiness of the young couple, praises the girl and all her family, and permits his mother to make over to them the manor of Sparham, although it is entailed on himself and his issue. The marriage comes off in 1477; and the fair Margery writes no longer to her "right well beloved Valentine," but to her "right reverend and right worshipful husband." Eighteen years later she lies down in the White Friars' Church at Norwich, where her husband joins her by-and-by.

Sir John spent much time at Calais, whence he writes "of a Vision seen about the Walls of Bologne, as it had been a woman with a marvellous light; men deeming that our Lady there will show herself a lover to that town;" and letters pass between him and his mother about the sale of some cloth of gold, that his father's tomb, long talked of, should be at last completed. Sir John little knew that the shadow of his own tomb was falling on his life already. His last letter to his mother, telling of the dreadful sickness that ravaged London, and complaining both of a low purse and broken health, bears date Friday, 29th of October 1479. Next month, his brother John writes to express surprise that the knight is buried in the White Friars' at London, instead of being laid in the family tomb at Bromholm.

John Paston, succeeding on his brother's death to the estates, lived a long and honoured life. The Duke of Norfolk sum-

moned him with a company of tall men to join the muster at Bury, when the country was arming for Bosworth Field. He fought at Stoke, receiving there the honours of a knight-banneret. In 1503 he died.

We find among the Letters a curious list of his books. Among thirty-three distinct works there is only *one* in print, but unfortunately its title is wanting. The various manuscripts, which appear to have been bound in ten volumes, afford us a good idea of what gentlemen cared to read in those days. They include such items as *Guy, Earl of Warwick*, *The Death of Arthur*, *King Richard Cœur de Lyon*, *The Parliament of Birds* (twice), *Tully de Senectute*, Treatises on Heraldry and Knighthood, and a collection of Statutes.



Fourth Period.—Absolute Monarchy.

From the Close of the War of the Roses (1485) to the Revolution of 1688.

CHAPTER I.

AN UNSTABLE THRONE.

Pageants—Propping a throne—The first shake—Lambert Simnel—Battle of Stoke—The great trio of voyages—Perkin Warbeck—A dash on Deal—In Scotland—Over the Border—Lands in Cornwall—A true wife—The race to Beaulieu—Prison and death.

THE War of the Roses was over at last, though the jealousies which it had fostered continued to rankle: the thorns were still sharp on the withered stems. Great were the changes which the conflict worked on the English Constitution and in English society. When it began, the barons were the most powerful body in the state. By one section of them the House of Lancaster had been set on the throne; by another section it had been displaced. But in the prolonged and deadly struggle of the War of the Roses these two factions had well-nigh destroyed each other. The barons had formed the only check on the power of the crown. When that check was removed, the king became practically absolute, for the gentry and the merchants were as yet powerless. Thus the Feudal Monarchy which came in with the Conquest gave place to Personal or Absolute Monarchy, which lasted till the Commons of England became strong enough to control the Crown;

and then, after another great civil war, Limited or Constitutional Monarchy was established.

The rejoicings at the accession of Henry Tudor* were interrupted by a new and terrible plague called the Sweating Sickness, which suddenly seized the strongest men and cut them off after a few hours' illness. In eight days London lost two mayors and six aldermen.

The new king, who had been a fugitive or a prisoner ever since he was five years old, found little rest now for many years. For the great bulk of the English people still wore the White Rose in their hearts, and the Anglo-Irish loved the flower with a yet deeper love. Henry wished to make his throne secure. The son of Clarence, Edward, Earl of Warwick, moped in the solitude of a Yorkshire manor-house; Henry sent him to the Tower, deeming that a safer place for the young Plantagenet. He obtained an Act of Parliament, which

1485 declared that the inheritance of the crown rested in his royal person and in the heirs of his body. He made several new peers, and filled the Privy Council with his closest friends. He followed a royal fashion of France by appointing fifty archers to protect his person, under the old name of Yeomen of the Guard. And, by his marriage with Elizabeth of York, the daughter of Edward the Fourth, he united the rival Roses. These four acts of policy hedged his throne with at least the semblance of security.

He then did what his predecessor had done: he went on a progress through the land, prepared to conciliate and cajole. His first peril met him between Lincoln and York. Lord Lovel, who had been one of Richard's chief advisers, attempted to seize him near Ripon, and would probably have succeeded in the move, but for the timely arrival of the Earl of Northumberland with a formidable force. Lovel, foiled by this happy chance and stripped of his soldiers by an offer of royal pardon,

* See Genealogical Table, p. 300.

escaped to Flanders. York, Worcester, Gloucester, and Hereford clanged with rejoicings. At Bristol, the second seaport in the country, the civic rejoicings and the royal bounty reached their height. The king, pitying the silence which had fallen on the once busy quays, encouraged the citizens to build new ships, and promised them all the aid he could give. The one drawback to the people's joy was the notable absence of Queen Elizabeth from these brilliant scenes. A petty jealousy, or rather a petty fear, made Henry keep his Yorkist wife in the background. Even the birth of a prince, to whom was given, in allusion to his father's Welsh lineage, the name of Arthur, could avail little to dissolve the barrier that severed Henry and Elizabeth.

The Simnel imposture was the second peril that menaced the Tudor throne. This and the greater scheme that followed might never have reached historical prominence if there had not been on the Continent a most watchful, eager, and untiring foe of the Red Rose—Margaret, Duchess of Burgundy,* sister of Edward the Fourth. Her court became a hot-bed for forcing English treason. A priest of Oxford named William Symonds, having conceived the idea that young Warwick might be personated, chose a joiner's son of fifteen years to act the part. The boy Lambert Simnel therefore appeared in Ireland, well schooled in the talk and demeanour necessary to give a colouring of truth to his claim. Ireland burst into flames at once in his cause. The Duchess of Burgundy had already declared her resolve to give him aid, and was preparing to do so. Henry took a simple means of exposing the imposture: he led the real Warwick through the streets of London in view of the citizens. That had its effect in London; but weeks elapsed before the news reached Lancashire or Ireland, where there were many who did not wish to believe it true.

At the court of Burgundy, Lovel was joined by John Pole,*

* See Genealogical Tables, pp. 254, 306.

Earl of Lincoln, to whom, as his nephew, Richard had bequeathed the crown. The two nobles, backed by the duchess, soon anchored in Dublin Bay with a force of two thousand German soldiers, led by Martin Swart, a captain of renown. Simnel joined these allies with a host of Irishmen, and the entire army crossed the sea and landed at Furness* on the coast of Lancashire. It was indeed a time of trouble to Henry, who hated war above all things else; but now there must be war, or his crown would drop for ever from his head. Taking Kenilworth as a central stand, he watched the approach of the rebel force. It moved at first toward York; but the leaders, finding their hopes of a rising on their side grow faint, faced round and hastened toward the Trent. The decisive battle took place at Stoke.† Henry did not place his royal person in the van, but left the Earl of Oxford to contest the three hours'

strife. The Germans and the Irish vied with each other
June 16, in valorous deeds—in vain. Swart and Lincoln fell;
1487

Lovel disappeared. Three centuries later, his bones were discovered in an underground chamber of his house in Oxfordshire. Symonds died in prison; and Simnel was content to spend the rest of his life in turning royal spits and feeding royal hawks.

During the interval which elapsed before the appearance of a greater and more interesting claimant of the crown, Henry went through the farce of a French war, undertaken in defence of an injured princess of Brittany. The English king, remembering how that country had sheltered him in exile, could not for shame's sake refuse to aid Anne in her struggle with Charles the Eighth. But the collecting of money for the war
1492 was the only part of the affair into which Henry went with heart and soul. He certainly invested Boulogne;

* *Furness*, a promontory and lordship in Lancashire, between the Duddon estuary and Morecambe Bay; noted for its splendid abbey.

† *Stoke*, or *East Stoke*, is a village on a hill above the Trent, four miles south-west of Newark in Nottinghamshire.

but a better investment soon appeared in the shape of a treaty, paid for in hard cash by the cunning King of France, who well knew the soft spot in the heart of his English cousin.

These events fade into insignificance before the greatness of three achievements that mark the last decade of the fifteenth century. While Henry was marching to Boulogne, Columbus knelt on the shore of San Salvador in the Bahamas (1492). Five years later, Sebastian Cabot, a young Bristoler of twenty, sighted the coast of Labrador from the deck of **1497** the weather-beaten *Matthew*. In the same year, Vasco de Gama unlocked the gates of the Indian seas by rounding the pointed promontory of Southern Africa. These achievements immensely widened the theatre and multiplied the means of human action.

A gallant and handsome adventurer landed at the Cove of Cork about the time that Henry was acting out his French war. Historians generally call him Perkin War- **1492** beck.* Dressed in fashionable silk, and telling a romantic story of his childish escape, he professed to be, and was believed by many to be, Richard, Duke of York, son of Edward the Fourth, and heir to the English crown. But the Simnel affair had taught the Irish people caution. The mob hurrahed, and some nobles bent the knee, but there was no White Rose frenzy in the land. A message from France drew the youth to Paris, but the treaty of Estaples intervening, the French king flung him over at once. Then he found his way to the court of Burgundy, whose duchess still hated the Tudor usurper. There the "White Rose of England," guarded by thirty halberds, struck root for a time, till restless fortune sent him over sea again. From Flanders bales of cloth passed in a constant stream to England, and heaps of wool went back. It was easy, therefore, to establish a correspondence with the scattered

* *Perkin Warbeck*. The imposture in this case has never been clearly proved. His public confessions go for nothing, as they were concocted by his enemies. Of his resemblance to the Plantagenets there seems to be little doubt.

relics of the Yorkshire faction in England. A plot was formed; but Henry countermined it. He shut up the English market in Antwerp, and opened one in Calais. Bribing the leading agent of the White Roses, Sir Robert Clifford, he so prepared his plans that he pounced swiftly and surely on the nest of plotters. Three of them suffered death. On the same charge—conspiracy in favour of Warbeck—died Sir William Stanley, who had helped his noble brother in placing Henry on the throne.

It became necessary to make the government of Ireland more secure. This was effected by Sir Edward Poynings, the lord-deputy, who passed a measure called Poynings's
1494 Law, which made the English supremacy in Ireland a reality. It provided that the Irish Parliament should not meet without the sanction of the English Government; and that no Bill could be introduced into it until it had first received the assent of the king and his council. The measure gave the English sovereigns a firmer hold on the island.

Warbeck next made a sudden descent on Deal. He sent some hundreds to the shore; but the Kentish men drove
1495 them fiercely back, taking many prisoners, whose gibbeted corpses soon poisoned all the south-eastern seaboard. After a stay in Flanders, he tried Ireland a second time, but to little purpose. He then passed over to Scotland, where he found a hearty welcome and a pretty wife.

Much had happened lately to irritate the old sores which rankled between the neighbour nations. Stout Sir Andrew Wood, a sea-captain of Largo, had drubbed the English sailors twice within the Firth of Forth, and had hauled his battered prizes at the stern of the *Flower* and the *Yellow Carvel* into the roadsteads of Leith and Dundee (1489). James the Fourth knew that his English cousin was plotting darkly against his person and his throne. So Warbeck received a hearty welcome, and sat, with the honours of a rightful prince, at tournaments and banquets.

James permitted him to marry Lady Catherine Gordon, daughter of the Earl of Huntly, and a kinswoman of his own. When from the untiring Duchess of Burgundy there came some money and arms, and men to wield them, the Scottish king crossed the Border with his guest. Warbeck sent his story on before him, but it failed to kindle a rising in his favour. His motley troops did nothing but squabble and rob wherever some incautious yeoman had left his cattle in field or byre. Without firing a shot or striking a blow, except at one another, the gang of bonneted moss-troopers and their foreign aids shrank back behind the Cheviots and the Tweed. Henry used the invasion as an excuse for a new tax. Parliament granted a subsidy; but the Cornish men resisted the collection, and marched to London, led by Lord Audley and a blacksmith named Michael Joseph. They were attacked on Blackheath, and were dispersed with the loss of two thousand men. Their leaders were seized and executed. Meanwhile King James had entered England a second time, but the approach of Surrey caused him to retreat. Feeling then that Warbeck's cause was hopeless, and dazzled by the glittering bait of a marriage with the English princess Margaret, James resolved to send the Yorkist adventurer off to seek his misfortunes elsewhere.

Warbeck, bandied from court to court, and baffled in all his ambitious snatches at the crown, possessed in his wife a jewel worth many crowns, if he had known how to prize its value. She left her country and her home to follow him: through perils by water and land she clung to him, all the more fondly, no doubt, when he tossed a wreck upon the sea of life. The hardships and escapes of his third attempt to rouse the Irish people did not daunt her heroic heart. She crossed with him to Cornwall, where he made his final and fatal move, and waited, panting with eager love, at Mount St. Michael, to hear that her Richard had won his crown at last. Impostor or no

impostor, she loved him well. Marching from Bodmin, where he had assumed the kingly style of Richard the Fourth, he found the gates and guns of Exeter too strong for the undisciplined rabble that he led. He hurried on to Taunton, 1497 where a royal army lay camping in the Dean, and there he disgraced himself irretrievably by a sudden flight. From the wife that clung to his broken fortunes, and the men that had risked their lives in his cause, he stole, thief-like, in the dark, and galloped at full speed to the sanctuary of Beaulieu in the New Forest.

We need not dwell on the rest of Warbeck's story. Riding behind Henry through London streets, he passed to the Tower, and back again to Westminster, where he lived a while in honourable custody, watched by sleepless eyes. An attempted escape, which carried him as far as the Priory of Sheen, 1498 created an excuse for rougher treatment. Shut into the stocks at Westminster and at Cheapside on two successive days, he there read a confession, embodying that view of his early life which suited Henry. There seems little doubt that the printed copy of this confession was concocted by some one before it reached the public. Committed, after this degrading exposure, to the Tower, he found there poor young Warwick, whom life-long imprisonment had made almost imbecile. The discovery of a plot among the keepers of the Tower to set Warwick and Warbeck free brought destruction on both. It has been supposed that Henry tempted his prisoners to such attempts at escape as might give him a reasonable excuse for putting them to death. 1499 Warbeck was hanged at Tyburn on the 23rd of November 1499; and on the following day Warwick's head, still bright with youth—for he was only twenty-nine—rolled from the block on Tower Hill.*

* The faithful wife of Perkin Warbeck remained in the court of the queen, wearing the name of "The White Rose of England." When time had cured her grief, she married Sir Matthew Cradoc of North Wales.

CHAPTER II.

CARDINAL WOLSEY.

At Oxford—Lymington and Calais—Thistle and Rose—A lucky trip—Putting on the screw—Revels—A French war—Flodden—Cardinal and chancellor—Silver and red—The plain of Ardres—Execution of Buckingham—*Fidei Defensor*—Playing for a tiara—Scene in the Commons—Wolsey at home—Dark hints—The divorce broached—Blackfriars—*Miscrimus*—Leicester Abbey.

WHILE Perkin Warbeck was playing out the last scenes of his tragedy, Thomas Wolsey, a Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, was engaged in forcing a love for the classics on the sons of the English nobility. He then held the honourable post of master in the preparatory school attached to his college. Born at Ipswich in 1471, this son of "an honest poor man," whom common rumour called a butcher, had attained the degree of Bachelor so early as his fifteenth year—a feat which won for him the title of the Boy Bachelor. As 1486 the friend of Erasmus, he lent his aid to that distinguished Dutchman in promoting the new study of Greek. To his fellowship and his mastership was soon added the bursary of Magdalen, and in this capacity a little cloud gathered around his name; for, with that love of architecture which distinguished all the celebrated priests of the Middle Ages, he added a tower of chaste and delicate beauty to the college chapel, and, it is alleged, made free with the college funds to pay the masons.

The Christmas of 1499 led him to the household of the

Marquis of Dorset,* whose three sons studied at Magdalen School, and who by-and-by rewarded him with the
1500 rectory of Lymington in Somersetshire. His two years in this country parish went by without much to mark them, and then he passed from Lymington to the household of the Archbishop of Canterbury, where he acted as domestic chaplain, though still drawing the revenue of his deserted cure. The prelate's death brought a change. Sir John Nanfan, who had known him in Somersetshire, and who found the duties of the treasurership of Calais pressing too heavily on an aged frame, invited him to be his chaplain and assistant. Accepting the offer, Wolsey made this post a stepping-stone to fortune and royal favour; for Nanfan was so pleased with his deputy's tact and energy that he recommended the young priest to the notice of Henry the Seventh.

That king now sat securely on his throne, and he occupied himself with schemes for allying that royal seat to all the strong or dangerous neighbours he could reach. Marriage was the bond he chose. To Spain, then a leading state in Europe, his eyes naturally turned first. In 1501, Arthur, Prince of Wales, was married in St. Paul's to Catherine of Aragon, the fourth daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella. The death, some months later, of the bridegroom, a mere boy in years, did not snap the tie, for the girlish widow was at once betrothed† to her brother-in-law Prince Henry, now the heir-apparent. Henry was determined that her dowry should not go back to Spain.

Another marriage, fraught with more lasting results,
1503 took place in 1503, when the English princess Margaret rode over the Border into Scotland, to meet a royal husband—King James the Fourth. Little did the fair girl dream on that bright day at Lamberton, where Surrey gave her to the keeping of the Scottish lords, that, a few miles off, lay Flodden

* Thomas Grey, son of Sir John Grey and Elizabeth Woodville, afterwards queen of Edward IV.

† They were not married till 1509.

Field, where Surrey and King James should one day meet in fight, and one of them should die. And quite as little did she dream that a completed century should see another James—her own great-grandson—sitting on the throne of the double kingdom. With these marriages Wolsey had no immediate connection; but they formed great centres of courtly gossip, in which he always bore a ready part. He was busy all this time in making friends. He saw through men and talked them over: that was the secret of his rise. Fox, Bishop of Winchester, who held the privy seal, and Sir Thomas Lovell, Master of the Wards, attracted him especially, as being the men who were deepest in the royal confidence. The court he paid to them bore speedy fruit. A delicate business, then in hand—no less a matter than a negotiation of marriage between the king (whose Yorkist wife had died in 1502) and Margaret of Savoy, the only daughter of the Emperor Maximilian—required a man of quick brain and ready tongue. Both Fox and Lovell at once named Wolsey to the king, who, taking no man's word when he could judge for himself, had the chaplain in to talk. The upshot of the interview was that Wolsey received instructions to go to Bruges. Leaving Richmond, where the king was staying, at four o'clock one Sunday, he boated down to Gravesend that evening, rode across Kent to Dover through the darkness, caught the passage-boat in the nick of time, was at Calais by noon on Monday and at Bruges the next morning. His audience with the emperor was short and pleasant. The same evening saw him in the saddle; when the gates of Calais were unbolted on Wednesday morning he rode in, and found the boat in which he had crossed just loosing her cables to return. By ten he was at Dover, and he slept at Richmond the same night. On Thursday morning, when the king saw his chaplain enter the presence-chamber and kneel, he angrily asked what the delay could mean. Letters from Bruges in reply to his message silenced the coming storm. To his amazement he found that Wolsey had been there and

back. Although the treaty of marriage led to nothing, this speedy trip laid the foundation of the envoy's fortune. This service, which formed the principal public matter in 1508 which Wolsey took a share during the reign of Henry the Seventh, procured for him the wealthy deanery of Lincoln, a post next in emolument to the mitres of the Church. In the following year Henry the Seventh died.

The laws of the first Tudor king have received unmerited praise. Of these the principal was the *Statute of Fines*, passed in the third year of his reign. It was a renewal of a statute of Richard the Third against "livery," or the keeping of retainers. The execution of the law was given to the *Court of Star Chamber*,* a body established, or at least reconstituted, by Henry in 1486, in defiance of the spirit, if not of the letter, of the Great Charter. Another of Henry's arbitrary measures was the raising of money by "benevolences" (1492), at the same time that he was receiving supplies from Parliament. Archbishop Morton's "fork"—a dilemma, which caught the splendid as well as the parsimonious man, by asserting that the former must be rich to support so great an establishment, and that the latter must be rich by continual saving—shut the mouths of the merchants, and extracted the unwilling coins from their purses. Two lawyers—Dudley, a man of good family, who was chosen Speaker of the House of Commons; and Empson, the son of a sieve-maker—were the chief instruments of Henry's rapacity. They raked up forgotten and obsolete charges on feudal estates, and hunted out offences of the most shadowy sort, that they might have a pretext for extorting money. Henry, for ex-

* The Council of the King, usurping, under the shadow of a parliamentary sanction, an arbitrary and tyrannical jurisdiction in criminal matters, used to meet in a room at Westminster, called the Star Chamber, either from the gilded decorations of its roof, or from the Jewish *starra* (covenants or bonds) which were piled on its shelves. Hence the name of a very odious instrument of despotism, of which the Stuarts made terrible use. Though the origin of the court is commonly ascribed to the Act passed in the third year of Henry VII., we must rather view it as an adaptation of political machinery in use long before that date; in fact, as the old *Concilium Regis* in a new disguise.

ample, on one occasion visited a favourite general, the Earl of Oxford. When leaving the mansion, the king passed through two lines of fine-looking men, splendidly equipped. "My lord," said he to the earl, "these are of course your servants?" The earl smiled and said, "No, your majesty, I am too poor for that; these are my retainers, assembled to do you honour." The king, with a well-feigned start, said, "I thank you, my lord, for your good cheer; but I cannot have my laws broken in my sight." He referred to a law abolishing "livery;" and Oxford was fined £10,000 for his anxiety to do honour to royalty!

Young Henry the Eighth, only eighteen when his father died, afforded bright promise of a ripened age that never came. His handsome figure caught the eye at once; **1509** his gallant bearing in the tilt-yard and the hunting-field kindled admiration. He played and sang delightfully; spoke three languages besides his own; had dabbled in medicine, ship-building, and gunnery; and had already fastened with tenacious grasp on theology as his favourite study. One of the first acts of his reign was the prosecution, ending in the execution, of the notorious extortionists Empson and Dudley. Such a prince easily became a puppet in the hands of Wolsey. Surrey indeed, the Lord High Treasurer, stood at first in the way; but his influence speedily melted before the arts of Wolsey, who displayed every hue of his chameleon character, according to the present colour of the king's mood. Now shouting a drinking song; now hallooing after the baying hounds; now reading, with composed face and grave voice, a treatise on the doctrine of original sin, he suited himself to the humours of young Henry, at the same time dropping into the yet unripened mind of his royal companion certain seeds of policy, meant to germinate in after days. To the influential post of almoner, which Wolsey received on the accession of the king, were soon added the house and gardens of the doomed

Empson beside the palace of Bridewell in Fleet Street, the rectory of Turrington in Exeter, the chancellorship of the Garter, the clerkship of the Star Chamber, with ecclesiastical honours and emoluments too numerous for mention.

While Wolsey was mounting the ladder of fame with rapid steps, Henry had become embroiled in a war with France, undertaken in behalf of Pope Julius the Second. An English contingent went to Spain, but Ferdinand tried to use the troops furnished by his English son-in-law in forwarding his own schemes on Navarre: they therefore came home in disgust.

Next year dyed land and sea with gallant blood. On **April 25, 1513** St. Mark's Day (April 25th), brave young Edward Howard, Surrey's son, sailed into Brest harbour with

some slender galleys, and strove, in the teeth of a most furious fire, to cut out the anchored vessels of the French. The wonderful act of daring was not destined to succeed. Leaping with a few kindred spirits on the deck of the French admiral, Surrey died, fighting like a lion, and flinging overboard with the last exertion of his failing strength the gold whistle and chain which were then the badge of an English admiral. On the last day of June, the incessant roar of English guns on the batteries of Calais announced that King Henry had landed in France. Wolsey, to whose care the commissariat had been intrusted, showed his pleasant face among the crowd of courtiers around the youthful invader. The little town of Terouenne first engaged the attention of a splendid English army. During the siege of many weeks, the Emperor Maximilian arrived, with a body of cavalry, to serve under Henry's banner as a volunteer. A visitor of another sort—the Lyon-King-at-Arms of Scotland—then came to announce that James of the Iron Belt was about to invade the English realm, prompted by the hope of saving France from peril. A collision between the French and English armies took place at Guinegate,* beginning and ending in a

* *Guinegate*, or *Guingette*, near Terouenne, in Picardy (north of France).

charge and a retreat of the French cavalry. When Henry bantered some of his prisoners, they laughingly replied that it was only a Battle of Spurs;* and ever since, this name has stuck to the skirmish. Terouenne yielded, and then Tournay undrew its gate-bolts—a circumstance in which Wolsey had some interest, for Maximilian made him bishop of the vacant see. Thus ended Henry's useless and costly campaign.

Meanwhile a great disaster had fallen on Scotland. Crossing the Border with an army of more than thirty thousand men, King James, after taking Norham and other keeps, encountered an English army, led by old Surrey, in the hollow below Flodden Hill, a spur of the Cheviot range. Descending from their strong position on the lofty slope, the Scots rushed, under cover of a great smoke from their blazing huts, to seize another hill at

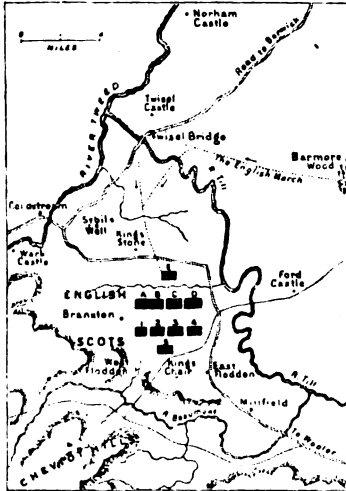


Branxton, towards which the English were pushing on, and which lay between the Scots and Scotland. So near did the armies come in the race, that a battle was inevitable. At four o'clock on that bloody Friday afternoon the cannonade began. The armies, like two colossal eagles, met with a deadly shock, and each recoiled with reddened plumes and a broken wing. The long pikes, led by Huntly and Home, had pierced the ranks of the Cheshire men, who fought on the right of the English line; and the Macleans and the Macleods of the Scottish right had, with reckless bravery, dashed their own array to pieces on the serried lines in front. But the

Sept. 9,
1513

* Another "Battle of Spurs" was that of Courtrai (Belgium), where the Count of Artois was defeated and slain by the Flemings (1302). It was so called from the number of gilt spurs found on the field of battle.

great and decisive shock was the meeting of the centres. The reader of *Marmion* does not need to be told of "the dark



PLAN OF FLODDEN.

impenetrable wood" of Scottish spears, which resisted, though with ever-decreasing ring, the whirlwind charges of the English knights and the arrows thick as snow, and which dissolved in flight only when night flung its pall over the pierced body of a fallen king. The saddest and bloodiest field that Scotland ever saw! King James, his illegitimate son, twelve earls, fifteen lords and heads of clans, and eight or nine thousand common soldiers—the pick of Tweeddale and the

Lothians—lay stark and ghastly by the Till. In very truth, as that sweet moan of Scottish melody beautifully puts it, "the flouris o' the forest were a' wede away!" No spoil of the battle-field was more prized by the victorious English than the Scottish cannon, which appear—especially a set called the Seven Sisters—to have far surpassed any artillery that the English could then boast of.

The crafty King of France, Louis the Twelfth, having undermined the league against him, broke it up. Henry ceased from war, and gave his sister Mary to be the bride of the elderly monarch. The interest of English history then began to centre more completely in the person of Thomas Wolsey. His influence over Henry deepened. He became Archbishop of York in 1514, and in the following year Leo the Tenth made him a cardinal. Many were the fat livings, abbacies, and bishoprics

that he managed to tack to the skirts of his scarlet robe. Nor was it only in the Church that he acquired power. The Lord Cardinal of York climbed to the woolsack, receiving from the king the great office of Lord High Chancellor of England. Little wonder that these splendours some- **1515** what turned his brain, when he found sovereigns like Francis the First of France, and Charles King of Spain and afterwards Emperor of Germany, showering compliments and more substantial favours on his head. These men needed Henry's aid. They knew that Wolsey could mould the royal will as he pleased. Hence they courted him, and loaded him with presents.

When the legatine authority had made Wolsey supreme over the Church in England (1517), his eye fixed itself steadily on the tiara as something almost within his grasp. All his future actions revolved around this dazzling centre of attraction. His principal hope rested in Charles, who became emperor in 1519; and with consummate skill he forced Henry into agreement with his views. Francis of France, the rival of the emperor, was bidding with all his might for England's favour, and Wolsey, giving him some outward countenance at first, induced Henry to meet him on what has since in history borne the gorgeous name of "The Field of the Cloth of Gold." At this splendid pageantry of a fortnight's duration, which lighted up the plain of Ardres* with the blazonry of two great courts, nothing struck the French so much as the royalty of the Cardinal of York, with his silver emblems of authority and his **1520** retinue in showy scarlet. But scarcely were the tiltings, mummings, and banquets over, when every trace of the friendliness which the meeting was intended to foster passed from Henry's mind. From Ardres the king went straight to Gravelines to visit the Emperor Charles, in return for a flying visit which the emperor had paid a little while before. Wolsey had managed this.

* Ardres, in Pas-de-Calais, is now a station on the railway from Calais to St. Omer.

The seizure and execution of the Duke of Buckingham* blotted the year succeeding the brilliant pageant. He was a frank and gallant nobleman, whose chief crime seems to have been that the blood of the Plantagenets ran in his veins.

1521 On one occasion he held the basin for the king to wash, and when Wolsey impudently dipped his hand in, he spilt the water on the churchman's shoes. On the evidence of some household spies, he was charged with treason and was condemned to die ; and so, on Tower Hill, "the long divorce of steel" fell on the neck of Edward Stafford.

All Germany had now for four years been ringing with the note of the opening Reformation. The Theses on the gate of Wittenberg Church—the disputation in the hall at Leipsic—the blazing bull at the Elster Gate of Wittenberg—had done their work, and Martin Luther was acknowledged as the champion of a pure faith and an open Bible. It was not to be expected that Henry and Wolsey could see these things unmoved. The cunning chancellor devised a plan by which he thought to bind Henry to the papal throne securely. A volume soon appeared, entitled "A Treatise of the Seven Sacraments, against Martin Luther" (*Assertio Septem Sacramentorum adversus Martyn Luther, etc.*), which Henry owned to be from his pen. A splendidly bound copy of the work was handed to the Pope in full conclave of cardinals by Dr. Clark, the English ambassador at Rome. Delighted with aid from a quarter so influential, Leo deposited the treasure with ceremonious care in the library of the Vatican, and rewarded the royal author with the title of "Defender of the Faith" (*Fidei Defensor*), a title which Henry ranked above all the others that he bore.

We have seen that Wolsey sought the popedom, and that he rested his hopes chiefly on the aid of the Emperor Charles. A chance came when Leo died in December 1521. But another

* He was the son of the Duke of Buckingham executed by Richard III. in 1483. He was descended from Thomas of Woodstock, son of Edward III.

got the step; for Charles proved false, and his tutor Adrian was elevated to St. Peter's chair. The emperor, indeed, did something for Wolsey, but not enough. He wrote a Latin letter to his ambassador at Rome, desiring him to use his utmost efforts for the English candidate. This was done, in all probability, only to save appearances. Wolsey swallowed his chagrin as best he could. Within two years the dream revived, and again Wolsey thought of Nicholas Breakspear and an English pope. But again the game was lost, the imperial faction lifting one of the Medici to the coveted throne under the title of Clement the Seventh. This second failure turned the heart of the cardinal against the emperor's interest. The treaties between Henry and Charles snapped; and new ties bound the former to Francis, who had for years been engaged in a struggle with his imperial rival.

In 1523, the English House of Commons presented an unwonted scene. Wolsey and Sir Thomas More, the Speaker of the House, came into direct collision. Henry's purse running low, he had recourse to the nation for money, exacting huge sums under the delicate name of "loans." Wolsey, having browbeaten the Convocation of Clergy into compliance with a sweeping demand, entered the Commons in the full blaze of his scarlet and silver pomp. In a long speech **1523** he demanded the sum of £800,000, to be raised in four years by a tax of one-fifth on all the lands and goods of the realm. No one spoke. "How say you, Master Marney?" he asked, turning to a leading commoner. Marney was dumb; and so were all. Never was the might of silence better shown. As a last resource, the Lord Cardinal appealed to More, officially the mouthpiece of the House. More, sinking on his knees, did speak, but only to support the stillness of the benches, and to declare, with a touch of his golden humour, that "Except every one of the silent statues around could put into his own head their several wits, he alone was unfit to make answer to his

grace." His grace left the chamber, with suppressed rage darkening his face. The debate went on for days. Again the scarlet pageant entered the House; but the members held firmly to their resolve of holding no debate in presence of the cardinal. Ultimately the tax was greatly reduced; and even that could scarcely be wrung from the reluctant people.

Wolsey's household surpassed the magnificence of all other English subjects. Five hundred servants waited on his nod, many of them of noble blood. York Place was his London residence; but he built and furnished a yet more splendid mansion at Hampton. He never forgot the cradle in which his greatness had been nursed. The University of Oxford received many tokens of his affection. One remains. He applied the funds of the richest of the suppressed monasteries to the establishment of Cardinal's (now Christ Church) College, one of the most distinguished foundations in the university. He also founded a Latin school in his native town, and in a remarkable letter to the masters, published in the form of a preface to Lilly's Latin Grammar, he sketched out an excellent curriculum.

Meanwhile the great European drama, in which the King of France and the emperor played leading parts, was unfolding its scenes of blood and battle. Francis "lost all but honour" at the battle of Pavia (1525); and the emperor, two years later, caused the sack of Rome and the imprisonment of the Pope. The latter formed a good ground for Wolsey to wreak his vengeance on the prince who had cheated him in the matter of the popedom. Accordingly the Spanish alliance was broken; a league united the Kings of France and England; and warlike operations were begun.

At that time, however, there appeared on the horizon a speck that soon darkened all the sky of Wolsey's life, and burst in storm on his devoted head. The Bishop of Tarbes, engaged in negotiating a proposed marriage between the Princess Mary, Henry's daughter, and a son of the

French king, suggested some doubts as to the legality of the marriage from which the girl had sprung. Eighteen years had come and gone since Henry and Catherine had first lived in wedlock. No whisper of doubt seems ever to have stirred the air before. The king, certainly, had seen three dead sons, and had long despaired of a living one. And a cold dislike had taken the place of the kindly feeling which had once united the English husband to his Spanish wife. At this conjuncture the evil hint was dropped that resulted in so many woes. There was among the attendants of the queen a pretty maid of honour, who had spent many years in France, and who now, at the age of twenty, was not unknown in the coquetries and flirtations that went on beneath the palace roof. This was Anne Boleyn or Bullen, daughter of Sir Thomas Boleyn and Elizabeth Howard, a lady of the ducal house of Norfolk. The king fell in love with her; and this passion hardened all his floating discontents into a firm resolve to obtain from the Pope a divorce from his cold, elderly Spanish wife.

Wolsey heard of this resolve—a seed of his own sowing—shortly before he went to France in 1527, to conclude the new treaty. With an eye still fixed on the tiara, he promised the French king that his sister-in-law Renée should fill the place of the divorced queen. But he was reckoning without his host. When Henry heard, on the cardinal's return, of the new matrimonial alliance planned for him, he declared that no French princess was needed, since Anne Boleyn, and no other, should be his second wife. It brought Wolsey to his knees like a lightning-flash; but no entreaties and no arguments could move the stubborn king. All the splendid dreams in which Wolsey had been revelling, in the prospect of the coming change of queens, melted into air.

Everything then turned against the unhappy cardinal, who strove in vain to stem the tide. Pope Clement, placed "between the hammer and the forge," dreaded the rage of the

emperor, whose aunt Queen Catherine was, and dreaded also the loss of Henry's favour. Delay seemed his only safety. But the blame of this delay fell heavily on Wolsey, although he in fact was eager to have the matter settled. Henry stormed at him. Anne grew to hate him. Catherine knew that in his brain the fatal idea of the divorce had been first hatched. Thus, pierced with his own dart, Wolsey lingered through many torturing days. To add to his misery, news soon came from Italy of a great French army-wasted away before Naples by hunger and disease, and the consequent ruin of all the ambitious hopes he had built on the French alliance.

After long delay, Cardinal Campeggio, appointed by the Pope to try the divorce case in conjunction with Wolsey, arrived in England. The popular mind was all in a ferment against Wolsey, for there loomed in the near future a danger that menaced the comfort, nay, the safety, of a thousand English homes—the danger of an interruption of the Flemish trade. Campeggio came to hear but not to decide the case. Within the great hall of the Black Friars' Monastery the two cardinals sat enthroned, supported on the right hand **June 21,** by the king, and on the left by the queen. Henry **1529** answered to the calling of his name; but Catherine, who had already appealed from the judgment of the Pope, instead of answering when her name was pronounced, knelt at the feet of her husband and drew a most touching picture of her meek submission to his will and her pure fidelity to their marriage-vows. Then rising, she bowed before the king and walked out of the room, resolved never, in person or by proxy, to face the court again. Nor was the resolve unkept. The prejudged trial went on without her; and all was ready for the legate's decision, when, in spite of Wolsey's urging and Henry's peremptory demands, Campeggio refused to pronounce a judgment, and adjourned the cause until the beginning of October. The secret of his intrepid speech lay in the fact that,

a month earlier, Clement had concluded a treaty with the emperor, which enabled him to act independently of Henry's rage.

This sealed Wolsey's doom. A Parliament was summoned. At Grafton in Northamptonshire, where Henry and Anne Boleyn were staying, the cardinal saw for the last time the king whose splendour he had almost outshone. On his return to London, the Duke of Norfolk and the Duke of Suffolk, armed with a royal order, took the Great Seal from his keeping, turned him out of York Place, and gave him the strongest hint that his country seat of Esher (near Hampton Court) was the fittest covert for his fallen greatness. From Esher the tremulous letters of the old man, who signed himself truly "Most Miserable" (*Miserrimus*), pierced the hearts of friends, such as Bishop Gardiner and Thomas Cromwell, whose fortunes he had built up in his days of power. Henry did not at once sever the ties that bound him to his old companion and minister of so many years. When the King's Bench, founding on the Statute of *Præmunire*, convicted Wolsey on the ground that he had procured Bulls from Rome and assumed authority as a papal legate in England, and passed on him sentence of forfeiture and imprisonment, the king sent him a ring in token of his favour, and sent also some physicians of the court to treat him for a low fever that was wasting him away. Another effort of his enemies started an impeachment of forty-four articles against him in the newly assembled Parliament (Nov. 3). One charge related to the use of *Ego et rex meus* ("I and my king") in his despatches, as if assuming an equality with his master. The eloquence of Thomas Cromwell, formerly secretary to the fallen cardinal, and one who stood by him to the last, secured the rejection of the Bill in the House of Commons. By-and-by Wolsey was pardoned, and was allowed to retain his see of York. There a hearty welcome flung a parting gleam of light on his broken life. He had never yet been installed in the

cathedral of the northern capital. Now, a day was fixed for the ceremony, and preparations were made for the needful pageantry and revels. The final shock came before the appointed day. While he was sitting at dinner in the house of Cawood near York, the Earl of Northumberland came to arrest him for high treason. Northumberland, who had been a page in the cardinal's household, felt as if he had stabbed the fallen statesman to the heart when he touched him and spoke

1530 the terrible words of the arrest. The Yorkshire peasants could hardly restrain their tears as the sick old man, scarcely able to sit his mule, went slowly amid his guards toward the south. An attack of dysentery delayed him at Sheffield Park for eighteen days. Entering Leicester Abbey one evening late, he said to the abbot, "Father, I am come to lay my bones among you." It was true. A relapse of the same disease, acting on a frame broken with anxiety, wore his life away. He died at eight on Monday evening, the 28th of November 1530, being then in his sixtieth year. With his failing breath he lamented his neglect of God's service. To Sir William Kingston, the Constable of the Tower, he said, "Had I but served God as diligently as I have served the king, he would not have given me over in my gray hairs."

Sir Thomas More had already received the chancellorship, and a new ministry had settled into place; the Duke of Norfolk being President of the Council, and the Duke of Suffolk Vice-President.

CHAPTER III.

THE BREACH WITH ROME.

The Christian Brethren—Cranmer, Cromwell, Latimer—Fisher and More—
Tyndale's pen—Ruin of the monasteries—Pilgrimage of grace—Trial of
Lambert—Iconoclasm—The Six Articles—Solway Moss—Henry's books
—Anne Askew—Earl of Surrey.

BETWEEN the beginning of the divorce case, which ruined Wolsey, and the death of Mary Tudor, the first queen regnant of England, a period of one-and-thirty years elapsed. It was during that period that the Protestant Church of England struggled into life. Lollardie had never been quite forgotten in England, although its first enthusiasm had waned, and the mass of the people had settled down into a passive acceptance of the Roman dogmas. But there was always a handful that hungered after truth. Even before those political events which snapped the bonds linking England to Rome had begun to evolve, a little band of tradesmen and students, known as the Association of Christian Brethren, spoke words and read books of deadliest heresy (so called) in London and the university towns.

That severance of England from Rome which the divorce case may be said to have begun, was completed by the Acts of that memorable Parliament which lasted for seven years after its meeting in 1529. The most prominent enactments of this momentous period were the abolition of *Annates* or first-fruits in 1532, completed in 1534; the forbidding of appeals to Rome,

and of the appointment of prelates by any but the king (1553); the annulling of the papal authority in England in 1534; and the recognition of Henry as "the only supreme head in earth of the Church of England" in 1535.

Thomas Cranmer now appeared on the historic stage, to take up the part which Wolsey had ceased to play. Three years sufficed to raise this man from a tutorship at Cambridge to the see of Canterbury. A lucky sentence, spoken at a supper-table in Essex, within hearing of Secretary Gardiner and Almoner Fox, won for him the notice of the king. The universities of Europe were, at his suggestion, appealed to on the point, "Whether or no a man may marry his brother's wife?" The result was agreeable to the wishes of the king, and Cranmer began to rise with rapid steps. When Warham died, he leaped at one bound to the primate's chair, to the sacred duties of which he was consecrated in March 1533. Anne Boleyn, whom Henry married that very year, looked kindly on one to whom she partly owed her crown. In return, the prelate, who owed his mitre chiefly to her, pronounced her to be the lawful wife of his royal patron, and with public pomp placed the crown on her head. Divorced Catherine, lying sick and sad at Ampthill near Dunstable, could only raise a feeble, ineffective protest. By-and-by Queen Anne bore a daughter, who was christened Elizabeth.

A poor nun of Aldington in Kent used, during fits of epilepsy or some similar disease, to scream out broken words relating to the topics of the day. Some monks, who saw with dread the Protestant tendencies of the divorce (Catherine being a Catholic

and Anne a Lutheran), turned the girl's madness into

1534 pretended prophecy, and called her "The Holy Maid of Kent." It was hinted to the king that, if he put away

Catherine, death horrible and mysterious would seize him in seven months, and that his daughter should reign in his stead. Among those entangled, or said to be entangled, in the affair

were Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, and Sir Thomas More, ex-Chancellor of England. The nun, Elizabeth Barton, was arrested, with six of her associates, and suffered death at Tyburn. Three men took a special share in the unravelling of the imposture—Cranmer, Cromwell, and Latimer. Cranmer has been referred to already.

Thomas Cromwell, a native of Putney, and traditionally a blacksmith's son, picked up much of his sharpness and knowledge during some years of mercantile life on the Continent. Wolsey made him his solicitor, and kept the young man in constant employment. After entering the service of the king, his advice was that he should shake off all Roman trammels, and declare himself the sole and supreme head of the English Church. On this the fabric of his fortunes rose—only to fall with a sudden crash.

Yet more remarkable was the last of the trio, that son of a Leicestershire farmer, whose language never ceased to smack of fireside wit and broad English humour. Hugh Latimer, born about 1472, studied at Cambridge, where he imbibed the Reformation doctrines. Cromwell introduced him to the notice of Queen Anne, and ultimately put him in the way of receiving the mitre of Worcester in 1535.

The question of the headship was fatal to Bishop Fisher and Sir Thomas More. Both had refused to swear to the Act of Succession passed by Parliament in the end of 1534, and both had been attainted and imprisoned. After many months of imprisonment in the Tower, they declined **1535** to accept the Act of Supremacy (1535), and were executed on Tower Hill—the bishop on June 22nd, and the ex-chancellor on July 6th. Margaret Roper, More's favourite daughter, rescued his head from the usual place of exhibition, and caused it to be buried. Henry had done nothing yet that so shocked the mind of Europe: the Italians especially heaped angry words on his name. There was then in Italy a young

Englishman of brilliant talents—Reginald Pole* (the grandson of the Duke of Clarence), whose timely flight from England had saved his head, for he too had opposed Henry's anti-papal movements. This eloquent priest, of whom we shall hear again, added the music of his voice to the letters of the scholarly Erasmus in mourning the fate of a man so gentle, wise, and witty as the author of *Utopia*.

About this time two outlying and very restless portions of the realm pushed themselves into prominence. Ireland, desolated by the feuds of the Butlers and the Fitzgeralds, broke into a rebellious condition, the flame being fanned by Roman Catholic influences from abroad. Lord Thomas Fitzgerald, a son of that old Earl of Kildare who had favoured the White Rose aspirants in the previous reign, headed the insurgents. With difficulty the rising was crushed, Silken Thomas and his five uncles suffering death on Tower Hill (1537). A lighter hand fell on the principality of Wales. Its numerous petty lordships, once independent and unruly, were bound tightly together and closely to the English throne. English laws henceforth governed all the mountain-land, and members went up from every Welsh shire, and from one borough in every shire, to sit among the English Commons (1536).

It is now time to notice that without which the Reformation would have been an incomplete event. The translation of the Bible into English had been going on through all these many changes. John Wyclif's version had grown too antiquated for popular use, so William Tyndale took up the work, and nobly did he accomplish his task. With the memories of his Cambridge friendships yet fresh in his glowing heart, he set out for Germany to talk with Luther; and, supported by the kindness of a London merchant, Humphrey Monmouth, he was able to complete at Antwerp a translation of the *New Testament*. It appeared in 1525 or 1526; and in spite of fine, imprisonment,

* See Genealogical Table, p. 306.

disgrace, and fire, the book made its way into English homes. The *Pentateuch* and *Jonah* followed from the same laborious pen, before Tyndale was strangled and burned near Antwerp (1536). His great associate, from whom he received valuable aid, was Miles Coverdale, an Augustine monk of Cambridge. He issued, the year before Tyndale's death, a folio volume, dedicated to King Henry, which contained the entire Bible, printed in the English tongue.

Rapidly the time sped on. The same year (1536) which saw Tyndale strangled at the stake witnessed the death of divorced Catherine on her lonely bed at Kimbolton in Huntingdonshire; and, five months later, a more terrible scene within the Tower, when Anne Boleyn, convicted of unfaithfulness to her husband and of immorality, perished by the headsman's axe. Each of these luckless queens left Henry a daughter—Catherine being the mother of Mary, and Anne of Elizabeth. Anne died on May 19th. The very next day Henry took Jane Seymour to be the partner of his throne. She too favoured Protestantism; but the short duration of her married life prevented her influence in that way from being deeply felt. Giving birth to a son, Prince Edward, on the 12th of October 1537, she died of a chill some twelve days later. Henry had at last an heir, but his wife's place was a third time vacant.

A full year before these events, the English king had struck the heaviest blow at the Papacy in England by attacking and suppressing the monasteries. This he did with the strong and willing aid of Cromwell. There is little reason to suppose that Henry was actuated by reforming zeal. Anger and avarice had probably a good deal to do with the dissolution of the monasteries. The work proceeded by degrees. In 1536, after a visitation under the auspices of Cromwell, 1536 who played the part of king's vicar, three hundred and eighty of the smaller establishments, whose revenues did not pass £200 a year, were put down by Act of Parliament;

and thus there was placed at the king's disposal a sum of £100,000, with the prospect in addition of £32,000 a year. That was almost the last Act of this memorable Parliament, which had begun its sittings in 1529.

The great change affected every corner of the land. The monastic system, the steady growth of nearly a thousand years, had struck its roots deep into English soil, and had woven its tendrils close round the heart of English life. Little wonder, then, that there should be much sorrow and suffering over all the country when the axe began to lop away the branches of the ancient tree. Rebellion was in that age the necessary consequence of discontent: the people had only one way of speaking to the throne. Not satisfied with the destruction of the minor monasteries, the king and his leading advisers compiled a "mingle-mangle or hotch-potch," as Latimer called it, which the nation were to accept as the condensed doctrine of the newly founded Church. The new doctrines, embodied in Ten Articles, were adopted by Convocation with Henry's approval. The Scriptures and the three creeds—the Apostolic, the Athanasian, and the Nicene—were to be the rule of faith. No images were to be worshipped. Many saints' days, especially such as fell in harvest-time, were to be kept no longer. Instead of seven sacraments, only three—Baptism, the Supper, and Penance—were to hold their ground. This mingled creed, embodied in the Bishops' Book (1537), acted on the smouldering anger of the people like oil on dying flames. Apart from Church questions, there was much discontent in the land. The nobles were jealous of the upstart Cromwell. There was much suffering among the poor. The clergy were alarmed for their livings, and worked on the minds of the people. First Lincolnshire began to frown; then the entire north took
1537 fire. Forty thousand farmers and ploughmen, under the leadership of Robert Aske, swept the basin of the Ouse, carrying banners displaying the dying Christ. Calling

their advance *The Pilgrimage of Grace*, they occupied York, Hull, and Pontefract, resolved to root out the heresies lately planted in the land, to restore the abolished monasteries, and to place the Catholic Church upon its old basis in England. A stormy November and a flood in the Trent swept their plans away. Martial law being proclaimed from Tweed to Trent, axe and rope began their deadly work. Most notable of the men who fell for their share in this misguided movement were Lord Darcy, executed on Tower Hill, and Robert Aske, slain at York.

The trial of John Nicolson or Lambert, a priest, who kept a school in London, exhibits dramatically Henry's idea of how the head of the Church should act. This brave man, who could not believe in the doctrine of the real presence, confronted the king and bishops at Westminster Hall one dull November day in 1538. Henry, no longer the slim athlete of the Cloth of Gold days, sat under a canopy to pronounce judgment on the case. The prelates had reasoned with the heretic all day, but could not turn him from his belief. "Fellow, wilt thou live or die?" roared Henry. "My soul I commit to God," said the schoolmaster, "and my body to your grace's clemency." "Then must thou die." And die he did in the red fire of Smithfield.

Meanwhile the storm had been smiting the other monastic houses. Not merely were saints' days blotted from the calendar, but saints themselves were deposed. Poor Thomas Becket was proclaimed a traitor and no saint, and his shrine at Canterbury was ransacked and destroyed. During the sway of the whirlwind the piles of delicate stonework, enriched with the beautiful thoughts of architect and sculptor, which ever since the Conquest had been growing up over all the land, were levelled with the ground, or turned to secular uses. Their material was used in the building of coast castles as a protection against apprehended invasion. Choice pictures, in whose tinted forms

glowed the spirit of Italian art, shrivelled in the flames. Stained windows became splinters of coloured glass. Sweet bells, that had sprinkled the air at prime and sunset with music, were melted down or sold. The worm-eaten chests of the libraries gave up their literary treasures to be turned into waste-paper.

Such mixture of good and evil did these stormy days
1539 produce. Of the money, which poured in sackfuls into the royal treasury from these wholesale forfeitures, there was slight account made. The king and his courtiers got the lion's share. Cranmer had dreamed of a splendid endowment for the encouragement of purified religion in the land. Only six bishoprics—Westminster, Oxford, Peterborough, Bristol, Chester, Gloucester—grew out of the ruined heaps of the English monasteries. As schools, as hospitals, as centres of agricultural progress, and as lodging-houses for the traveller, these monasteries had been of considerable service to the country. Their fall accordingly left serious gaps, which it took a considerable time to fill. Much suffering and consequent discontent fell on the humbler classes of the people as the result of the violent and sudden change.

One of the first measures of the Parliament of 1539, which completed the destruction of the monasteries, was an Act declaring the king's proclamations during a recess as
1539 valid as Acts of Parliament. There could be no stronger proof of the subserviency of the Parliament to the king, which was made still more complete by their agreeing to give the Act retrospective force. Henry was now an absolute monarch in the widest sense, for his authority extended not only over the State, but over the Church as well. He had broken with the Pope of Rome, only to make himself Pope in England. He still maintained, in that capacity, the doctrines of the Catholic Church. With the help of Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, he prepared and issued the Statute of the Six Articles, the merciless oppression of which stamped it

with an awful name—"The Bloody" Statute. The Articles required belief in (1) transubstantiation, (2) communion in one kind, (3) celibacy of the clergy, (4) obligation of vows of chastity, (5) necessity of private masses, (6) necessity of auricular confession.

These edicts, charged with death, slipped easily through the Convocation and the Parliament. Death by fire—the penalty of heresy—was attached to disbelief of the first. Doubt or breach of the other five, or of any one of them, amounted to felony; but death was not to be inflicted for the first offence. Latimer and Shaxton resigned the mitres of Worcester and Salisbury, in disgust at the passing of the Act. But Cranmer held to his crosier. That article which referred to marriage touched him nearly, for he had a German wife and many children. He seems to have fought keenly in committee against the passing of the Statute; but when he saw that Henry stood firm, he sent his wife and children to Germany.

Cromwell saw with alarm the growing influence at court of the Catholic party, to whom he was especially hateful, owing to his active share in the dissolution of the monasteries. A Protestant wife for his royal master seemed the only way to turn the current that had set in. Henry had meantime been casting about for himself. A witty Duchess Dowager of Milan received the honour of an offer; but she declined it with thanks. At last Cromwell suggested as a fitting wife Anne, the sister of the Duke of Cleves. Hans Holbein, to whose pencil we owe the portraits of the Tudor time, and who had some time before abandoned his native Germany for more profitable England, went over to paint the lady's portrait. Henry liked the picture, and agreed to marry the original. But when at Rochester he caught a glimpse of the large white placid Dutchwoman who came to share his crown, he swelled and shook with rage against all the devisers of the match. He married her (January 5th), but in less than six months she

Jan.
1540

exchanged the perilous title of "wife" for the safer complimentary formula, "the king's dearest sister by adoption." She was divorced and pensioned off in favour of Catherine Howard, a niece of Norfolk, whom the king met at the dinner-table of the Bishop of Winchester. Before Henry married his fifth wife, Cromwell troubled his counsels no more. That man of varied fortunes, blackened in the king's sight by ceaseless reports from the lips of those enemies who now surrounded the throne, fell suddenly. A Bill of Attainder without any trial—a method of procedure which formed part of the despotic supremacy established by Henry with the aid of Cromwell and the Parliament—slew the vicar-general at a blow. He **July.** knelt at the block on Tower Hill on the 28th of July 1540. Eleven days later Catherine was queen. We may fitly close her short and sullied story by saying that she too perished by the headsman's axe in February 1542. The king's last wife, Catherine Parr, widow of Lord Latimer, survived her royal consort.

During all the later years of Henry's reign, the country was entangled in war with Scotland and with France, two lands which were, at that period of history, bound by the closest ties. For Scotland yet lay under the spiritual dominion of Rome, although the smoke of Patrick Hamilton's martyrdom (at St. Andrews, 1528) was even then doing its memorable work. The outbreak of war may be ascribed chiefly to the intrigues of Cardinal Beaton, whose name overshadows so many dark pages of Scottish story. Puffed up by a little success at Halidon Rigg on the Border, King James the Fifth of Scotland **1542** collected ten thousand men in the dark of a November night, pushed them across the Border under the leadership of an unskilled man called Oliver Sinclair, and heard, a few hours later, how his great host had been scattered on Solway Moss* by a handful of Cumberland farmers. The

* *Solway Moss*, a bog in Dumfriesshire, between Gretna and the Esk.

news killed him. He died at Falkland in the following month, leaving his French wife, Mary of Guise, to bring up the infant-queen—the famous Mary Queen of Scots—whose first breath had been drawn only a fortnight before.

As France had deep sympathies with Scotland at that time, England threw herself on the side of the Emperor Charles, and war, smouldering at first, soon broke into a flame (1543). An English contingent, numbering among them some of the most brilliant ornaments of the court, went over to fight the French in Flanders. In the following year English **1544** soldiers took Boulogne. Just then, however, the emperor found it convenient to bring his share of the war to a sudden close. The Peace of Crêpy* was signed between him and Francis (September 19th); and Henry stood alone facing France.† In May, Henry had sent a raiding expedition against Scotland both by land and by sea. Its captains were the Earl of Hertford and Lord Lisle. They captured and burned Edinburgh and Leith, and laid waste the country between the Forth and the Border. Hertford repeated his ravages in the following year (1545), when, in addition to other depredations, he destroyed the abbeys of Holyrood and Melrose.

Bent upon reducing England to submission by one tremendous blow, France prepared a huge armament for the invasion of the doomed island. From the Seine to the Solent came two hundred ships and sixty thousand men. But England was ready. Lord Lisle's flag streamed from the top-mast of the *Great Harry*, round whose giant hull clustered **1545** about sixty sail. At first the light French galleys, carrying a long gun at the bow, crippled the English ships severely. But a landing in the Isle of Wight was repelled with ease. The French fleet dropped aimlessly away to Selsea

* *Crêpy* (or *Crespy en Valois*), a town thirteen miles south of Compiègne in Oise.

† It is worth notice that *shells* made their first appearance in warfare during the reign of Henry VIII. They were the invention of a French engineer in that king's service.

Bill. An indecisive conflict took place at Shoreham,* and during the darkness of the night that followed, the French ships, which had been turned by a hot month at sea into pest-houses of disease, slipped away home. The English fleet had also suffered from the ravages of sickness.

Meanwhile how did the Reformation proceed? We have heard of the Bishops' Book (1537). Another hybrid volume appeared in 1540, with the title, *The Necessary Doctrine and Erudition of a Christian Man*, in which the seven sacraments were once more enjoined. The third edition of this book, published in 1543, is known as the "King's Book," from the preface by Henry with which it opened. A step towards the great literary work of the next reign was taken, when in 1544 the Litany began to be spoken in *English*.

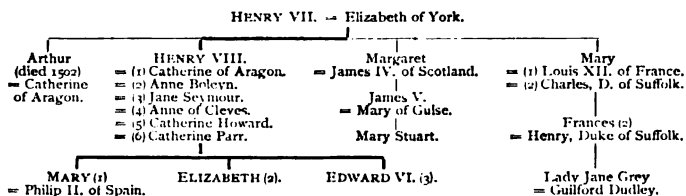
In 1544 three men—Person, Testwood, and Filmer—were burned at Windsor in terms of the Six Articles. But the martyrdom of these years which excites deepest interest is that of the heroic Anne Askew, a lady of Lincolnshire. When disowned by her husband and her father for clinging to the truth, she used to read the Bible aloud to all who chose to hear in the aisles of Lincoln Cathedral. Arrested in London and committed to Newgate, she quailed not a jot. When on trial at the Guildhall, she put her views on the real presence in a shape so unmistakable that sentence of death followed at once. "That which you call your God," she said, "is a piece of bread: for proof thereof let it lie in a box three months and it will be mouldy. I am persuaded it cannot be God." She was burned with three others in front of St. Bartholomew's Church on the 16th of July 1546. In Scotland too the fierce fagot blazed. On the previous May-day, George Wishart, whom the faithful Knox used to attend sword in hand, as he preached the gospel abroad in the free air, was

* Shoreham, a town in Sussex, twenty-four miles east by south of Chichester. The old port lies a mile inland.

gibbeted and burned before the old castle of St. Andrews. Cardinal Beaton's cruel eye watched his death-throes from a window, gloating over the destruction of so great a soldier of the Cross. Before the month was out, a roaring mob of the burghers rushed at the loud clang of the alarm-bell up to the castle wall, and saw there the dead body of the cardinal hanging "by the tane arm and the tane foot." With Beaton perished the Papal cause in Scotland.

A conspiracy, in which the prominent actors were the Duke of Norfolk and his son, the Earl of Surrey of poetic fame, disturbed the last days of Henry's life. Norfolk was the leading Catholic nobleman in England. It was easy, therefore, to suppose him plotting for the restoration of papal power there. The acts of Surrey were more open. Entitled as a collateral descendant of the Plantagenets to bear the arms of England in the second quarter of his shield, he suddenly assumed those heraldic symbols in the first **1547** quarter—a privilege which belonged only to the heir-apparent of the throne. Thus he aimed at supporting his father's claim to the protectorship, when death, now not far off, might strike the king. Convicted of treason, he was executed. Norfolk lay in prison, but the death of Henry saved him from the block.

THE TUDORS.



CHAPTER IV.

THE REFORMATION.

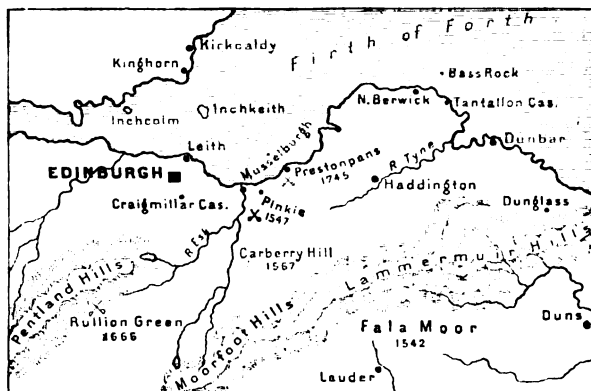
The protectorate—Pinkie Cleugh—Seymour of Sudleye—Popular discontents—Fall of Somerset—The English Liturgy—Jane Grey.

THE new king, Edward the Sixth, was only in his tenth year. His father's will appointed sixteen "executors" to govern during his minority; but they made the Earl of Hertford, the king's uncle, protector of his realms and governor of his person. Hertford was created Duke of Somerset. The other leading "executors" were Archbishop Cranmer, Lord Chancellor Wriothesley, who was made Earl of Southampton, and Lisle, made Earl of Warwick. Men who had cowered under the Six Articles and similar enactments began to look up and bestir themselves. Everything smiled on the Reforming movement, which, from purely political motives, Somerset and Warwick both encouraged. The popular spirit showed itself at once in the removal of pictures and the breaking of images. Ridley, the Principal of Pembroke Hall at Cambridge, spoke out bravely against images in churches and the use of holy water. Archbishop Cranmer ate meat in Lent in the public hall of Lambeth Palace. The peasantry of the land, however, as is always the case, accepted the change of creed more slowly. They had sorely felt the fall of the monasteries. The purification of the churches seemed to them at first but a part of the same apparently mischievous movement. But the progress of the Reformation for several months after Henry's

death was remarkably rapid. Long repressed and shackled, it went forward with a sudden and surprising bound when the cords were cut. Among other necessary innovations, a Book of Homilies for the instruction and direction of the more ignorant clergy was compiled under Cranmer's superintendence.

The marriage of young Edward with Mary of Scotland had been a darling project of the late king, who with his failing breath desired Hertford to carry it out, if possible. The match had been accepted by the Scottish Estates in 1543, and a marriage treaty had been concluded; but France had interposed to prevent a union so hurtful to herself, and the treaty of July was in December declared null and void. Somerset then advanced those claims to the sovereignty of Scotland which, two centuries before, had brought infinite woes on both lands—a piece of policy which made the completion of the marriage treaty impossible but by force. To the sword it came at last. Mustering a force of fourteen thousand foot, four thousand horse, and fifteen cannon at Berwick, the protector crossed the Tweed, and, advancing within sight of the fleet which moved abreast of his march, saw the Scottish tents whitening the bank of the Esk at Musselburgh. Forgetting differences of creed and race, all Scotland had mustered as one man, to keep unbroken the ancient freedom of the realm. Too confident in their double numbers, the Scottish army crossed the river in hopes of cutting off the retreat of the English by occupying the ridges in their rear. But Somerset was too quick for them. He took the hills himself. Then the battle of Pinkie Cleugh began. The English cavalry, charging over a Sept. 10,
1547 wet ploughed field, were broken by the line of Scottish pikes. But the pikemen, rushing in pursuit of the retreating foe, were met by a rain of matchlock-balls and arrows, which first disordered them, and then turned them back in scattered flying groups. Down came the re-formed cavalry with irresistible force to drive them back on the bodies in reserve. The

Regent Arran struck spurs and fled. In a few minutes the whole slope on both sides was covered with the flying wreck of the Scottish army. The dress of white leather or fustian, in which all, high and low, had come to battle, made every fugitive a conspicuous mark for the sabres of the pursuing horsemen. The victorious protector captured Edinburgh, and



placed English garrisons in Roxburgh and other castles ; and then he went back to England crowned with empty honour. The Scots lost Pinkie, but they kept their queen, until she could for greater safety be sent to the kinsfolk of her mother in France.

While these events took place in Scotland, the Homilies and Injunctions were working their way among the English clergy. From two prelates—Bonner, Bishop of London, and Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester—they met with special opposition. Both were committed to the Fleet Prison. The meeting of Parliament in November 1547 was the signal for a great change in the English Statute Book, from which were swept "the Bloody Statute," and the enactments framed in the reigns of Henry the Fourth and Henry the Fifth against the Lollards. The sting was drawn from such acts as the Act of Words and the Act of

Supremacy, offences against which had been raised in the late reign from being simple misdemeanours to be treason or felony. On the other hand, Catholics were treated with the greatest cruelty. By an Act of 1547, homeless monks were ordered to be branded as vagabonds, and as slaves if they attempted to escape. So odious was the Act felt to be that three years later it was repealed.

A great danger menaced the protectorate in the plotting of the protector's brother, Lord Seymour of Sudleye, High Admiral of England. He had married Catherine Parr after she became queen-dowager, although he had long been looking on the Princess Elizabeth as a fitting wife for an ambitious man. Catherine's sudden death gave him another opportunity of seeking Elizabeth's hand, which he did eagerly and craftily, preparing at the same time for extremities by casting cannon and round shot, and by intriguing with the master of the Bristol mint for an unlimited supply of coin. The seizure of the king's person was among his schemes, in the formation of which he sought the aid of the pirates who **1549** infested the English Channel. This could not last. When it was found that remonstrance availed nothing, a swift blow was struck. A Bill of Attainder having passed the Lords, the conspirator was brought to the block in March 1549.

Insurrectionary movements in the country districts troubled this eventful reign. There were many reasons for such risings. The agitation caused by the fall of the monasteries still continued to shake the roof-tree of the peasant. But other things helped to fan the discontent. The silver coinage was debased, and "the bad money drove out the good." Rents were raised to more than double their former rate; and where once several active and happy cottar households had been, now a solitary shepherd and his dog could alone be seen. Grazing with an eye to profits on wool became the great object of the

landowner, who often evaded the law by driving a single furrow through his acres and then swearing that it was still under the plough. Latimer, who was released from prison at Henry's death, sympathized deeply with the labouring poor, and uplifted his honest eloquence in their behalf at Paul's Cross. His famous sermon "Of the Plough" struck at the very root of the evil. The peasantry in two parts of the country took the matter into their own hands, and rose in revolt. In Cornwall and Devon the grievance assumed its religious phase. The new English Liturgy, prepared by Cranmer and sanctioned by Parliament, struck the first spark in the west. Read for the first time on the 9th of June 1549 in all churches, it was heard with especial dislike in the little village of Sampford Courtenay among the Devon moors. Next day the villagers forced their priest to say mass in Latin. The movement spread. The rebels demanded a return to the ancient faith and forms of worship, insisting that the Bible and all English Scriptures should be destroyed. A great danger threatened Exeter, when the army of insurgents, gathering around it, cut the water-pipes and opened fire with their small cannons. For many weeks the mayor held out under the pressure of famine. The advance of Lord Russell and Lord Grey from Honiton, and their victory over the stubborn insurgents at the village of St. Mary's Clyst, raised the siege, and broke the heart of the rebellion. In the east, at Wymondham in Norfolk, the rising took another shape, agricultural distress being there the leading grievance. Robert Ket, a tanner of Wymondham, headed the eastern rebels, whose central camp was upon Mousehold Hill. There, under a giant oak tree, the tanner administered justice, while preachers addressed the crowd, and all around in the turf huts the peasants made merry over roast venison and the delicate spoils of the poultry-yard. Twice Ket stormed and took Norwich. Then the most rising and ambitious man in England came down to crush the rebellion, which he did with an unsparing hand.

This was John Dudley,* who had been Lord Lisle, was now Earl of Warwick, and became by-and-by Duke of Northumberland. The rebels left their camp for the open field, and thus rushed on certain doom. The trained troops of the royal army shot too steadily and true for undrilled masses to withstand them. A few were hanged on the oak. Ket and his brother, having been previously examined in London, met a similar fate—the one at Norwich, the other at Wymondham.

Between the protector and the council a bad spirit had long been silently growing. His magnificence and haughtiness vexed the men with whom he was in daily association. His relentless treatment of his brother had caused him to be feared and hated. His palace of Somerset House, rising on the ruins of churches, excited much invidious remark, as its costly stonework grew, while English greatness was crumbling and English wealth was running low. In fact, Pinkie seemed to have turned his brain. A party was formed against **1549** him in the council, of which the Earls of Warwick and Southampton were the leaders. The failure of his policy in France, where Boulogne was threatened, and in Scotland, where the English had been expelled from every strong place except Lauder, caused the collapse of his extravagant administration; and he was sent to the Tower, after having held the reins as protector for almost three years (October 11). He was stripped of the protectorate, and was made to refund a share of his unlawful gains. A few months afterwards he made a formal submission before the king and the council, acknowledging his guilt. He was then released. By-and-by he reappeared at court, and was readmitted to the council.

In the following March, the French recovered Boulogne in exchange for four hundred thousand crowns. The danger of war being over, English statesmen had time for reforms at

* *Dudley*. His father was Empeon's colleague in extortion under Henry VII., and died on the scaffold. See Genealogical Table, p. 879.

home. There was indeed great room for improvement in the religious spirit of the time. The inevitable results of violent change showed themselves in the behaviour of the people. The spirit of devotion gave place to the spirit of sacrilege. The churches and the churchyards were desecrated. Bets were made and duels were fought even in the aisles of St. Paul's. Learning declined in the universities. To combat these evils required all the sturdy eloquence of Latimer and men like him.

We now reach the close of Somerset's career. It is something in his favour that he won the people's love; but he was certainly not a great man. The struggle had become a duel between him and Warwick, who to unbounded ambition added a hard and unscrupulous mind. A conspiracy was formed for Warwick's imprisonment. Sir Thomas Palmer disclosed it to the

earl, who began to countermine the plotters, and
1551 wrought so stealthily on the boyish mind of Edward that Somerset was suddenly arrested and sent once more to the Tower. On the 1st of December he was tried in Westminster Hall before the Lord High Steward (the Marquis of Winchester) and twenty-six peers. The sympathies of the Londoners were entirely with Somerset, and they did not conceal their hatred of Warwick, who had lately become Duke of Northumberland. Treason and felony were the charges. The verdict was—guiltless of treason, but guilty of felony.

1552 The sentence was death. On the 22nd of January he knelt, about eight in the morning, on the scaffold within the Tower. When his head had fallen, handkerchiefs were dipped in his blood to be treasured as memorials of one who had at least aimed at noble ends.

During the enactment of this tragedy, Cranmer in the quietude of Lambeth Palace had been steadily progressing with the translation of the Liturgy. The great work of moulding the Anglican service was finished in 1552. It began with the Primers of King Henry the Eighth; the Litany came next;

then the First Communion Book; the Prayer-Book in 1549; and lastly, the completed ritual. The creed of the Reformed English Church was in 1551 digested into Forty-two Articles.

The intrigues of Northumberland occupy the rest of the reign, deriving their chief interest from the gentle girlish figure that formed at once their centre and their victim. Jane Grey,* the eldest daughter of the Duke of Suffolk, was the great-grand-daughter of Henry the Seventh, and, if the princesses Mary and Elizabeth remained illegitimate, and the Queen of Scots were passed over, she came next in order of **1553** succession to the crown. Modest and accomplished to a degree even now rare among ladies, this girl of sixteen loved a book and a quiet nook for study better than the noisy glitter of fashionable life. Though married to Lord Guilford Dudley, Northumberland's fourth son, she had begged that, as she was so young, she might remain in her mother's house awhile. With bitter tears, she found herself obliged to exchange sweet retirement for the perilous pursuit of a crown she did not desire. Suddenly the news came that Edward, her fellow-student, was dead, and that he had bequeathed to her the crown. Worn out with consumption, and attacked by a mysterious disease, he was put by Northumberland under the care of an ignorant woman, whose treatment made him worse. The gentle boy breathed his last at Greenwich on the 6th of July 1553.

Jane then began her ten days' reign. Proclaimed in London amid the ominous silence of the citizens, but never crowned, she lingered on the steps of the throne awhile, Northumberland striving with the energy of despair to accomplish the object for which he had been scheming so long. But popular feeling ran too strong. It swept him to a prison and raised Mary to the throne. On the 19th of July, the London streets pealed with every sound of gladness as Mary was proclaimed queen at the cross of Cheapside.

* *Jane Grey.* See Genealogical Table, p. 343.

CHAPTER V.

THE MARIAN REACTION.

The Spanish match—Arrival of the legate—The lighting of the fires—
Latimer and Ridley—Cranmer—Loss of Calais—The Puritans.

MARY'S accession was the opening of a short and violent reaction in the history of the Reformation, for she had already shown herself a devoted adherent of the Romish Church. During the late reign, she had steadily defied every effort to bend her rigid Romanism. Now, exalted to the throne, she turned that passive energy into an instrument of tremendous power.

She set free Gardiner, Bonner, Tunstall, Day, and Heath, and sent to prison in their stead Ridley, Latimer, Cranmer, and other Reformers. At the same time, she assured the Lord Mayor that every one would be allowed to exercise his religion according to his conscience. Bishop Gardiner became chancellor. It was a necessary act to sweep the intriguing Northumberland off the stage. Recanting his Protestantism, and kissing the cross he had marked in the sawdust, he was beheaded on Tower Hill, the sons of his victim Somerset looking on among the crowd.

Immediately after Mary's accession, Reginald Pole,* whom residence had made half Italian, received his commission from the Pope as legate to England. A secret messenger from

* Pole. See Genealogical Table, p. 306.

Rome had an audience of the queen, who told him that she could not receive the legate yet, but that she meant to contract such a marriage as would strengthen the Roman interest in her realm, and that her heart was unalterably given to the Papacy. Before this emissary left England the mass had been restored, and in the ruder districts of the land had been received with joy.

The match which was to rebuild Roman Catholicism in England was suggested by the Emperor Charles, who was desirous of strengthening himself against France by an alliance between England and Spain. He therefore proposed the marriage of his son Philip with Mary, who was only about ten years older than he. Mary coquetted a little with her consent; but the voice of the whole country rose loud against the marriage.

Discontent, fomented secretly by France, broke into rebellion. Sir Peter Carew, failing to raise the Devonshire men, fled to France. Sir Thomas Wyatt, the son of Surrey's poetic friend, met at first with some success. While **1554** he was traversing in Kent almost the same road which had led Tyler and Cade to their graves, the Duke of Suffolk, Lady Jane Grey's father, made a fruitless attempt on Coventry. Finding the passage of London Bridge impossible, the rebel knight led his diminished force to Kingston, crossed the Thames there with little trouble, and entered London, where his straggling files were cut in two, and he himself was caught as in a trap. This insurrection caused many deaths. Jane and her husband suffered first. Her father soon followed. Wyatt did not escape his doom. The Princess Elizabeth, too, was involved in considerable danger. Had the rising been successful, she would have been made queen. It was therefore necessary, in the eyes of Mary's supporters, that she should **Mar. 18.** be kept under watch and ward. She was therefore committed to the Tower, passing through the ominous Traitors' Gate. In two months the popular feeling obliged her jailers to remove her to the more pleasant solitude of Woodstock.

Then the long-looked-for Spanish bridegroom sailed into Southampton Water. No cannon boomed on the **July 20.** Solent, lest the French cruisers might hear. Landing in silence, he rode through heavy rain to Winchester, where Mary impatiently awaited his approach. The betrothal was then completed by the marriage ceremony. What seemed the strongest link in the new Romish chain was welded with apparent firmness. For a year the husband hung about the English court, disliked and disliking.

During that year Cardinal Pole, the papal legate, arrived in England by way of Dover. As he swept in a stately barge, decorated with a silver cross, from Gravesend to London, his enraptured Italian suite discovered that the river was miraculously flowing backward to bear them to their destination. They were not used in the Tiber to the ebb and flow of the tide. At Whitehall Stairs, Pole found himself in the arms of the king and queen, who started from the dinner-table to embrace one only less sacred in their eyes than Pope Julius himself. Somewhat later, he took up his quarters in Lambeth Palace; for Cranmer, whose pall was destined for his sacred shoulders, was then lying in one of the Tower cells. A week afterwards, in the hall of the palace, amid a crowd of **Nov. 30.** Englishmen and Spaniards, the cardinal pronounced over the heads of the kneeling sovereigns the words of the absolution formula, which took England back to the bosom of the Romish Church.

The free spirit of the laity, which had been growing for thirty years, could not be wholly gagged. The acts of Henry the Eighth which bore against the papal power were indeed all swept away at once, chiefly through the efforts of Gardiner, who swayed the Lords and Commons almost at his will. The clergy clamoured for their old powers, and got many of them. In two things, however, the court party met with decided opposition. They could not force the Commons either to permit

the coronation of Philip, or to cut off Elizabeth from the succession.

All was now ready for the lighting of the fires. The net had been already cast, and the prisons contained many heretics. In every diocese a register was to be kept, in which the names of all complying before Easter with the return to Romanism were to be entered. Rogers, a canon of St. Paul's, and Hooper, the charitable Bishop of Gloucester, appearing in a Southwark church before Gardiner, Bonner, and others, refused to recant, and received sentence of death. Rogers had been in Newgate, and Hooper had been lying in a fetid ward of the Fleet for many months.

Rogers was the first to die. Twice he begged to see his wife; twice this sad consolation was denied him. He

Feb. 4,
1555

saw her, with nine little ones clustered at her skirts and a tenth upon her breast, as he went to his baptism of fire in Smithfield. Hooper was carried down to Gloucester; and there, in an open space opposite the college, the fagots were piled around him on a wet and stormy morning in February. The

Feb. 9.

gunpowder fastened to his limbs did not stun him with its explosion. The wet wood could scarcely be kindled. It was a frightful scene of slow torture prolonged for three-quarters of an hour; yet he never flinched. Rowland Taylor, rector of Hadleigh in Suffolk, was burned the same day on Aldham Common. Before that awful year—1555—had reached its middle, several other names were added to the list of martyrs. Ferrars, Bishop of St. David, suffered in the market-place of Caermarthen; and Cardmaker, Prebendary of Wells, who had weakly yielded to the first gust of the storm, fed the flames in Smithfield. But the crown of martyrdom was not reserved for the priesthood. The laity, especially the trading classes, also bore noble witness to the truth. William Hunter, a London apprentice who had been detected reading the Bible in Brentwood Church, and an upholsterer named Warne who had accompanied Cardmaker to the stake, added their names to the

honoured roll of English martyrs. While fires like these were sending up their horrid smoke to heaven, Mary's cup of misery was rapidly filling to the brim. Her hope of bearing a child melted into disappointment and despair. She was forced to release Elizabeth from custody at Woodstock. Her husband Philip, whose cold stateliness repelled the English people, was not sorry to leave the country at the request of his father, in whose breast the thought of abdication had latterly been growing strong.

There yet remained in prison three of the Reformers, each of whom is a central figure in the changeful drama. Pole issued a commission to try Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley, who were forthwith brought to Oxford and there confronted with a tribunal of three Romish bishops. Cranmer, "in a black gown and leaning on a stick," appeared first before the altar of St. Mary's Church, where the commission sat. Charged with having fallen from the faith by various steps which led at last to heresy and treachery, the primate resolutely denied the authority of the Bishop of Rome, answering all the taunts of the queen's proctors with calmness and point. He went back to his cell. Ridley and his aged and illustrious companion at the stake were tried in the Divinity School. The ancient blood-rusted weapon of King Henry's reign was levelled at their precious lives. Questioned as to their belief in the real presence, both distinctly spoke what their judges looked upon as deadly heresy. In that plain and striking language which made Latimer's sermons the most powerful engine in the English Reformation, the apostle, trembling with eighty years, spoke out his mind. "Bread is bread and wine is wine. It is true that there is a change in the sacrament, but the change is not in the nature but in the dignity." Pole thought to convert these men by the arguments of a Spanish friar. The dream of course was vain. On the 16th of October the two men came out of prison to their death—Ridley carefully dressed in a

furred black gown, a furred velvet tippet, and a velvet cap; noble old Latimer, just as he had appeared at the bar, in threadbare Bristol frieze and with head wrapped in kerchief and nightcap. Ridley, stripping off his gown and tippet, gave little keepsakes to his friends. When Latimer cast aside his worn dress, he had a shroud, white and new, below. Merciful hands hung bags of gunpowder around their necks. Then was heard the awful snapping of the kindling boughs, from amid which these prophetic words of Latimer went sounding through the air: "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley. We shall this day light such a candle by God's grace in England as I trust shall never be put out." The old man perished first, stunned by the shock of the merciful powder. Ridley's death was more tardy, and he burst into piteous cries of, "Let the fire come to me; I cannot burn." At last came the tardy explosion, and the noble spirit was set free.

The mild and timid Cranmer, who, though not the greatest of the English Reformers may be justly called the Father of the Anglican Church, saw from his prison window the smoke of Ridley's martyrdom. This was part of a deep-laid scheme to frighten him into recantation. Hopes were excited that he was giving way. He did give way at last, and received the papal sentence of degradation in the Cathedral of Christ Church. When he returned to his cell, he received a long and violent letter from Pole, in which hopes of life and freedom were held out to him if he would turn. With mind and body both unstrung by the harassing proceedings of the day, he pondered on the cunning words of the legate. Within a few days after his trial he signed five papers of submission, in the last of which he denounced Luther and Zwinglius, acknowledged the Pope as head of the Church, and declared his belief in the real presence, the seven sacraments, and purgatory. A month went by, and the court made no sign. Then Pole brought him a paper, drawn up in all likelihood by the legate himself, and

couched in the most grovelling words. This sixth submission Cranmer also signed. Yet he was to die. On the morning
Mar. 21, of Saturday, the 21st of March 1556, the rain fell so
1556 heavily that the execution sermon could not be preached in the open air. Cole, the Provost of Eton, mounted the pulpit of St. Mary's, and tried to explain why the council had decreed that a man should be burned after recantation. The blame of the matter was laid at Cranmer's door, as the chief setter forth of heresy in the Church. Cranmer spoke when Cole had finished. To the last moment it was expected that in view of death he would cling to his recantation. Imagine the dismay of all when, like the bursting of a sudden shell, these words fell on their ears: "And now I come to the great thing that troubleth my conscience more than any other thing that ever I said or did in my life, and that is the setting abroad of writings contrary to the truth, which here I now renounce and refuse, as things written with my hand contrary to the truth which I thought in my heart, and written for fear of death to save my life.....As for the Pope, I utterly refuse him, as Christ's enemy and Antichrist, with all his false doctrines; and as for the sacraments, I believe as I have taught in my book against the Bishop of Winchester." Rudely stopped and hurried to the stake, a quarter of a mile off, where Latimer and Ridley had died, he there gave further witness of the sincerity of his last words, by holding the hand which had written the submissions in the rising flames, that it might first be punished, exclaiming at the same time, "This hand hath offended." A week later, Pole was consecrated as Archbishop of Canterbury. The total number of those who died at the stake during the Marian persecution was 277, including 5 bishops, 21 other clergymen, 26 women, and 4 children. This estimate takes no account of the much larger number punished with fines, confiscations, and imprisonments.

Plots like those of Wyatt and Carew continued to convulse

the land. Sir Henry Dudley, a cousin of Northumberland, formed with a few rash young men a conspiracy to set Elizabeth on the throne. It was discovered and crushed with the block and the gibbet. A buccaneering descent of Sir Thomas Stafford on Scarborough came to a similar end. Meanwhile the foreign policy of the English court was becoming every day more hopelessly entangled. Philip, who spent a few weeks in England in the spring of 1557, was pushing his wife into war with France. Nor was an occasion wanting; for the French had lately made an attempt on Calais, with the aid of Protestant refugees from England. The declaration of war with France embroiled England with the Pope, who struck Reginald Pole from his high place as legate, and appointed in his stead Peto, the Greenwich friar. Worse even than the cardinal's fall was the taunt flung at him from the Vatican, that he—the slayer of heretics—was himself guilty of heresy.

The first great operation of the war was the battle of St. Quentin,* in which the soldiers of Philip completely overthrew a fine army led by the Constable of France **1557** (August 10). The English were not present at the battle, but they helped to storm and plunder the town of St. Quentin a few days afterwards.

The time was now come when England was to lose what seemed “the brightest jewel in her crown.” The solitary remnant of English rule in France was now to belong to England no more. When the frosts of January had turned the muddy dikes and marshes which girdle Calais on the land side into sheets of black ice, the Duke of Guise, who had for some time been quietly concentrating his forces, made a rapid move on New-Year's day 1558 towards the town. There were only a few hundred men within the English lines, and very little food. In vain the governor, Lord Grey, had been writing home for aid. A fatal torpor seemed to have fallen on the English gov-

* *St. Quentin*, a town in northern France. See map, p. 257.

ernment. Seizing the sandhill called the Ruysbank, which commanded the harbour and the town, and planting on **1558** it heavy cannon brought from Boulogne, the French opened fire on Calais. Meantime all was hurry and blunder at home. Men mustered without arms. Ships could not face the Channel waves. Nothing useful was done until it was too late; and when ships and soldiers were ready, down came a storm which strewed the sea with wreck-wood. The castle of Calais surrendered on the 6th of January, and the town submitted on the following day. The supporting garrisons of Guisnes and Hammes were driven out on the 21st, and the English power in France was at an end. To all the other miseries crowding round Mary's throne this last and worst was added.

Seldom indeed has an English sovereign died amid denser clouds. The public treasury had again to be filled by a foreign loan. The summer heat had brought pestilent fever on a people who were sick at heart with the horrors of religious persecution. The fires had never quite gone out in Smithfield, and when Bonner (Gardiner had died before Cranmer) dared not light the pile in open day, he carried off his prey to Brentwood, and there the murderous flame stained the sky of night. The defeat of a French army on the sands at Gravelines, where English ships with their guns covered the charge of the Spaniards on land, was but a brief and passing gleam of light. The French flag continued to float from the Ruysbank. At last the fever struck the queen. With her dying breath she ex-
Nov. 17. pressed a wish that her sister should maintain the Roman Catholic religion (Nov. 17). Reginald Pole died on the same day.

Elizabeth then passed from the unsafe obscurity of Hatfield* to the throne of England. In religious matters she would gladly

* *Bishop's Hatfield* (taking its name from the Bishops of Ely, who had a palace there) is in Hertfordshire, nineteen miles from London.

have trimmed between Romanism and Protestantism ; but the coolest and clearest heads in her council, seeing the distinct national leaning toward the latter, advised the establishment of a Protestant church on such a footing as might satisfy the laxer adherents of the ancient faith. She ordered the beautiful English liturgy of Edward to be read in the churches, and forbade the elevation of the host. But at the same time she put a sudden stop to the breaking of images, and, it is said, retained the crucifix and holy water in her private oratory.

Two acts, however, of her first Parliament placed the **1559** matter of the national religion beyond mistake. These were the Act of Supremacy and the Act of Uniformity. The former required every person who held any office, spiritual or temporal, to declare on oath that the queen was the only supreme governor of the realm, both in spiritual and in temporal things, and that no foreign prince, person, prelate, state, or potentate, had any jurisdiction or authority within the realm. Heath, Archbishop of York, Bonner, Bishop of London, and Tunstall, Bishop of Durham, were the most notable of the fourteen prelates who resigned their mitres rather than take this oath. The Act of Uniformity insisted that all, under heavy penalties, should use King Edward's Book of Common Prayer. Thus melted the last hopes of papal dominion in England. The Anglican Church assumed almost its present shape in 1562, when the Forty-two Articles of 1551 were slightly altered, and were reduced to Thirty-nine.

Before many years had passed a great schism shook the newly-founded Church. The Puritans separated from the Establishment in 1566. The roots of Puritanism may be traced far back in the religious history of England. John Wyclif was a Puritan ; and Lollardie was only Puritanism in its infancy. But it was during the reign of Edward the Sixth that the outlines of the party became distinctly visible. The moulding influence came from the Continent. The publication in Germany

in 1548 of the *Interim* of Augsburg (a decree of the Emperor Charles which attempted to reconcile Catholics and Protestants), led some Protestant divines to England. Of these Martin Bucer was the chief. Becoming identified with Cambridge, he taught Puritanism there, as Peter Martyr, another foreigner of the same type, had already been doing at Oxford. Hooper, who became Bishop of Gloucester in 1550 by the influence of Somerset, was the first English champion of Puritanism. There is no doubt that the sympathies of English Protestantism during Edward's reign leant greatly to the Genevan system, of which John Calvin was the soul.

The Marian persecution deepened the Puritan feeling. It drove a host of men from England to avoid imprisonment or death; and during their residence on the Continent they acquired, from intercourse with Calvin and his followers, those views of church government and church service which the Puritans have always advocated. Prominent among these exiles, whose headquarters were Geneva, was John Knox, the Reformer of Scotland. Fox of the *Acts and Monuments*, Coverdale of the English Bible, Grindal, Sandys, Bale, Jewel, and many other able men went also to this school of exile. The accession of Elizabeth brought them back; but they had broken into two bands. Frankfort, the stronghold of the Moderates, had been pitted against Geneva, the stronghold of the Ultras. The Book of Common Prayer formed the battleground, and the Genevans published a service-book for themselves. On their return to England the leaders of the Frankfort party received the sees vacated by the Marian prelates; and the Genevans, who first assumed the name of Puritans, remained nominally a portion of the Anglican Church, until the enforcement of the Act of Uniformity under the direction of Archbishop Parker obliged them to seceda.

CHAPTER VI.

ELIZABETH AND HER STATESMEN.

Character of Elizabeth—Cecil, Lord Burghley—Francis Walsingham—Nicholas Bacon—Anti-papal policy—Norfolk's fatal love—War in the Netherlands—End of Mary Stuart—Elizabeth's suitors—Dudley, Earl of Leicester—Devereux, Earl of Essex—Death of Elizabeth.

THE wise and masculine woman whose name stands second on the short list of our queens regnant, owed much of the splendour that invests her reign to the temper and the talents of the eminent men who encircled her throne. She, uniting in herself two extremes of character—the one almost heroic in its daring valour, the other often ludicrous in its vanity—might frequently have embroiled herself both with her own people and with her powerful neighbours, but for the strong and steady hands that guided the vessel of the state.

First and greatest of her statesmen was William Cecil,* created Baron Burghley in 1571. This cool and cautious man had attracted the notice of King Henry by the skill he displayed in arguing with two Irish priests against the papal supremacy. Steering with masterly tact through all the hazards of the time, he won the confidence of Protector Somerset, and in 1548 received the appointment of Secretary of State. The fall of that unhappy ruler flung a temporary shadow on the fortunes of Cecil, who spent three months in the Tower. When he regained his freedom, he devoted himself to his darling project,

* *William Cecil*, born at Bourn in Lincolnshire in 1520.

and that in which he won greatest renown—the improvement of the national finances. To him in a great measure England owes her merchant navy; for by taking their privileges from the merchants of the Hanseatic Steelyard, whose wharfs by the Thames monopolized nearly all the foreign trade, he induced English merchants to build their own ships, in which to carry their own cargoes. His Protestantism did him no harm, even in the red days of Mary, for he carefully kept it in the background. Elizabeth's accession relieved him from danger, and opened a splendid field for the exercise of his genius. To no one did she lend a readier ear. Seeing that the mischiefs that entangle a state or an individual plunged in debt already hampered the greatness of England, he induced the queen to begin a system of rigid economy which was scarcely ever relaxed. The crown debts—four million, it is said—were paid, principal and interest. The debased coinage was purified. At last, instead of groaning over empty coffers, and over debts in every capital on the Continent, England came to feel the peace and to enjoy the profit of being her neighbours' creditor. Secretary Cecil's right-hand man in these money-dealings was a noted London merchant, called Sir Thomas Gresham. He took a large share in the building of a Flemish-looking Bourse of wood and brick with covered walks and convenient stalls, where the merchants met to transact their business; and having induced Elizabeth in 1571 to visit it, obtained for it the name of the Royal Exchange.* That very year saw Cecil raised to the peerage, and also to the illustrious post of Lord High Treasurer. Known henceforth as Lord Burghley, he devoted the ripeness of his years to the development of that calm and far-seeing policy which had won honour for his gray hairs. Of course he had many foes; but he kept the even tenor of his way unruffled to the last, enjoying his books and flower-beds whenever he could loose the chains of toil for a few hours.

* This building was burned in the Great Fire of 1666.

Gout at last wore out his strength ; and in 1598 England lost a man who, by the steady force of common sense and quiet thought, achieved fame for himself, and conferred solid benefits on his country.

Fewer words may dismiss Elizabeth's other ministers and advisers. Sir Francis Walsingham, a diligent and watchful man, who served oftener than once as ambassador in France, became one of the principal secretaries of state, and, as such, undertook for Elizabeth the management of that most unhappy business the conviction of Mary Queen of Scots. It grates harshly on our notions of statesmanship to find Walsingham tampering with letters, employing spies, and bribing wholesale in the performance of his political duties. Born at Chiselhurst in Kent about 1536, he died in 1590.

Chiselhurst also sent out a lord-keeper of the Great Seal in the person of Sir Nicholas Bacon, father of the famous author of the *Novum Organum*. Sir Nicholas never achieved greatness ; but he agreed remarkably well with his friend and brother-in-law Cecil, whose temper much resembled his own. Men like these, by their grave sound sense, ballasted the vessel of the state at this eventful time. Sir Francis Knollys, the vice-chamberlain, who was a good deal mixed up with the earlier imprisonment of Mary Stuart, and Matthew Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury and a special scourge of the Puritans, had also a share in the councils of Elizabeth.

With such advisers the daughter of Anne Boleyn faced the difficulties of queenship. These difficulties arose chiefly from the complication of religious questions. Although, as has been said, the queen was not without a love for the picturesque worship of the Romish Church, her advisers inclined her to Protestantism of the less rigorous kind ; and she refused to admit a papal legate into the kingdom. Having had the question of her supremacy settled by an act of her first Parliament—an edict which contained the baleful seed of the *High Commission*

Court of 1583—she proceeded to exercise her spiritual authority by inflicting persecution on both Roman Catholics and Puritans. These persecutions have blotted her illustrious reign beyond repair. The pressure of penal laws grew heavier. In **1568** 1568—the year when Mary Queen of Scots arrived homeless in England—Roman Catholics were banished from court. Some too were imprisoned for hearing mass. A reaction, long working in the northern counties, swelled at last into revolt. The Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland carried the banner of the Five Wounds through Durham to Barnard Castle, where they turned at news of Sussex's approach and fled to Scotland, leaving their men to the executioner (1569).

On Sunday, the 16th of May 1568, Mary Stuart crossed the Solway Firth in a fishing-boat, to find herself detained as a captive where she had hoped to be welcomed as a guest. Her sorrows, her charms, the fact that she was heiress to the English throne if Elizabeth left no issue, or perhaps all these things combined, wrought so powerfully on the Duke of Norfolk that he sought the royal captive as his wife. In vain Elizabeth, in bitter and sarcastic words, expressed her displeasure at the proposal. He would not listen to her arguments; so she tried the effect of stone walls, and shut him up in the Tower. The movements of the English Catholics were watched eagerly at Rome; in fact many of the wires were worked there. Stung by Elizabeth's obstinacy, Pius the Fifth issued a Bull excommunicating and deposing the heretic queen. One Felton was put to death for fixing this document on the gates of the Bishop of London's palace. Nothing daunted, Elizabeth replied by an act (13 Eliz. c. 2) declaring that all persons publishing a Bull from Rome should be guilty of high treason. So the battle raged. Norfolk, released in 1570, after having given a written promise not to proceed with the contemplated marriage without Elizabeth's consent, enjoyed thirteen months of freedom. At the

end of that time, however, he was brought to trial for having opened correspondence with Mary, and having negotiated with the Pope and Spain concerning the invasion of England. He was executed on the 2nd of June 1572.

A little later the dreadful news of the St. Bartholomew massacre struck a pang of fear through all Protestant England. To many of the English prelates and statesmen there seemed to be no safety while Mary Stuart lived. Elizabeth had long ago incurred the hatred of French Catholics by sending supplies of men and money to Condé, leader of the Huguenots. Receiving Havre in return, she thought to make a second Calais of the place; but she lost it in a little while. Slight as was her share in this movement, it now seemed sufficient to point her out as a victim of Catholic vengeance on the one hand, and as the champion of Protestantism on the other. She was entangled, too, in the affairs of the Dutch republic. There among the fens Elizabeth came into violent collision with her arch-enemy, though former suitor, King Philip of Spain. She gladly saw the sea at Leyden flowing over the Spanish trenches, as it bore food to the beleaguered town. So firmly did the Dutch believe in her, that, by advice of the Prince of Orange, the sovereignty of the States was offered to the English queen. She declined it. Then came the Union of Utrecht—and a lull. The death of Orange in 1584 by an assassin's bullet led to a second offer, urging Elizabeth to become sovereign of the States. Her refusal was softened by the aid she lent the Dutchmen against Spain. Her prime favourite, the Earl of Leicester, took command of an expedition to the Low Countries, which possesses a mournful interest to the literary student; for there, in a skirmish near Zutphen, the gifted Sir Philip Sidney, then acting as governor of Flushing, met his death-wound (1586). Leicester, matched against Farnese, Duke of Parma and first captain of the age, made blunders till winter came, and then slunk home from among the martial merchants,

whom his arrogance had annoyed and his incapacity had enraged.

Meanwhile the Scottish queen was expiating her life of folly in confinement at Tutbury,* where damp apartments blanched her beauty and crippled her limbs with disease. As plot after plot against Elizabeth's life was discovered, the fatal axe approached nearer and nearer to Mary's neck. There is no doubt that the danger to England and to the queen, from the designs of the Catholic party in Europe, was real. Philip of Spain and the Duke of Alva, his general in the Netherlands, believed that the death of Elizabeth and the accession of Mary were necessary to the success of their scheme for restoring the papal power in England. Many plots had been formed with that view since 1583, when Edward Arden of Warwickshire was executed for conspiring against the queen's life. Another scheme of the same kind—Babington's conspiracy—proved fatal to Mary. Savage and Ballard, the latter a priest in soldier's dress, having arrived in England to assassinate Elizabeth, told their project to Antony Babington, a young Catholic of gentle birth, who had already been corresponding with Queen Mary. Babington entered gladly into the plot, and having widened the circle of conspirators to six, prepared to murder Elizabeth and to set free the Queen of Scots. In the very heart of the plot Walsingham had his spies, and when all was nearly ripe, the leading conspirators were arrested, and were at once put to death. At Fotheringay Castle,† the last scene of her sad strange story, Mary was put on her trial before forty-two royal commissioners, on the charge of complicity in Babington's conspiracy. The cunning of Walsingham had collected sufficient evidence to condemn her. It was he who, by use of a spy, got up a correspondence between the captive queen and the exiles in France, and managed to have the letters conveyed by a brewer, who visited the castle

* *Tutbury*, a strong place on the Dove in Staffordshire.

† *Fotheringay Castle* in Northamptonshire was destroyed by James I. after his accession to the English throne.

with ale. He saw every letter, for Gifford, who had bribed the brewer, was in his pay. Opening, reading, copying, sealing up again, he extracted in this treacherous way information of the greatest importance.

The trial took place in the presence-chamber of Fotheringay Castle on October 12th, before an empty chair, whose gorgeous canopy was supposed to overshadow the majesty of England. The first step taken was to place in Mary's hand a letter from Elizabeth, charging her with a share in the plot. She boldly met the charge, declaring that "she had excited no man against the queen, but that she denied not having recommended herself and her cause to foreign princes." At first she refused to be tried by the commission; but the fear that absence might be construed into conscious guilt led her to waver in this resolve. Copies of three letters, two from Mary and one from Babington, were produced as evidence against her. Statements alleged to have been made on oath by Nau and Curle, her secretaries, who in spite of the Scottish queen's demands were never confronted with her, supplemented these documents. Her answer was clear and simple. "She knew not Babington, and had not corresponded with him. Her letters, if she wrote them, should be produced in her own hand. If Babington wrote her a letter, it should be proved that she had received it." When accused of having incited foreign powers to invade England, and of having intended to convey the Scottish crown to the King of Spain in the event of her son not becoming a Catholic, she answered, "that it was natural for her to seek her liberty; and that, if she had a kingdom, she was not accountable to any for the disposal of it. Her secretaries might have written," she said, "what she had never dictated. Where were they? Let them speak before her face." Her requests for the aid of counsel, for a trial in full Parliament, for an interview with Elizabeth, were all met with a cold refusal. On the 25th of October, in the Star

Chamber at Westminster, sentence of death was pronounced. Amid the rejoicings which greeted this decision in London, there were many sorrowful hearts. There was some pleading for her life. A special envoy from France and others from Scotland, where her weak son James the Sixth held sway, were obliged to leave the presence of Elizabeth without much hope. The execution of Mary was, however, delayed for some months. Though her sentence was pronounced in October, the death-warrant was not signed till February. The delay has been ascribed to Elizabeth's vacillation and to her scruples of conscience. It was rather due to reasons of state. The effect of the policy on the relations of England with the Catholic powers of Europe had to be calculated. At last the council was satisfied that the policy was safe. Elizabeth had no desire that Mary should live; but she would have preferred that some one else should take the responsibility of sending her to the scaffold. She even hinted that Paulet and Drury, her keepers, might quietly put her out of the way. At last she signed the warrant, and commanded the Great Seal to be affixed (February 1). Next day she countermanded the completion of the deed; but the seal had already been affixed; and at the instance of Burghley and the rest of the council, the warrant was at once sent off to Fotheringay. Carefully robed in black satin and lawn, with an ivory crucifix in her hand, Mary of Scotland

Feb. 8,
1587 walked calmly, about eight on a winter morning, into the great hall of the castle, where a low black scaffold had been hastily erected. The Tower headsman in black velvet stood by. After a tearful parting from her old steward, Sir Robert Melville, a gold-laced kerchief was bound over her eyes by her maid, and she bowed her neck on the block. Three blows severed the neck. Her little pet dog crept in among the folds of her dress, and after her death refused to leave her body—a touching incident of which poets have made good use.

The question of Elizabeth's marriage involved the statesmen

of her reign in very complicated negotiations. Philip the Second of Spain—his cousin Charles, Archduke of Austria—the young Duke of Anjou, afterwards Henry the Third of France—Eric King of Sweden, the son of Gustavus Vasa—all were suitors for her hand. But Charles of Austria, and Dudley, who soon became Earl of Leicester, seemed to have better chances than any of the rest. The uncertainty of the succession, if Elizabeth should die without children, caused Burghley and other long-headed politicians to press the need of marriage keenly on the queen. The vain queen seems really to have nursed a passion for Leicester, which time enabled her to smother. Burghley would gladly have secured the archduke as her husband; but every year of power saw Elizabeth less inclined to surrender her personal freedom.

Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, was the grandson of that tax-gathering minister who had helped so much to fill the coffers of Henry the Seventh, and the son of that ambitious noble who had struck down Protector Somerset and climbed to the dukedom of Northumberland. Elizabeth delighted in his society, and showed her fondness so openly, that when his wife, Amy Robsart, died suddenly at Cumnor, it was rumoured he had killed her to clear his way to the throne. How splendidly Dudley played the host at Kenilworth, when his royal mistress came on a visit to that noble place, needs not here be told. His marriage with Lady Essex, hidden at first from the queen, roused her jealous anger; but the storm blew quickly by. He commanded, as we have seen, in the Low Countries with little credit to himself. He went there again next year, to return without achieving anything but mischief. When the Armada swept threatening toward the English shore, he was appointed lieutenant-general of the army, and 1588 headed the infantry at Tilbury. It was his last command. Sudden death smote him at Cornbury in Oxfordshire in the following September.

Young Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, rode with his father-in-law Leicester on the Dutch mud-banks in 1586, a captain-general of cavalry, although only twenty years of age. When Leicester died, he secured the principal share of Elizabeth's favour, although she carried on flirtations too with Raleigh and the courtly Charles Blount. Essex possessed in a great degree that brilliant, often foolhardy, valour which exercises a peculiar fascination on the female fancy. He loved fighting for fighting's sake; but his skill in war did not correspond with his dash and daring. When in 1589 a fleet set sail from Plymouth under Drake's command to place Don Antonio of Portugal on his uncle's throne, Essex crept on board and went to fight at Lisbon as a volunteer. His absence, sorely against the queen's will, almost cost him her favour; but he rose to the surface again in no long time. In 1591 he fought in France for Henry the Fourth. During ten summer weeks of 1596 he reduced Cadiz to ashes and filled the English ships with Spanish ducats. The following year saw him, with Thomas Howard and Walter Raleigh, engaged in the same golden chase, which he pursued instead of carrying out the object of his cruise—the destruction in its own ports of a new Armada, which Philip was fitting out for the invasion of England.

A most unlucky day it was for Essex when he landed on the Irish shore to measure strength with the victorious rebel, Hugh, Earl of Tyrone, who had set the whole island in a blaze, and against whom the English captains were putting forth all their strength in vain. The first omen of the coming storm was a peremptory order from Elizabeth to depose the Earl of Southampton from the command of the cavalry, to which post Essex had personally raised this friend. Then his army began to melt away mysteriously among the bogs and woods. He faced Tyrone in Louth, merely to conclude a sort of shifting truce; and then without leave or notice he returned to London, and went boldly into the royal presence. Elizabeth received

him quietly. It was evening before her rage burst out; and then it was such as her father might have shown. For nearly a year Essex lay in prison, and then he received freedom, with the command to show his face no more at court. The monopoly of sweet wines, which had been a chief source of his income, having expired, he asked for its renewal and was refused. Then, at the instigation of his secretary Cuffe, he tried to raise the Londoners, who loved him well. On Sunday the 8th of February 1601, he passed with naked sword through 1601 the streets, followed by Southampton and other malcontents. Though the Londoners loved Essex, they loved peace and money better: not a citizen took up the cry. He escaped by boat to his own house by the Thames, and after holding out awhile there, he surrendered, and with Southampton was committed to the Tower. Convicted of treason and sentenced to the block, Essex closed his short and fitful career at the age of thirty-three (Feb. 25th).

The old queen did not long survive her favourite. The close of the Irish rebellion, achieved by the brave and skilful Mountjoy, who inflicted a final defeat on Tyrone, and forced his Spanish allies into a surrender at Kinsale, cast a gleam of light upon the cloudy close of her life. But seventy years had nearly done their work, and the manly queen was failing fast. The courtiers' flatteries, once so sweet and pleasant, fell dull upon her ear. At last she came to lie on cushions on the floor, her finger always in her mouth, and her eyes fixed in a rigid downward stare. Almost with her last breath 1603 she named her cousin of Scotland as her proper successor. Not many seconds after the last Tudor sovereign had passed gently out of life, the sharp clatter of horse-hoofs broke the morning stillness of the London streets. The sun had not risen on the 24th of March 1603, when Sir Robert Carey went spurring madly along the northern road, with great news for James of Scotland.

CHAPTER VII.

DRAKE'S VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.

Francis Drake—Across to Brazil—The Strait and its storms—A solitary ship—Piracies—Across the Pacific—The perilous reef—Homeward bound—The dinner at Deptford.

MOST notable of the Elizabethan sailors was Francis Drake, the son of a poor vicar, and born in 1544 about a mile from Tavistock, where the humble old-fashioned cabin in which he first saw the light stood not long ago. Trained among the Biscay waves, he joined Hawkins in a slaving trip to Guinea and the Indies, on which occasion he commanded the *Judith*, of fifty tons, and saw dangerous service against the Spaniards.

On the 13th of December 1577, five ships, which had been driven back by a storm a month earlier, weighed anchor a second time in Plymouth Sound, bound, it was said, for Alexandria, but really destined for privateering against the Spaniards. Francis Drake commanded the fleet, which consisted of the *Pelican*, the *Elizabeth*, the *Swan*, the *Marygold*, and the *Christopher*. They carried with them the frames of four pinnaces, to be put up when necessary, and were manned by one hundred and sixty-four gentlemen and sailors. Rich furniture adorned the cabins; massive silver plate glittered on the table of the captain-general, who carried with him also expert musicians. After some delay at Mogadore on the Barbary coast, they reached Cape Blanco, where the *Christopher* was left, a Spanish

canter of forty tons being taken in its place. Near the island of Santiago they took a Portuguese wine-ship, bound for Brazil, whose pilot, Nuno da Sylva, Drake pressed into his service, sending the rest of the crew adrift in a pinnace. Through calm, hurricane, thunder, and torrid heat they sailed for nine weeks from the Cape Verd Islands, until they sighted the Brazilian shore. Before crossing the line, Captain Drake bled with his own hands every one of the men under his flag. Sometimes losing a ship, again joyfully finding it, killing and salting seals within the estuary of the Plata, rowing to the shore to see a savage shouting and dancing with a rattle in his hand, Drake found himself on the edge of that unknown land we call Patagonia.* Here he replenished his stock of food by taking more than fifty dried ostriches from a native store which he found by the sea; some of the thighs were described as being like good-sized legs of mutton. At this place, known as Seal Bay from the numbers of these animals found there, the *Swan* was broken up for firewood, since Drake had found that the scattering of his ships caused much annoyance and delay. At Port St. Julian, where the fleet stayed nearly two months (from June 20th to August 17th), some unlucky events occurred. An affray with the natives cost Drake two lives—Robert Winter and Oliver the master-gunner being pierced with arrows; and one Master Doughtie, an accomplished volunteer, was executed for plotting mutiny against the captain-general. The ships, now reduced to three—*Pelican*, *Elizabeth*, and *Marygold*, for the Spanish *canter* had been cast adrift and the Portuguese prize broken up—sailed away from this sad harbour, leaving behind them three English graves. Coasting on past Cape Virgenes, a huge gray rock spotted with black, Drake found himself at the eastern mouth of that remarkable strait which forms the

Feb. 5,
1578

* So called from the Spanish *patagon*, a large clumsy foot, because the natives wore huge sandals.

first passage on that shore into the South Seas. He now sailed in the *Golden Hind*, for he had altered the name of his flagship, the old *Pelican*.

Twice before, European keels had cut the waters of that channel. The Dutch seaman Magalhaens, popularly Magellan, whose name it bears, had been the first to sail in 1520 between its iron rocks; and in 1558 Juan Ladrilleros had sailed through it, returning to the Chili coast with only two of his crew alive. On between terraced mountains, rising in gigantic steps from sea to snow, the adventurous Englishmen passed for seventeen days, stopping occasionally to name an island, or to fill their larder with the clumsy penguins which strut about there in stupid solemn thousands.

On the 6th of September 1578 Drake steered his little squadron into the South Seas, already added pompously with sword and banner to the dominions of Spain. A terrible storm then fell on the fleet, driving them far from their course. When, scudding under bare poles before the furious north-east wind, they had reached a point two hundred miles west of the strait, the *Marygold* disappeared, blown right away, never to be heard of more. Sorely battered, the *Hind* and the *Elizabeth* crept a week later into a bay, and anchored there among the rocks to spend the dreadful night. The *Golden Hind* broke her cable, and was blown out to sea. Winter in the *Elizabeth* next day got once more into the strait, where he lighted fires on the rocks as a signal to his chief. Sailing further into the sheltered sea, he landed his sick crew in a pleasant spot, where the rich juicy mussels, full of seed-pearls too, and the unbroken rest, quickly restored them to health. Then Winter lost heart, and against his sailors' will returned to England.

Meanwhile Drake was driven about the shores of Tierra del Fuego and away towards the South Pole, until at length in the end of October the poor *Golden Hind* rested her worn and

weary timbers in a sheltered creek of that little island, a point of which, called Cape Horn, is the last summit of the sinking Cordilleras. Over this precipitous headland Drake stretched his body, looked at the boiling brine below, and then went back to his ship, boasting that he had been further south than any other man. Having named these barren islands the *Elizabethides*, he then directed his course north-westward and northward, hugging the shore.

Then began a series of plunder-hunting dashes on Spanish ships and towns. The Dons were taken all by surprise, for no hostile keel had ever cut that sea before. Piloted to Valparaiso by an unsuspecting Indian, the English adventurers rifled the town, whose population consisted of only nine families, and, standing out to sea with an anchored vessel, whose crew had welcomed them as friends with drum-beat and a jar of wine, greedily counted over the gains of their first considerable piratical exploit. A great store of Chili wine and 60,000 *pesos* of gold (each worth eight shillings) rewarded their unscrupulous action.

Dec. 5,
1578

Bagging some smaller game, as he coasted northward, Drake pressed steadily on in chase of a great treasure-ship, of which he had heard at Callao. Bound for Panama, where the bullion crossed the isthmus to be shipped off to Spain, the galleon floated quietly on, unsuspecting of the danger dogging her very heels. On the 1st of March a sail broke the line of the horizon, and unwittingly the Spanish captain, never dreaming of a foe in these waters, ran down into the lion's mouth, to discover the stranger's name and destination. Arrows and cannon-balls replied. The Spaniard's mast was shot away, her captain wounded with a shaft. The *Golden Hind* had made a golden capture. Drake, then off Cape Francisco, fearing some danger from the shore, sailed out to sea for six-and-thirty hours before he ventured to open the money-chests of his prize. Bars of silver and of gold

Mar. 1,
1579

in great glittering rows, boxes full of diamonds and other gems, burst upon his delighted gaze, when he felt that he was far enough from land to look. The entire value of the prize was reckoned at 360,000 *pesos* of gold—in those days a sum almost incalculable. He had now struck his quarry; how to get it home became the important question. Storms and Spaniards alike forbade a return through the Strait of Magellan. He

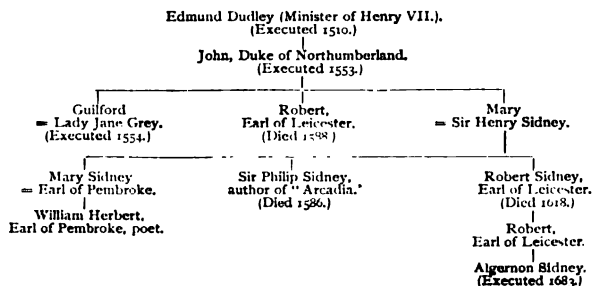
June 17, at first resolved to seek a passage to England at the
1579 northern extremity of America, and for this purpose coasted on through cutting winds, which froze the rigging and the meat just off the spit, to that opening in the Californian coast now called Port San Francisco. During a stay of five weeks in that sheltered spot the English seamen, who were worshipped by the natives as beings of a higher kind, exchanged friendly signs with these aborigines of the far West. Baskets of tobacco and presents of broiled fish came daily to the English tents from the conical huts built over cup-shaped holes in which the Indians lived; and, in return for these, lotions and ointments were given to those natives who had sores or wounds. Before leaving California, Drake dubbed the country New Albion, because the rocks were white; and he set up on the shore a brass plate with Elizabeth's name and the date of the acquisition engraved on it. Drake did not sail any further north, but, steering right across the Pacific, came to the Philippines, and soon to the Moluccas (Nov. 3). The King of Ternate did homage to his flag, presenting fowls, rice, sugar, spices, and sago. At Celebes the English saw fire-flies and land-crabs, the latter of which they liked exceedingly at table. On the 9th of January 1580 the *Golden Hind* nearly met her death. Sailing before a fresh wind over a seemingly clear sea, she stuck fast on the edge of a sunken reef. In vain the crew, after earnest prayer, strove to lighten her by strewing the sea with cloves and sugar, "making the water round about a caudle," old Fuller tells us. The last hope seems to have failed

them, and all were expecting to sink with the treasure so keenly sought and so hardly won, when the ebbing tide and the dropping wind left the ship to her own weight, and she slipped off the reef into deep water, having been in extreme danger from eight o'clock one evening until four the next day. At Barateva and at Java they met with kindly treatment; but warnings of danger at hand, in the shape of Portuguese vessels, made the English captain hurry on his homeward way. Rounding the Cape of Good Hope with the finest weather, and calling at Sierra Leone for water, he arrived at Plymouth on the 26th of September 1580, after an absence of nearly three years.

Elizabeth, who delighted in enterprise and well appreciated any lustre cast by Englishmen on England, and who, besides, was in no way annoyed at the loss his exploits inflicted upon Spain, though state etiquette obliged her for awhile to appear so, dined with Drake on board of his victorious ship, which was carefully laid up in a creek at Deptford; and when dinner was over, her fair and royal hands made the hardy mariner a knight. When the timbers of the *Golden Hind* grew very frail, she was broken up, and a chair, made from some of her best planks, was presented to the University of Oxford.*

* In 1595 Sir Francis Drake died of fever near Portobello, in Central America, aged fifty-one.

THE DUDLEYS AND THE SIDNEYS.



CHAPTER VIII.

THE SPANISH ARMADA.

The resolve—The reasons—Preparation—The Spanish fleet—Union of the English—Arrangements—The storm at Corunna—The game of bowls—The floating crescent—Up the Channel—Parma in a trap—The fire-ships—Wreck and missing—Drake's words.

PHILIP THE SECOND, King of Spain, whose sailors had lately beaten the Turks at Lepanto, whose soldiers had still more recently conquered Portugal, who owned, besides his powerful dominions in Europe, the golden soil of the Americas and some of the richest islands in African and Asian seas, who had drenched Holland and Belgium with Protestant blood in defence of that old creed of which he was now the acknowledged champion, resolved during the reign of Elizabeth upon the invasion of England.

For this resolve he had many reasons. In the first place England was now the central rock of Protestantism. Mary Queen of Scots, the darling of the Roman Catholic cause, had been lately executed at Fotheringay. English ships had plundered his galleons, and had carried fire into his settlements on every shore. English soldiers had fronted his armies upon the flats by the Rhine and the Scheldt. The English stage had ridiculed the formal crop of his yellow beard and the starch of his Spanish manners. The English queen had quite forgotten the stately protection he had once or twice afforded her, when he lodged at Whitehall as the husband of her step-sister. All

these things, and other seeds of discontent, had mingled in one huge sense of injury, which exploded now in war.

So early as June 1587 a treaty against England had been concluded between Philip and the Pope. Mighty preparations then began. Sixtus the Fifth contributed bags of *scudi* for the holy work. Venice and Genoa hired out their ships to the would-be invader. He seized every boat of sufficient size in the harbours of the Sicilies. He filled the dockyards of Spain and Flanders with the incessant ring of the shipwright's hammer.

Soldiers were enlisted and drilled in every part of his 1587 dominions. England, on the other hand, was by no means idle in the face of the expected storm. Amid some feeble negotiations, which came to nothing, Drake "sing'd the Spanish monarch's beard," as he humorously styled the destruction of more than one hundred ships in the Spanish harbours. An important though unexpected result of Drake's expedition was the death of the Marquis Santa Cruz, the best admiral in Spain, who, being prevented from accepting a challenge sent him by the great English captain, vexed himself into a fatal fever. The vice-admiral, the Duke of Paliano, died almost at the same time; and the command of the Spanish fleet was given to the Duke of Medina Sidonia, who seems to have possessed little nautical skill.

In the summer of 1588,—“that memorable year when the dark cloud gathered around our coasts,”—one hundred and thirty-two vessels rode at anchor in the Tagus, prepared for the destruction of the English throne. Almost half the fleet consisted of *galleons*,—huge leviathans, whose wooden ribs were four or five feet thick, and around whose masts heavy cables daubed with pitch were twined to make them 1588 shot-proof. There were also great *galliassees*, in each of which three hundred slaves tugged at ponderous oars; and the smaller fry—*zabraes*, *pataches*, *caravels*—swarmed thick between. Two thousand six hundred cannons of brass and iron,

with corresponding ammunition ; muskets, calivers, halberts, and partisans ; carts and waggons ; spades and baskets for the pioneers ; horses and mules ; with half a year's supply of biscuit, wine, cheese, and bacon, loaded every deck and hold. Besides eight thousand sailors and the galley-slaves, there was on board an army of twenty thousand men.

The Spanish plan was this :—While the armada swept the Channel clear of English ships, and held, even if it were but for a time, the undisputed mastery of these waters, the army, collected at Dunkirk by Alexander Farnese, Prince of Parma and Captain-General of the Spanish Netherlands,—a man who deserves to be called the greatest soldier of the age,—was to embark in the flat-bottoms prepared for the purpose, and, under the convoy of the fleet, was to effect a descent on the coast of Kent or elsewhere. A swift dash on London would then lay England trembling at the feet of Spain.

It speaks well for English patriotism that in this hour of extreme peril—such a crisis as England had never faced before, and has never faced since—religious differences sank out of sight, and the nation stood up as one man to beat the invader back. Although Philip warred in the character of a Crusader fighting for the Romish creed, the Roman Catholics of England met him as a foe, and that, although the ashes of their friends still smoked at the persecuting stake, and their leaders were in nearly every case shut out from command by Protestant jealousy. Lord Howard of Effingham, the admiral who saved England from invasion, was himself a Roman Catholic. Economy had reduced the English navy to thirty-six ships ; but ship after ship was added, Englishmen of every grade grudging nothing to augment the fleet, until one hundred and ninety-one vessels were ready for sea. The tonnage of these ships did not reach to one-half that of the Spanish fleet ; but in this, as will be seen, lay one cause of their great victory. Every name of renown in the naval annals of the time may be read in

the list of commanders who sailed with Effingham. The Dutch, who dreaded beyond all things a victory of Philip over England, sent their ships to aid the Protestant cause; but their share in the transaction was chiefly confined to the important work of blockading Parma at Nieuport and Dunkirk. The English soldiers, amounting to one hundred and thirty thousand, without the London levies, were arrayed in formidable bands along the southern coast and the estuary of the Thames.

All being ready, the Invincible Armada, as the Spanish king presumed to style his fleet, left the Tagus on the 29th of May 1588. It met its first disaster off Cape Finisterre, where a storm sank four large vessels, and drove the rest, worn with wind and wave, to seek shelter in Corunna and the neighbouring harbours. May 29,
1588 Meanwhile, it had been wisely decided in the English councils, Raleigh urging the weightiest reasons, to meet the armada by sea, and prevent, if possible, any invasion. The news of the storm that had smitten the armada excited some hope in England that there would be no attack during that year; and Elizabeth bade Effingham pay off four of his best ships. He replied that he would rather keep them floating at his own cost, and sailed away across the Bay of Biscay to see whether the armada was really disabled. Having found that the check was only temporary, back he came to Plymouth with all sails set, hurrying lest some of the fleetest Spanish ships might cut him off from the English shore.

Then was played, on the Hoe at Plymouth, that unrivalled game of bowls which fixes itself like a picture on the memory. We can see it all. The faint hazy blue of the sultry July sky arching over sun-baked land and glittering sea; the group of captains on the grass, peak-bearded and befrilled, in the fashion of Elizabeth's day; the gleaming wings of Fleming's little barque skimming the green waters like a sea-gull, on her way to Plymouth harbour with the weightiest news. She touches

the rude pier : the skipper makes hastily for the Hoe, and tells how, that morning, he had seen the giant hulls of the Spaniard off the Cornish coast, and how he had with difficulty escaped by the swiftness of his ship. The breathless silence changes
July 19, to a storm of tongues ; but that resolute man who had
1588 laded the *Golden Hind* with Spanish *pesos*, and had cut the waves of every ocean round the globe, calls on his comrades to play out the match, for "there is plenty of time to do so, and to beat the Spaniards too." It is Drake who speaks. The game is resumed, and played out to the last shot. Then begin earnest preparations for a mightier game—a nation's life the weighty stake. Out of Plymouth, along every road, men spur for life or death, and every headland and mountain peak shoots up its red tongue of warning flame.

In the teeth of a strong gale, the English ships made their way out of port, and on the following day (July 20th) the admiral saw a curving line of giant vessels spreading over seven miles of sea. This first glimpse did not daunt him, for he knew that his lighter craft were better suited to the kind of fighting he had resolved to try. He let the Spaniards pass, and hung upon their rear, as they lumbered up the Channel toward Calais. The *Disdain* (Captain Jonas Bradbury) fired upon a straggler. The *Ark Royal*, which bore Effingham's flag, tackled to a monster galleon. The *Revenge* (Drake), the *Victory* (Hawkins), and the *Triumph* (Frobisher) fell upon the rearward line. The account of the skirmish reminds one strongly of nimble dwarfs dancing fiercely around unwieldy giants, who writhe under the stinging blows, and wildly beat the air with clumsy fists. Drake, following his old work, made a prize of a treasure-ship with 55,000 ducats. This success, and the experience of the fight, in which the tall Spaniards had riddled the sea and nothing else with their shot, firing clean over the little English vessels, filled the hearts of the English crews with joy. But much was yet to be done. Howard went

back to Plymouth for Raleigh and the Cornish division of the fleet.

On the 23rd, there was a whole day's fighting off Portland, night and the want of powder for the English guns alone bringing the contest to a close. The 25th saw a similar scene with a similar result—the capture or the crippling of Spanish ships—enacted off the Isle of Wight. English powder ran short again; and the Spanish admiral had fired off all his heavy shot, most of which were now reposing at the bottom of the Channel. So the giant game went on, until the Spanish fleet came to anchor off Calais on the 27th.

Sidonia's hopes now leant wholly on Parma; but that illustrious captain lay cooped in Flanders, with rotting boats, sick soldiers, and empty bread-casks, watched moreover so closely by the Dutch, that, even if he had been able, he could not safely have put to sea. There was sudden checkmate now. Seymour's squadron having run down the strait from the Flemish coast, to join Admiral Howard, the armada must fight before going to Parma's aid at Dunkirk. In fact the course of the colossal fleet, with its castellated hulls ranged like a line of huge fortresses, was now blocked by one hundred and forty English ships, swift, light, and strong. That night (the 29th) a fearful cry, "The fire of Antwerp," rang from the Spanish line over the dark waters. Eight small ships, daubed with pitch and resin, and filled with explosive substances, had been steered by some daring Englishmen close to the heaving castles, and there set on fire. This stratagem broke the line. In the panic which the flaring fire and the frequent crashes struck through the whole Spanish fleet, many cut their cables; a huge galleon ran against another ship and broke off its own rudder; all was confusion, and Sidonia's signal-gun was not heard, or was taken only for another burst of death from the flaming ships.

All was over now. Sunset had burned out over a strong and solid wall of majestic vessels riding proudly at anchor. Dawn

glimmered on scattered masts, making for all points of the compass. The disunited limbs of the armada fell an easy prey to the English ships, which during the next day took, sank, or drove ashore several Spanish vessels. The mass of the fleet fled northward at the bidding of the admiral, who saw no way home but round the northern coast of Scotland. Had the powder of the English not run out again, so many would not have sailed away to the unknown firths and sounds of the north. The shores of the Orkneys, the rock of the Fair Isle, where Spanish hosiery survives to mark the deposit of shipwrecked crews, the coast of Norway, the Mull of Cantire, the rocks of Ulster and Connaught, have still their stories of Spanish wreckwood and of the olive scarecrows who were cast dead or scarcely living out of the angry sea. A few ships, driven backward through the Channel, easily became the prizes of the English and their friends. In the end of September, Sidonia brought three-and-fifty weather-beaten and mutilated ships, scantily filled with ghastly sufferers, to an anchor in Santander Bay. His rival Effingham had long before received the thanks of his queen and the plaudits of his countrymen, and was then resting on his laurels, won with the cost of very little English life, and not one English ship of any size.

The words of Drake may sum the matter up: "With all their great and terrible ostentation they did not in all their sailing round about England so much as sink or take one ship, bark, pinnace, or cock-boat of ours, or even burn so much as one sheep-cote on this land." Spain has never recovered the blow. England—to be Great Britain soon—won by this achievement that empire of the seas she has never since lost.

CHAPTER IX.

"MERRIE ENGLANDE."

Dress and manners—The *Gull's Hornbook*—The Kenilworth pageant—The Lord of Misrule—Yule-log and boar's head—Evening games—May-day and Morrice—Vigil of St. John.

ENGLISH society made rapid strides of improvement during the Tudor Period. The Elizabethan houses greatly surpassed those of Henry the Seventh's reign in point both of internal convenience and of outward beauty. The furniture, too, displayed increasing artistic taste. Carved tables and buffets, richly ornamented clocks, and Turkey carpets were not uncommon in the mansions of the great. The beaux and belles of the earlier Tudor reigns loved the dress with which the faithful pencil of Hans Holbein,* a painter from Basle who settled at the court of Henry the Eighth, has made us familiar. The men, gleaming in red or blue velvet crusted with gold, clipped their hair but cultivated their beards, while their excessively broad-toed shoes vied with their doublets in slashes and puffs without end. The ladies, who shared the use of the Milan bonnet with the sterner sex, were more staid and Quakerish than in the gorgeous days of Elizabeth. This perhaps was owing to the fashion of wearing aprons, caps, and high square collars in the street. The accession of Elizabeth

* Arriving in England in 1526 with a letter from Erasmus to Sir Thomas More, Holbein started under royal patronage as a court portrait-painter. He died of the plague in 1554.

saw a change. The deforming cambric ruff with its glaze of yellow starch was apt to choke both courtiers and maids of honour. Fair-haired wigs—red being among the favourite hues—were perched on the heads of maid and matron; and a sly peep at the little looking-glass which dangled from the belt was often needed to see that this questionable ornament was keeping its place. String on string of pearls hung in long loops from the neck; and when we picture rows of female figures thus bedizened, sitting outside the street doors, munching sweetmeats or smoking tobacco, as they watched the gallants strutting by in trunk-hose and cork shoes, and the recently imported “coaches”—heavy leathern portmanteaus on wheels—rumbling past with their human freight, we have a tolerable idea of lady-life in Elizabethan London. A great novelty of the day was the use of rapier and dagger by the gentlemen in their frequent duels, instead of the old-fashioned sword and buckler. Unequal length of blade causing considerable odds in combat, it became necessary to fix a standard; and by a royal order citizens of weight stood on certain days at the gates to break every blade beyond a yard in length down to the settled size.

The *Gull's Hornbook*, written by the dramatist Dekker, supplies us with a picture of fast London life in the opening of the seventeenth century. There rise before us in succession, as we read the vivid pages, the morning toilet of the gallant—his lounge in the fashionable walk at St. Paul's Churchyard—his chance visit to the neighbouring book-stalls—his practice in the schools for dancing and fencing—the elaborate apparatus of his smoking-machine, which he kindles in the smoking-ordinary—the eleven o'clock shilling dinner at the fashionable eating-house—the cards and pipes that followed—the stool upon the stage, where he smokes and makes audible remarks on the actors in the middle of their tenderest or most tremendous parts—the revelries of the night, and the perilous homeward

walk, at nine or so, through the dark thief-swarmling lanes, lighted only by the rare and feeble glimmer of the watch-lantern.

The guests at an evening or rather an afternoon party amused themselves, as now, chiefly with music, dancing, and games of various kinds. Playing on the cithern or the virginals accompanied by the voice, dancing *corantos*, *lavoltas*, or that extremely rigid dance called *pavo* or *pavin* after the solemn strutting peacock, varied with backgammon, shovel-board, and different games at cards, bearing such obsolete names as *maw*, *lodam*, *noddy*, *gleek*, sped the hours quickly on. In town, the theatre was a great resort. From one o'clock till four—that is during most of the interval between dinner and supper—the flag fluttering on the roof of the play-house announced that the play was going on. Within, the groundlings roared and drank, and the gallants drawled across the stage to each other the fashionable big talk invented or rather introduced by “Euphues” Lilly. A visit to the bear-garden, the bull-ring, or the cock-pit supplied townsmen with another excitement highly to their taste. The taint of savagery still lingered in the very highest classes of the nation; and some of the most delicate dames of the court would, for a frolic, cross the bridge to Paris Garden in Southwark, pay their penny at the gate and their twopence for admission to the reserved seats, and there enjoy the leering of the pink-eyed bear, as he hugged the dogs to death, or shook his head all foul with gore and foam in the agonies of the cruel sport.

The pageant still continued to be not merely the delight of the citizens, but also the stated amusement of the court. Of all the variegated shows which the time produced, the displays at Kenilworth in honour of Elizabeth's visit to Dudley bear the palm. Tinselled pasteboard giants with real trumpeters inside greeted her grace as she neared the gate. A porter, dressed as Hercules, presented her with the keys. Then over

the pool or moat came a mock Lady of the Lake, who, before the queen crossed the bridge, made a little speech in offering classical gifts of the heathen gods—grain in silver bowls from Ceres, wine and grapes from Bacchus, instruments of music from Apollo, and so forth. What with music, fireworks, hunting, bear-baiting, pageants on the water with Arion singing on the dolphin's back, masks, banquets, and plays, it was not Dudley's fault if his royal mistress lacked entertainment in his castle.

The approach of Christmas flung all England into a chaos of unfettered fun and mischief. In every great household, in every country parish, the people, intent on revelry, chose one of their number to be Lord of Misrule. From All-Hallow Eve to the day after the Feast of the Purification, this leader headed a gang of mischief-makers, who abandoned themselves to the full swing of their riotous humours. Clad in green or yellow, with scarfs and ribbons fluttering around them, jewels gleaming on hand and dress, and bright-coloured handkerchiefs tied about their necks, and with hobby-horses and pasteboard dragons capering to the thunder of parchment and the squeaking of shrill fifes, they went right into the churches with hubbub and foolish songs. It mattered not how the parson was then engaged. His prayer or his sermon met with a sudden check; the congregation got up on the seats of the pews to gaze at the annual pageant, which gradually melted out of the church into the churchyard, to turn that quiet place of graves into a scene of drunkenness and turmoil. The leader of these riots often received clerical preferment at court, being there called the Abbot of Misrule. The Scottish Abbot of Unreason, put down by Act of Parliament in 1555, was a doubtful dignitary of the same stamp.

But the Christmas that was kept in old English manor-houses at that time, for all its license and untamed riot, was a picturesque and hearty festival. With shouts of merriment on

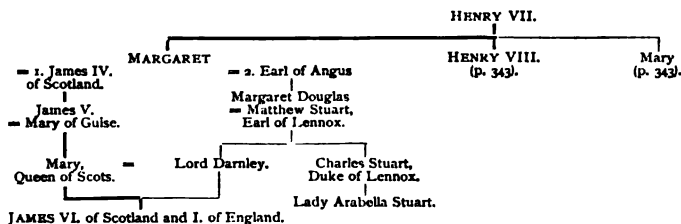
Christmas Eve, the huge Yule-log was dragged into the hall, wetting the rushes underfoot with the drip of its half-thawed icicles. Smoking torches flared red in the frosty air outside : within, the wide chimney gaped for its expected load, while on the antlered walls around, decked with the spoils and weapons of the greenwood, glittered the dark green of holly and ivy leaves, the former sprinkled thick with its coral berries. Next day, when the feast time came and the guests were seated, amid a braying of horns a stout cook staggered in, bearing on a silver dish the choicest fare of the Christmas table—a boar’s head, garnished, as were many dishes then, with sprigs of rosemary. What wealth of rich meats and delicate confections disappeared before the Christmas roisterers, who washed the solids down with muscadine and sweetened sack ! While the squires thus re-galed themselves, the nobles and the queen kept more solemn but more splendid state. It was the fashion to wear the hat at table, and to doff it gracefully as each toast was pledged. Meantime the working-men swilled *huffcap*, a kind of strong coarse ale. At Christmas time many sports, forbidden at other seasons, could be indulged in. Thus, apprentices had then permission to play cards within their masters’ houses. Every second house resounded with the noise of Hoodman Blind (now Blind Man’s Buff), Hot Cockles,* and the spectral Snap-Dragon. On New-Year’s Eve, an interchange of presents among friends was customary ; and the vassail-bowl was carried from house to house by young girls, who expected some money from every one that tasted the liquor.

Long before dawn, on the 1st of May, all the young men and girls of the village or parish sallied out into the woods, where they plucked green boughs and twined the spring blossoms into brilliant wreaths and festoons. About sunrise they returned in procession, while many yokes of oxen, gaily dressed with flowers, dragged the May-pole to the centre of the village

* *Hot Cockles*, from the French *Hautes Ooquilles*, high shells.

green. This central standard of the sport streamed with ribbons and kerchiefs of various colours, and was wreathed from base to summit with flowery branches. Around it the dance circled all day long in ceaseless waves of jollity, kept up by relays of dancers. The great London May-pole was set up on Cornhill, where it "towered high above the steeple of St. Andrews." May-day was one of the great occasions on which the Morrice-dancers shook their variously toned bells, and the richly trapped hobby-horse ambled in his plumes and braveries. The chief characters suited to this time of greenwood sports were Maid Marian and Robin Hood, who were never absent from the frolics of May-day. The milkmaids' dance, with a weighty head-dress of silver tankards and cups, also belonged to this time of year. Midsummer Eve or the Vigil of St. John was kept by the lighting of great bonfires. London, especially, on that night was all ablaze during the reigns of the earlier Tudors, for the streets were filled with constables and watchmen in bright harness, bearing lighted cressets—a most expensive civic display, which disappeared about the time of Edward the Sixth. Thus Old England ran riot with pageants and junketings, wakes and church-ales, in the last of which the clergy broached barrels of liquor in the churchyards for sale to their pious customers, he that spent most being esteemed the most orthodox. It was a strange medley of fun and foulness—this "merrie Englande" of the olden time.

THE TUDORS AND THE STUARTS.



CHAPTER X.

THE BRITISH SOLOMON.

The Main and the Bye—Hampton Court—The Gunpowder Treason—King *versus* Commons—Divine right—Death of Prince Henry—Favouritism—Visit to Scotland—Last days of Raleigh—The Elector-Palatine—Francis Lord Bacon.

BY the time that James Stuart, the successor of Elizabeth, had reached the English capital, all England knew that their new king was not the wisest of men. Lifted to the grandeur of the English throne by the force of national feeling, in preference to any of the living heirs of the Suffolk branch,* he nevertheless managed, during his southward journey, to incur contempt and dislike on every hand. He **1603** made women kneel before him, he scolded his wife in public, he rebuked soldiers for offending his royal eyes with the sight of cold bare steel, and he swore in the broadest Scotch at those loyal peasants who drew near to see his majesty in the hunting-field. Such a beginning augured poorly for the comfort of the reign.

Secretary Cecil, son of Lord Burghley, managed to work himself into the good graces of the king at once, much to the chagrin of Raleigh and other ambitious men, whom he thus outstripped. These baffled politicians joined some discontented

* It will be remembered that Henry VIII. executed a will, which left the crown, in failure of his own issue, to the heirs of the Duchess of Suffolk, his younger sister, in preference to the heirs of Margaret, his elder sister.

members of the Catholic and Puritan parties in the formation of two plots, which had for their object the seizure and imprisonment of the king, until a change of ministry and the establishment of toleration were wrung from him. Raleigh and Cobham took part in the "Main"—Markham, Watson, and Brooke directed the "Bye;" so the conspiracies were styled respectively. Cecil, kept informed of the whole proceedings by secret spies, pounced in time on the heads of the plots. A summer and autumn of plague delayed the falling blow. Raleigh was brought to trial in November at Winchester Castle, charged with treasonable plotting for the murder of the king, and for the elevation of his cousin Arabella Stuart* to the throne. The weak uncertain confession of his false friend Cobham formed the whole weight of the evidence against him. Edward Coke, the celebrated lawyer, who was then attorney-general, wasted all the fury he could muster on the undaunted captive, who had seen too many ocean storms to be moved by the bluster of a rhetorician. Defending himself with that classic eloquence which formed not the least of his splendid gifts, he rejected a paper-accusation, as worthy only of the Spanish Inquisition, and demanded that he and Cobham should meet face to face. He got no reply but abuse. On that long day of battle Raleigh regained the popularity which his eagerness for Essex's fall had cost him. Although three of the conspirators perished on the scaffold, Raleigh was reprieved, and was committed to the Tower, where for the time we leave him with pen and ink, busy with his *History of the World*.

James had no deep affection for the Puritans. He had felt too sharply the strength of their independence in his northern kingdom, and now, when he found English bishops soft as silk beneath his touch, he resolved that the author of *Basilikon Doron*†

* Arabella Stuart. She was daughter of the Duke of Lennox, brother of Darnley, James's father.

† *Basilikon Doron* (Royal Gift), a book of precepts on the art of government prepared by King James for his son Henry; published at Edinburgh in 1599.

and the pupil of George Buchanan should show the Non-conformist doctors of England what scholarship and theological controversy were like. The notable conference at Hampton Court, which led to the production of the Authorized translation of the Bible, was held in **1604** January 1604. Arrayed against four Puritan ministers were a king, a score of bishops, and a crowd of courtiers. After hearing the royal logic, Bancroft, Bishop of London, blessed God on bended knees for such a monarch. Whitgift of Canterbury echoed the sentiment without assuming the posture of prayer. "I peppered them soundly," said the conceited king, "and they fled me from argument to argument like school-boys."

This conference soured Puritan loyalty a good deal; and when in the following March the first Parliament of the reign assembled, thickly sprinkled with Puritan members, symptoms of a great struggle began at once to manifest themselves. The Commons first showed fight over an election for Buckinghamshire, when they refused to admit the court candidate; and the matter ended in a compromise. They also grappled with the evils resulting from monopoly and purveyance, and, after the usual vote of *tunnage* and *poundage** to the king for life, said not a word of any ready money. To prevent all mistake as to the position they took up at the opening of the struggle, a committee of the House prepared a document, entitled "A Form of Apology and Satisfaction," in which the privileges and liberties of the Commons were fully set forth and defended. There is, however, some doubt as to whether the apology ever reached King James's hand.

A great danger, surrounded with romantic and picturesque

* *Tunnage and poundage*, customs duties on wine (3s. per tun) and other merchandise (1s. per pound), except the staple commodities—wool, leather, tin, sheep-skin. *Tunnage* was first regularly granted in 1373 (Edward III.), and *poundage* in 1415 (Henry V.). They were generally granted for the king's life. They came to an end in the reign of Charles I.

incidents, threatened Parliament and king about this time. The heavy persecutions to which the Catholics were subjected roused a spirit of revenge in many breasts, but the germ of the Gunpowder Plot first struck root in the heart of a gentleman named Robert Catesby. In youth a renegade from Catholicism, he endeavoured in riper years to atone by fierce zeal for his temporary desertion of the faith. His first accomplice was a gentleman of Worcestershire, named Thomas Winter. But one accomplice would not do. Winter, an old soldier, happened at Ostend to meet with a comrade, Guido or Guy Fawkes, whose courage was like steel. Carrying this desperate man to London, he introduced him to the prime mover in the plot. Thomas Percy of the Northumberland family, his brother-in-law John Wright, Robert Keys, a gentleman of London, and Thomas Bates, Catesby's servant, soon joined the lawless band, ignorant as yet, however, of the dreadful idea seething in Catesby's brain. It was in a lonely house in the fields beyond St. Clement's Inn that the full horrors of the plot were revealed to the assembled gang. A solemn oath, sworn upon the sacrament, of which they all partook at the hands of Garnet, the provincial of the Jesuits, and two other priests, bound them never to reveal the secret, and not to rest until the object of the plot had been accomplished.

Hiring, in the name of Percy, who held a court post, a house in Westminster, the wall of which joined that of the Parliament House, they began to break a hole through the cellar wall. The adjoining cellar, which ran under the Parliament House, was occupied by a dealer in coal. A house at Lambeth, across the Thames, served as a secret store-house for their collection of wood and gunpowder. Through
1604 all the summer of 1604 they bore about the terrible burden of their meditated crime, checked for a time in their work by the Westminster house being chosen for the lodging of the Scottish commissioners. After Christmas, the

seven conspirators, having laid in a store of provisions, took pickaxe and mattock again in hand, and went resolutely to work once more on the masonry of the thick wall. Fawkes kept watch, and when he saw a passer-by, the work ceased at his signal until all was safe. So they worked on the winter through, shaping their murderous project and strengthening their hands by the admission of two other men — Robert Winter and Christopher Wright. One day a peal as of thunder sounded overhead. They stopped and looked silently at one another ; but fear turned into joy when Fawkes came down to say that the tenant of the next cellar was selling off his coals, and that it was now to let.

Here was their work ready done for them. Percy took the cellar ; thirty barrels of powder were carried across the water at midnight, and were laid in this convenient place under a mask of broken sticks and blocks of wood. It was then May 1605. The autumn came and passed. King James, who loved hunting and disliked public business during the hunting season, prorogued Parliament from the 3rd of October to the 5th of November—a proceeding which for a time excited alarm among the conspirators, now increased in number by the adhesion of Sir Everard Digby, Francis Tresham, and others. It turned out that this alarm was groundless. Thomas Winter, visiting the House of Lords on the day of prorogation, saw the Peers chatting pleasantly and strolling about on the very spot beneath which, separated by a few feet of lime and planking, lay the barrels of gunpowder. The actual deed—to be accomplished by a slow match and a train of powder—was allotted to the daring hand of Fawkes.

Then arose the difficulty which ultimately blew the plot to pieces. Almost all had friends—many had near connections—in the doomed Parliament. Catesby's heart was flint. "If," said the hardened man, "they were as dear to me as mine own son, they must be blown up." Tresham, made of softer stuff,

sent a warning to his brother-in-law, Lord Mounteagle. Digby also is thought to have warned his friends. As Mounteagle sat at supper, his page brought in a letter left by a tall man, who had gone away in the darkness without being recognized. Among other things the letter said: "i would advyse yowe as yowe tender your lyf to devyse some excuse to shift of your attendance at this parleament, for God and man hathe concurred to punish the wickednes of this tyme.....they shall receyve a terrible blowe this parleament, and yet they shall not seie who hurts them." This letter, received on the 26th of October, reached Cecil on the same evening. The king, hare-hunting at Royston, did not see it until the 1st of November. A cunning trick of Cecil and Lord Chamberlain Suffolk made James believe that his royal brain had first penetrated the hidden meaning of the missive. Resolving, by Cecil's advice, to wait until the last day, the government did nothing until the 4th. Then Suffolk and Mounteagle, going to the vaults, found Fawkes there, looking, as he said, after his master's coals. They went and left him; but that night, when he came to the

Nov. 5, cellar door to watch if any sign of danger appeared, a
 1605 body of soldiers seized and bound him, and carried him
 off to the royal bedroom, where his stalwart frame
 and dark hardened face excited no small terror. He never
 quailed during this examination; he regretted only that his
 work was left undone. The calm jaunty bearing of the man
 may be judged from his reply to a Scottish courtier, when
 asked for what so much gunpowder had been collected. "For
 one thing," said Guido, "to blow Scotsmen back to Scotland."
 The torture, afterwards applied in its cruellest form, got little
 from this man of iron, whose devotion in a worthy cause would
 have secured for him no trifling praise.

A part of the outlined plan had been a muster of Catholic gentlemen at Dunchurch, Sir Everard Digby's place, under pretence of a grand hunting-match. The arrest of Fawkes sent

nearly all the plotters flying to this scene of action ; but the arrival of the baffled men served only to scatter the waiting guests of Digby, who saw that the game was up. A house called Holbeach, on the edge of Staffordshire, was held for a time by some of the leading spirits of the plot against the attack of the Sheriff of Worcestershire, although the explosion of some powder in course of drying severely scorched and wounded several of them. Catesby and Thomas Winter, fighting back to back, fell pierced by the same shot. Other bullets saved the hangman trouble by killing Percy and the two Wrights. Tresham died in prison of disease ; and all the rest went to that bloody death which early English law had decreed as the fitting end of traitors. Of three Jesuit priests entangled in the plot, two escaped to the Continent ; but Garnet, tried for treason and unmercifully bullied by Coke, went to the gibbet as the rest had gone. It is but right to add that the Roman Catholics of England, with the exception of the few madmen named, took no share in and had no sympathy with this nefarious plot.

A favourite project of King James, which he tried hard to force on the Parliament, was the complete legislative union of England and Scotland. Met with vexatious delays rather than with active opposition, the measure nevertheless strained the relations between the king and the Commons. In vain James declared that he would reside by turns in the two kingdoms, or that he would fix his court at York as a half-way house. Quietly but steadily the Commons held their ground and had their way. Cecil, who became Earl of Salisbury in 1605 and Lord High Treasurer three years later, haggled a good deal with this resolute body of men about a sum of £200,000 a year to keep the king out of debt. It was only by proposing to let go such sources of revenue as wardship and purveyance, relics of the feudal time, that he could induce them to listen to the matter at all. The Commons required the abolition of the High Commission

Court, the abuse of royal proclamations to cease, and other grievances to be done away. So bitter was the strife and so destructive of the public business, that a whole session, filling the winter of 1610–11, passed without the enactment of a single law. Cecil died at Bath in 1612, before he had subdued the obstinacy of the Commons; and by his death James lost the strongest pillar of his throne. Two years previously (1610), the great champion of the Anglican Church against the innovations of the Puritan party—Bancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury—had also gone to the grave. It was he who in 1605 had presented to the Star Chamber a famous petition complaining of the interference of the law courts with the church, and urging that the church should be made independent of the law. The plea on which that demand rested was the absolute power of the king to reform all abuse in church and in state. This doctrine of absolute power, or divine right, oozed out also among the definitions of a *Legal Dictionary* or *Interpreter*, published in 1610 by Dr. Cowell, a man of some mark in his day. The book was condemned by the House of Commons, and an attempt was made to punish its author, but it was frustrated by the king dissolving the Parliament.

In 1612 a great sorrow fell on James. He lost his eldest son. Prince Henry, then eighteen, had given early promise of more than common talent. As he grew up, he showed a great inclination for warlike exercises, especially the management of artillery. He admired Raleigh exceedingly. His language was pure, and his conduct in boyhood free from stain. These qualities, contrasting strongly with many of the prominent points in his father's character and manners, endeared him to the people. But in the opening promise of his days, when his marriage was becoming a great political problem of the time, a putrid fever seized him, and he died.

The favourites of James, though worthless in themselves, derived some importance from the position they held in the eye

of the country. After George Hume, Earl of Dunbar, Philip Herbert, Earl of Montgomery and Pembroke, and James Hay, Earl of Carlisle, had in succession enjoyed a turn of royal favour, a handsome young Scotsman, named Robert Carr, attracted the notice of the king, and soon became Viscount Rochester and Earl of Somerset. But a miserable poisoning case, in which he became the instrument of his wife's revenge on Sir Thomas Overbury, a former friend, created so terrible a disgust against him, that after having undergone a kind of mock trial, he was dismissed to the country with his guilty wife (1616). Then George Villiers, most splendid of them all, sprang suddenly to the ignominious glory of royal favourite. Viscount Villiers, Earl, Marquis, Duke of Buckingham—he shot from one glittering stage to another in a few years, retaining to the last his ascendancy over James, and adding to this hold of power perhaps a stronger influence over young Charles, the heir-apparent to the throne.

Meantime, as James drank more deeply of the strong Greek wines he loved, and grew more gross and slovenly in his demeanour, the quarrel with the Commons became greater and greater. A few time-servers, who, with the title of *Under-takers*, endeavoured to wield the Commons as the king desired, failed utterly in their design. Finding the obstinacy of the Parliament of 1614 unconquerable, the king 1614 dissolved it before it had transacted any business: hence it was called the Addled Parliament. At his wits' end for money, James flung himself on the charity or the weakness of his subjects by reviving the old tax called *Benevolence*.

In 1617 James paid Scotland a visit. He occupied himself chiefly in modelling the Scottish Church, Presbyterian to the heart's core, according to the forms of English 1617 Episcopacy. Browbeating the protesting clergy, imprisoning some, exiling one of the boldest, he thrust his measures, with the aid of some compliant courtiers round him, down the

very throat of the nation. He then went triumphantly back to England, rejoicing in his folly.

Ever since the first year of the reign Sir Walter Raleigh had been writing in the Tower for the instruction of his young friend and admirer Prince Henry. The death of that promising boy broke the captive's interest in his work. After Buckingham's accession to power the friends of Raleigh began to talk of a gold-mine which he had discovered during his visit to Guiana; and through Secretary Winwood the story reached the king. The objections of the Spanish ambassador at first obstructed the affair; but ultimately Raleigh, released from prison, found himself again on the salt waves in command of fourteen ships (March 28, 1618). Sailing over to South America, he entered the Orinoco, attacked the city of St. Thomas, where he got two golden ingots, and lost his son by a Spanish sword-cut. So faded the visions of a gold-mine, which, if ever real, must have meant a Spanish treasure-ship, such as

Drake got hold of. The fury of Spain now knew no bounds; and Raleigh, arrested at Plymouth immediately on his return, went from his ship-deck back to prison, and thence to the scaffold. In Old Palace Yard, Westminster, he met his fate right manfully, denying with his last words that he had had any share in the blood of Essex (29th of October).

About this time the Thirty Years' War began. Its immediate occasion was a contention for the crown of Bohemia between Frederick, Elector-Palatine, and Ferdinand, Duke of Styria. The leading Protestant powers sided with Frederick, whose marriage with Elizabeth, James's daughter, gave that monarch a personal interest in the issue of the war. But political interests clashed with this personal feeling. Strongest of these was his desire to obtain for his son Charles a Spanish wife, with a large dowry of pistoles; and Spain was naturally a keen supporter of the Catholic interest in the war. James

accordingly fell back on his old trick of shuffling and waiting. Roused at last to some show of action, he sent a few thousand men to the aid of his son-in-law, and he despatched ambassadors to various courts, to the intense amusement, where disgust did not prevail, of the keen-eyed Continentals, who were watching every move in the great politico-religious struggle then playing on the European board. Meantime his daughter and her husband, losing the crown at which they grasped, had lost also the Palatinate, and were living homeless at the Hague.*

Francis Bacon had now become Lord High Chancellor of England. Racing neck and neck with his great rival, Edward Coke, through all the changes of his legal career, the great philosopher and essayist had outstripped the great commentator at last. From the time that Essex had striven in 1594 to obtain the post of attorney-general for his friend Bacon, and Coke had carried off the prize, the rivalry had been going on. Bacon, who managed after Cecil's death to creep into royal favour, received the seals as royal keeper in 1616. Always extravagant, he launched out into expenses greater than ever. During the king's absence in Scotland he played at royalty with all the pomp he could command. While occupying the wool-sack, he had followed the pernicious practice of the time in accepting presents of money from suitors in his court. He had also, in his capacity of "referee," declared the traffic in monopolies to be legal, however improper it might be. The House of Commons, led by Coke, attacked at the same time the corruption in the law courts and the evil system of monopolies, the granting of which was held to be a stretch of the royal prerogative. Hidden under the political movement, there was a personal attack on Bacon by his old enemy and rival. The Commons began with the monopolies. They impeached Sir

* The war, in which the great Swede Gustavus Adolphus was the Protestant hero, lasted till 1648, when the Emperor Ferdinand was obliged to submit to the Swedes and the French, and concluded the Treaty of Westphalia.

Giles Mompesson and Sir Francis Mitchell, who had the sole power to license ale-houses, and also patents for the manufacture of gold and silver thread, which they made of base metal. They were degraded, fined, imprisoned, and ultimately banished. Then came Bacon's turn. Charged before the Lords upon twenty-two counts at the instance of the Commons, he made submission, at first in a general way, but afterwards

1621 under pressure with a distinct confession of particular acts. All that he could urge in extenuation was that he had followed an evil system, and that in his case it had never vitiated the course of justice. He was deprived of the Great Seal, and was sentenced to pay a fine of £40,000, to lie in the Tower during the pleasure of the king, and not to venture within a radius of twelve miles from the court. The first two parts of the sentence proved nominal: James remitted the fine and let him go in two days. But the remaining five years of his life display the pitiful spectacle of a great man fallen—great even in his ruin, although not with the grandeur of goodness on his brow. He had his books and his bowls at Gorhambury; his intellect had only ripened with his years, and had not been jarred in his fall. His pen was as active as ever. He wrote in these closing years a *History of Henry the Seventh*, a book of *Apophtegms*, and a philosophical treatise. He never returned to public life, and he died in 1626.

CHAPTER XL

KING *VERSUS* COMMONS.

The Pilgrim Fathers—The Spanish match—A trip to Spain—Henrietta Maria—Death of James—Three parliaments in four years—The *Petition of Right*—Rebellion of the Commons—Wentworth and *Thorough*—Hampden and “ship-money”—The National Covenant—The Short Parliament.

THE country was now fairly launched on the great and vital struggle between the Crown and the Parliament which ended in the overthrow of absolute monarchy in England. Not content with asserting his supreme authority in civil affairs, James extended his absolutism to matters ecclesiastical also. The consequence was that he drove many of the best men out of the country. Among these was a company of Nottinghamshire Puritans who, despairing of religious freedom in England, had gone to Holland. After spending eleven years there, they became afraid that their children would soon lose their nationality by intermarriage with the Dutch. They therefore resolved to emigrate to America. In November 1620 1620, their ship, the *Mayflower*, dropped her anchor in Cape Cod Bay. These were the Pilgrim Fathers, the founders of New England, which has now grown into a great and powerful nation—the United States of America.

The struggle between the king and the Commons reached its first crisis in connection with the proposal for a marriage between Prince Charles and the Spanish Infanta. It excited

strong fears in the House that the whole work of the Protestant Reformation might be undone if Spain and England were thus united. Coke, now an opponent of the court, proposed a petition against the odious match ; and a stormy debate arose between the partisans of James and the members of the country party. The king, who had a most unhappy knack of doing the wrong thing, wrote an irritating letter to the speaker, commanding the House not to meddle with the "mysteries of state," nor to speak of the Spanish match. They remonstrated ; he replied, and made matters worse. At the end of his reply, meant to be soothing, the cloven hoof appeared in some such words as these : "He gave them his royal assurance that as long as they contained themselves within the limits of their duty, he would be as careful to maintain their lawful liberties and privileges as he would his own prerogative ; so

Dec. 18, that their House did not touch on that prerogative,
1621 which would enforce him or any just king to retrench
their privileges." The spirit of the Commons rose to fever heat. On a day marked with red letters in our constitutional history, they recorded on the journals of their House a celebrated protest (1) claiming the liberties, franchises, privileges, and jurisdictions of Parliament as an ancient and undoubted inheritance ; (2) asserting their right to discuss with freedom of speech all political questions, affecting king, state, and church ; and (3) claiming for the House alone the right of impeaching or imprisoning a member for parliamentary offences. James rode to London in a fury—adjourned the House—called a meeting of council—and in their presence tore out the protest from the Journal Book with his own hand. Then, dissolving Parliament, he sent Coke to the Tower, confined Pym to his own house, and sent other protesters to Ireland on special service.

After all, the Spanish marriage did not take place. Charles and Buckingham, assuming the plebeian names of James and

Thomas Smith, started for Madrid. The freak had its dangers as well as its charms. They stayed a day or two in disguise at Paris, where they saw the young queen* (sister of the Infanta) and a bevy of pretty girls rehearsing a mask. One of these girls was afterwards the wife and fatal adviser of Charles. Through France to Bayonne, and over the shoulder of the Pyrenees, they made their way on mules and otherwise to the Spanish capital. At first all seemed to go well. The hopes of Rome rose high, for much depended on this Spanish marriage. Charles seemed enchanted with his fair-haired donna, and she blushed like a rose as he passed her on the Prado. Presents rained upon the Mr. Smiths, and courtiers came flocking from England to form a princely train. The principal point striven for by the Spanish statesmen was a full toleration of the Catholic creed in England; but for this James could give only the slippery security of his word. Several causes concurred to break off the match. The English favourite Buckingham and the Spanish favourite Olivarez disliked each other. The papal nuncio did not trust that broken reed—a personal promise from King James. Charles did not really care **1623** much for the rosy blonde. Yet he needed caution in withdrawing from the match; for his head was in the lion's mouth. A pretended message from home afforded him a reason for return; and he left Spain with the distinct understanding that the marriage was to take place before Christmas. From March until September he had been dangling at the Spanish court. He returned to England in October, and in December the Spanish treaty was broken off, chiefly by the intrigues of Buckingham, who wished to gratify his own feelings of anger and jealousy.

The breach with Spain was immensely popular in England. The Commons voted £300,000 for the war which followed. A

* Anne, daughter of Philip III. of Spain, and wife of Louis XIII. of France. Her sister Maria, the Infanta, afterwards married the Emperor Ferdinand III.

proposal emanating from France, regarding a marriage between Charles and Henrietta, the sister of Louis, was cordially received. This, however, threw the English monarch into fresh perplexity, for Richelieu, the French minister, contended stoutly for the toleration of the Catholic faith; and, only six months earlier, James and his son had together sworn, in the first blush of their separation from Spain, that they would never consent to such a measure. The difficulty was at last surmounted in a characteristic way, by a secret promise from James utterly belying his public oath. The last year of this discreditable reign was disgraced by the impeachment
1625 and condemnation for bribery of the Earl of Middlesex, Lord High Treasurer, a man not indeed guiltless of the crime laid to his charge, but deserving some commiseration as a victim offered up to gratify the private grudge of Buckingham. James the First died at Theobald's on Sunday the 27th of March 1625, and was succeeded by his son Charles the First, then in his twenty-fifth year.

One of the first public acts of Charles was the completion of the French marriage. In Dover Castle he met his black-eyed French wife, whose Catholic and despotic tendencies gave so deep a colour to all her husband did. His first Parlia-
May 17. ment met in the middle of May, but he had already given a glimpse of his policy by levying troops and raising money on his own authority. An unsuccessful expedition against the French Huguenots in Rochelle showed the incompetence of Buckingham as a war minister, and made him very unpopular. From his short-lived first Parliament (May 17 to August 12) Charles got not a penny. Their demands for the redress of "grievances," and their attacks on Buckingham for the mismanagement of the Spanish War, led to a sudden dissolution.

The second Parliament met in 1626, more than ever bent on a stern reckoning with the obnoxious favourite. This great

subject filled every mind. The session having been opened on the 6th of February, the impeachment, to shirk which the old Parliament had been dissolved by the king, was put into formal shape. Eight managers, among whom were Sir John Eliot, Sir Dudley Digges, and John Pym, charged **1626** Buckingham at the bar of the Lords with thirteen distinct acts of corruption, extortion, and bribery, and demanded that he should be sent to the Tower. Digges called him a "prodigious comet;" Eliot likened him to the infamous Sejanus. The king in a rage sent both orators to prison; but a gleam of sense or a twinge of fear induced him to unlock the prison door, on the refusal of the Commons to proceed to business until the members had been released. At the same time the king was engaged in a quarrel with the Lords, two of whose number, Arundel and Bristol, he sent also to the Tower. When the Commons petitioned the king for the removal of Buckingham from his counsels, Charles dissolved the Parliament in a rage. It had sat for only four months (February 6 to June 15).

Money, however, must be had—if not from Parliament, elsewhere. Among several illegal means adopted to supply the royal purse, the fiction of a general loan appears. This, the old Benevolence slightly disguised, set a number of commissioners at work over the whole country, to get at the secret of every man's income or property. A certain sum, to be repaid in eighteen months (a promise qualified by many *ifs*), was required from all, down to the poorest tradesman. Prominent among those who resisted this illegal taxation was Sir Thomas Wentworth, whose zeal as a patriot led him to the Marshalsea prison, from which after six weeks he was sent to the Kentish village of Dartford. Five other gentlemen who were imprisoned for refusing payment claimed the protection **1627** of the Great Charter. The judges decided that that did not apply to prisoners committed by special command of the king. Laud, Bishop of Bath and Wells, filled the pulpits of

the land with injunctions to advance ready money without regard to parliamentary authority. King Charles, backed by Laud's authority, now plunged deeper into that course of self-willed lawlessness which cost him a crown and the head that wore it. The old talk of the last reign about divine right and passive obedience was heard once more in louder tones—mitres, stalls, and rectories descending by strange coincidences on the heads of the king's clerical supporters.

The insolence of Buckingham entangled England in a French war. Rochelle, the great fortress of French Protestantism, at that time was enduring a vigorous siege under the direction of Richelieu. The English duke sailed in 1627 with a great force to relieve the beleaguered place; but his utter want of military skill made his attempt to seize the neighbouring island of Rhè* a miserable and disastrous failure. When he returned in November a warm welcome met him from his royal friend, but curses loud and deep rose from every section of the people. Resolved in the following summer to wipe out the disgrace of Rhè, he collected a fleet and army for the aid of the Rochellers, and was at Portsmouth, ready to embark, when the knife of John Felton, an ex-lieutenant of the line, struck him dead in the hall of his own lodging (August 23, 1628). So bitter was the public hatred of this man, that his body was secretly smuggled to the grave, and an empty coffin was paraded with a mockery of mourning through the streets, lest the mob might rise in fury and tear the body limb from limb. Felton, who gave himself up at once, was hanged at Tyburn and gibbeted near the scene of his crime.†

A memorable Parliament assembled on the 17th of March 1628. It was the third the king had called. As a kind of

* The island of Rhè, or Rè, lies about two and a half miles off the mainland of *Charante-Inférieure*, on the western coast of France.

† After Buckingham's repulse at Rhè, Richelieu built a mole, which prevented the garrison of Rochelle from getting supplies by sea. The expedition organized by Buckingham was led to Rochelle after his death by Earl Lindsay. But the English could do nothing to save the town, which fell in 1628.

bribe, he had set free, a little before, seventy-eight gentlemen who had gone to jail for refusing to contribute to the royal loan. Many of these now came up to Westminster, smarting sorely under the wrongs they had lately borne—Wentworth among them. Yet the temper of the House of Commons was very cool, and even the ill-judged menaces of the opening speech scarcely ruffled the surface of their patience. Sore need of money to carry on his wars and maintain his household, alone had compelled the king to call them into session. They were not unwilling to give money; but they were determined to exact, as a due return, strong securities for the future. All the grievances of the time, especially the new grievances of billeting soldiers and ignoring the writ of *habeas corpus*, were revived, and were denounced in the sternest words.

Wentworth and Coke spoke strongly on the popular **1628** side; the latter, however, displaying some royal leanings.

The fruit of this great debate was the celebrated Petition of Right—a bulwark of liberty which derived its peculiar name from its not being formally drawn up in the shape of an Act of Parliament. Four abuses were condemned by this “declaratory statute.” These were (1) the exaction of money under the name of loans; (2) the imprisonment of such as refused to lend in this way, without assigning any cause for the arrest; (3) the billeting of soldiers on private persons; (4) the issue of commissions to try offenders by martial law in time of peace. When the assent of the king to the Petition of Right was sought, he departed from the usual form, and answered with cunning ambiguity, “The king willeth that right be done according to the customs and laws of the realm; and that the statute be put in execution, that his subjects may have no cause to complain of any wrongs or oppression contrary to their rights and privileges, to the preservation whereof he holds himself as well obliged as of his own prerogative.” This cloud of words was far from pleasing to the Commons, who, supported by the

Upper House, requested a definite answer to their declaration of abuses. Charles at last yielded, and on the 7th of June 7, June the old French formula, "*Soit droit fait comme il est désiré*" (Let right be done as is desired), signified that the petition had become law. It stands between *Magna Carta* and the *Habeas Corpus* Act as one of the great landmarks in the history of the British Constitution. In return for this extorted statute, the Commons proceeded to vote five subsidies, amounting to about £400,000.

In the following March a scene occurred in the Commons very ominous of a future rupture yet more serious. The king, in utter disregard of the Petition of Right, had continued to levy illegally—that is, without the authority of Parliament—the tax of tunnage and poundage, which the Commons were determined not to vote until a true redress of grievances took place. Soldiers also continued to intrude upon the quietude of private houses. Consequently, when the House met in January, it was in the worst of tempers. Religious topics, especially the innovations of Laud on the established form of worship, divided their attention with the question of unlawful taxation. Sir John Eliot boldly took the court to task on both subjects. On March 2nd, Sir John Finch, the speaker, announced the king's wish that the House should adjourn. He was told bluntly that adjournment was a question for themselves, and that they had a few things to settle first. The speaker repeated that he had

his majesty's command to rise. Then the scuffle began. Mar. 2, Hollis and Valentine pushed the speaker back into his 1629 chair, and forcibly held him there. Some one locked the door. The speaker began to weep; upon which his relative, Sir Peter Haymen, opened fire on the unfortunate man, while some of the most active members drew up a series of articles, condemning, as an enemy to the kingdom, any one who should introduce Popery or Arminianism, or aid in the exaction of taxes without the authority of Parliament. Hollis read

these amid a tempest of cheering. In the middle of the tumult the king arrived, and sent Black Rod to call the Commons to the Upper House. Black Rod hammered at the door to no purpose. On the safe side of the lock the members continued to pass their resolutions; and before the furious king could force the door, the House had adjourned and disappeared. The dissolution of this refractory Parliament followed at once as a matter of course (March 10th). But dissolution did not slake the vengeance of the king. Nine of the principal actors in this stirring scene were summoned before the Privy Council, and on their refusal to say a word regarding their conduct in the House, they were committed to the Tower. One of these was Sir John Eliot, who died in prison. Henceforth there was open war between Charles and his Parliament. Sensible that the crisis required all his attention, the king made peace with France and Spain (1630).

A period of eleven years then passed, during which no Parliament met. The king abandoned himself entirely to the direction of two advisers—Wentworth and Laud. The former had some months previously crossed over from the opposition to the side of the government. He had probably convinced himself that his chances of success would be greater at court than among rebels. There was no greater genius on the royal side; and when Buckingham was dead, Baron Wentworth became a viscount and Lord President of the Council of the North, in recognition of his talents, and in prospective reward of the services that he was expected to render to the crown. Taking Cardinal Richelieu for a model, this English vizier thought out a gigantic scheme of tyranny, to which he referred in his letters under the name of *Thorough*, and which aimed at grinding to powder all the liberties of Englishmen. In the northern counties, where he ruled as president of an arbitrary court called the Council of York, he gave full swing to the cruelty and despotism inherent in his soul. But in Ireland, of

which he was created lord-deputy in 1631, the great experiment of "Thorough" was tried to the fullest extent.

1631 There both Celts and Saxons cowered under his unsparing hand. He established monopolies for his own benefit, made pikemen his tax-collectors, suffered none to leave the island without his permission, forbade the manufacture of woollen cloth, which as well as salt the poor islanders were forced to buy dearly from Britain, and treated every man who dared to show the least trace of an independent spirit with savage cruelty. The one good deed which Ireland owes to him—though it was prompted by his desire of personal gain—was the importation of a quantity of good flax-seed, which laid the foundation of the Irish linen-trade. His colleague Laud, now Bishop of London, was meanwhile engaged in directing the operation of the two principal engines of tyranny which existed at the centre of affairs. These were the Court of the Star Chamber and the High Commission Court—the one a political, the other an ecclesiastical tribunal, and both illegal, and relentless in their oppression of the people.

In the year 1633 Charles, accompanied by Laud, went down to Scotland to beard the Presbyterians there. Edinburgh welcomed the Stuart king with every mark of joy—a reception which he graciously repaid by treating the Scottish Parliament like a gang of slaves, and by setting up in the chapel of Holyrood a kind of worship, inaugurated by Laud, which he knew well to be distasteful to the entire body of the people. On the return of the court to Whitehall, Laud was appointed Archbishop of Canterbury, vacant by the death of Abbot. A secret offer from Rome of a cardinal's hat, which reached the new archbishop on the day of his predecessor's death, seems to show that his Popish leanings were well understood at the Vatican.

If we need proof of Laud's unsparing cruelty, we find it in the cases of Leighton and Prynne. Alexander Leighton, the

father of the celebrated archbishop, published a book entitled *An Appeal to the Parliament, or Zion's Plea against Prelacy*, in which his zeal certainly overbore his discretion. Summoned before the Star Chamber Court, and there convicted (1630), he was whipped and pilloried; he had an ear sliced off, a nostril slit, and the letters S. S. (Sower of Sedition) burned into his cheek; and then, after a week of pain and fever in jail, was again led out to undergo similar mutilations on the other side. Nor was that all. Scorched and bleeding, he was sent back to prison, from which he did not come again until the tyranny which crushed him had fallen before the growing power of the Puritans. For a somewhat similar offence—the publication of a book against stage-plays, styled *Histrionastix* (The Player's Scourge), which was supposed to reflect on the queen—

William Prynne, a barrister of Lincoln's Inn, received 1634 sentence in the Star Chamber Court also, and was cropped, slit, and branded after a like fashion, besides being fined £10,000 and flung into prison.*

So early as the autumn of 1634 the ugly word "ship-money," destined to work so much mischief in the land, began to be muttered in the precincts of the court. Some expedient for supporting a standing army was necessary, for the full development of Wentworth's plans. In hunting among the state-papers of former times, Attorney-General Noy, who had imitated his patron in abandoning his old political comrades, found some mention of maritime counties having been occasionally obliged to join the seaport towns in furnishing ships for the defence of the coast. Grasping at this idea, he elaborated it, with the aid of Chief-Justice Finch, into a huge scheme of endless and infinitely expansible taxation. Instead of fully equipped vessels, an equivalent sum of money was to be paid, and that not by the ports, or even by the sea-board shires, but by the inland counties

* Prynne was pilloried in 1637. He promoted the Restoration of 1660, and was made Recorder of Bath. He died in 1669.

also. Great were the rage and the fright of the English people when the writs were issued, and when the sheriffs began to seize the goods of those that refused to pay.

John Hampden,* who sat for Wendover in the three parliaments of the present reign, and who there associated with the leaders of the patriotic party, had retired after the tumults of 1629 to the peaceful beauties of his seat in Buckinghamshire. There he lost his wife; and thence he emerged at this great crisis, to become the champion of those who resisted illegal taxation. On Bucks, an inland shire, there was laid a tax of £4,500. Twenty shillings of this fell to be paid by Hampden. Fortified by the opinions of the greatest lawyers in England,

June he resolved to resist the iniquitous claim. The case, 1637 involving so deep a principle of national freedom, came up for hearing in June 1637 in the Exchequer Chamber, before the twelve judges of the land. Oliver St. John appeared for Hampden. This eloquent and sagacious lawyer leant strongly on Magna Carta, upon the famous statutes of Edward the Third, on the fact that England was then engaged in no war,† and more than all, on the Petition of Right. The attorney-general and the solicitor-general spoke mistily of records that supported the cause of the king, but depended chiefly on the assertion that the King of England—an absolute prince—could do no wrong. After considerable delay, the bench of judges, over whom presided Chief-Justice Finch, gave judgment against Hampden, seven voting for the king and five for the commoner. But the sympathy of the nation was all on the side of the latter. Wentworth indeed would have gladly seen him whipped; but hundreds plucked up courage, from his great example, to oppose the levy; and the people bled money more reluctantly and scantily than had ever happened in the reign. Sick of the time and disheartened at his defeat, Hampden is

* Hampden was cousin to Oliver Cromwell.

† The pressure of home troubles and the scarcity of money had before this time compelled Charles to conclude peace with Spain and France.

said to have looked wistfully across the ocean to those little clearings where the clustered huts of the emigrant Puritans were nestling under the shade of hickory and maple.*

Before the trial of Hampden came on, a spark had been struck in Scotland which produced a mighty flame. Not content with forcing bishops on the Calvinists of the north, Charles and Laud prepared a liturgy, leavened with the spirit of Popery, and ordered its use in the churches of Scotland. A crowd filled St. Giles's Church in Edinburgh one July morning. Judges, prelates, bailies, were all there, to pray by book in the fashion after Laud's heart. But when the dean in his snowy surplice opened the obnoxious volume, a shout arose; and a folding-stool was flung at the reader's head by July 23,
1637 a woman named Jenny Geddes. This missile, luckily thrown too hastily for a good aim, was followed by a shower of stones. In vain the Bishop of Edinburgh, the Archbishop of St. Andrews, and others high in station tried to calm the tumult. It was only by force that the rioters could be got to leave the church; and when the dean, on the shutting of the doors, proceeded with his reading, the words could scarcely be heard for the roars outside and the battering on walls and doors. Some spirited clergymen petitioned moderately enough against these prayers, maintaining that they had received the sanction neither of Parliament nor of Assembly. A great crowd of people gathered in Edinburgh when the harvest was over, to offer the same reasonable petition against the prayers. Charles met these movements rudely and foolishly. He removed the centre of government from Edinburgh to Linlithgow, and issued a menacing proclamation against the Presbyterians who had flocked to the capital. Out of the crisis grew

* History has long cherished a romantic story to the effect that Hampden, Cromwell, and Haselrig had embarked in a ship bound for America, and were only prevented from leaving England by a proclamation of the king, which imposed restrictions on emigration. It is almost a pity that the story is not true. The ship did sail, with its seven companions; and, more than that, all the passengers proceeded on their voyage after some delay.

a provisional government known as the *Four Tables*. Each table or board represented a class—nobles, gentry, clergy, burgesses; and, to bind the whole into one workable machine, there were chosen members from each, who formed a Fifth Table, holding supreme executive power. Thus organized and united, the Presbyterians began to act with singular boldness. They demanded the removal of the liturgy, the canons, and the High Commission Court. When the Lord Treasurer Traquair published a royal roclamation condemning these movements, their leaders, Lord Lindsay and Lord Hume, fixed a counter-proclamation on the market-cross at Stirling. Then a great document, known as the National Covenant, bound the Scottish Presbyterians, as no modern nation has been bound, into a single mass, fervid with the glow of a solemn faith. Framed by Alexander Henderson, minister of Leuchars, in Fife, and Archibald Johnstone, a great lawyer of the day, the Covenant

was laid on a gravestone in the churchyard of the Grey-friars at Edinburgh, and was confirmed with the oaths and signatures of a countless crowd. In six weeks the names of nearly all Scotland bristled in thick rows below the solemn words, which expressed the faith and the resolve of an insulted people. This looked serious. The Marquis of Hamilton arrived from England to reduce the Covenanters to obedience; but the task lay beyond his power. A General Assembly and a Parliament alone would satisfy the Scots. Charles yielded to this demand, because he was not yet ready for violence; but under the smooth-tongued consent lay the secret bitterness of war. The General Assembly met at Glasgow on the 23rd of November 1638, Hamilton acting as royal commissioner. Having chosen Henderson to be moderator, and Johnstone to be clerk-register, they proceeded to their work. It soon appeared that the old High Church of Glasgow was to be a great battle-field for the court and the Covenanters. Having, in direct defiance of the royal wishes, secured the admission of

lay elders as an essential part of the Assembly, the members attacked the bishops. Hamilton, taking a leaf from his master's method of dealing with parliaments, pronounced the Assembly dissolved; but the Assembly refused to dissolve. Presided over by the Earl of Argyle, it continued to sit until the excommunication of the bishops and the overthrow of prelacy were brought to a successful issue.

In the following summer the king made a feeble effort at war, and reached the banks of the Tweed at Berwick with an army. Here, however, dismayed at the bold front which the Covenanters showed a few miles off under Leslie, and perceiving the reluctant spirit which prevailed in his own ranks, he came to terms with the Covenanters, and concluded the Peace of Berwick, a principal condition of which **1639** was that both armies should immediately disband. The conduct of Charles after this excited such distrust among the Covenanters, that they refused to lay down their arms; and, had the king possessed the necessary money, the spilling of civil blood would doubtless have begun without delay. But a happy lack of funds crippled the king, and drove him to that expedient he had so long avoided—the calling of a Parliament once more. Wentworth was summoned from Ireland, where he was employed in drilling ten thousand soldiers for the king. He proposed to fill the treasury by means of loans and new exactions of ship-money, and thereafter to call the Houses from their long slumber of eleven years. He had tried the experiment of an Irish Parliament, and had succeeded in making it subservient to his will. His mistake lay in supposing that an English Parliament, on whose benches Pym and Hampden would be sure to sit, was likely to deal with political questions, and to meet royal demands, in the same way as an Irish Parliament tamed and cowed by a long course of *Thorough*. Nevertheless, so delighted was the king with Wentworth's daring project, that he created him Earl of Strafford, and ex-

changed his lower title of Lord Deputy for the high-sounding name Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

The Short Parliament met on the 13th of April 1640. It was dissolved by the furious king on the 5th of the following month. Ominous indeed was the array of names, **1640** gathered there from the shires and boroughs of England. Hampden, Pym, Hollis, St. John, Strode, Haselrig, Cromwell, sat there, with many others who afterwards fought the good fight of freedom. Yet the temper of the House was calm. Charles mistook the calmness for submission, and tried to gain the only end for which he had summoned a Parliament, by promising to cease the collecting of ship-money, if they would give him twelve subsidies. Willing to give money to their king, but not willing to acknowledge a tax the legality of which they denied, the Commons delayed an answer to the royal message. This conduct, coupled with the fact that a few days after they had met they had taken into consideration the imprisonment of Eliot (lately dead in the Tower), and the proceedings against Hampden in the ship-money case, put the king into a passion, and he abused his right of dissolution for the last time. Next day he committed several of the most energetic members of the Parliament to prison. Having obtained a subsidy from Convocation, the king moved northward to meet the rebellious Scots. On the very day on which he left London, Leslie, encouraged, it is said, by Hampden, crossed the Tweed. At Newburn on the Tyne an English force ran before a few shots from the Scottish guns. Newcastle was evacuated, and the Royalist army fell back on the city of York, while the Covenanters took possession of the four northern counties. At York, Charles called the peers together, to consult with him on the position of affairs (September). They approved of his proposal to call another Parliament; and the famous Long Parliament was summoned.

CHAPTER XII.

CIVIL WAR.

Meeting of the Long Parliament—Arrest of Strafford and Laud—Trial of Strafford—Rising in Ireland—The Grand Remonstrance—The five members—Flight of the king and the queen—The Castle Hill of Nottingham—Edgehill—Chalgrove Field—Atherton Moor—Fall of Bristol—Relief of Gloucester—The Solemn League and Covenant—Death of Pym.

OVER the fallen leaves of 1640, resolute men went spurring through England, exhorting the electors in shire and borough to return trustworthy members to the approaching Parliament. Hampden was much in the saddle during these precious days. On the 3rd of November, instead of a brilliant procession as was usual at the opening of Parliament, a boat brought Charles to Westminster in a sullen, melancholy way. The autumn rides had not been fruitless. The benches of the Commons, lined with stern faces, presented only one or two very favourable to the court. Charles made a milder speech than usual; but conciliation now was hopeless. The tide which had set in must exhaust its force, sweeping off the enormous abuses that strangled English freedom. First of all, Prynne and his companions in suffering were freed from the dungeons in which they had been pining for years. Then a just and speedy retribution fell on their persecutors. Strafford, somewhat worn with the pain of disease, had given signs of unwillingness to face the newly met houses. But the king, too weak to be without this stern adviser and unsparing man, induced him to leave York for London, by giving him royal

Nov. 3,
1640

pledge that the Parliament should not touch a hair of his head. Arrived in London, Strafford had scarcely entered the House of Lords when the stern voice of Pym, speaking at the bar in the name of the Commons, impeached him of high treason and other misdemeanours. The knees of the proud man were bent at last, and Black Rod, demanding his sword, carried him off to the Tower in a coach. No cap moved in respectful salute as he passed a prisoner through the throng around the doors; but angry voices repeated the cry of "Treason" as he went by. Finch and Secretary Windebank made off to the Continent at once. Laud was charged with high treason, and was committed to the custody of the usher of the House, and was afterwards sent to the Tower. Having thus deprived Charles of his advisers and his tools, the Long Parliament went steadily on with the work of reform. They voted that a Parliament should be held at least every three years, and provided means by which, if the court proved unwilling, the people could of themselves elect members with or without writs; and they also limited to a great extent that power of dissolution which Charles had so madly abused. The abolition of the three obnoxious courts—the Star Chamber, the High Commission Court, and the Council of the North—completed the work of destruction.

Westminster Hall was filled with the Lords and the Commons on the 22nd day of March—the day appointed for the trial of Strafford. Ladies crowded the galleries; the king sat unseen within a cabinet hung with arras. The reading of the twenty-eight charges, and the reply of the accused, occupied the first day. On the second day, Pym, the leader of the impeachment, spoke long and weightily in support of the charges and in opposition to the reply. He described the dreadful tyranny of Wentworth in Ireland, producing witnesses in support of all he said. Strafford asked time to prepare his defence, but was required to answer on the spot. He strove hard to show, with that dignified eloquence he could

wield so well, that all the evil he had done, heaped together, could not make a treason. From day to day the trial was prolonged, until on the 12th of April the notes of a speech, alleged to have been made by the prisoner at a private council, were brought into court against him. This document, found by young Vane among the papers of his father, and shown by him to Pym, contained these words: "You have an army in Ireland that you may employ to reduce this kingdom to obedience; for I am confident the Scots cannot hold out five months." The closing words of the sentence give countenance to the plea that "this kingdom" was meant to apply to Scotland. That, however, would have admitted the genuineness of the document, which Strafford denied. As legal difficulties arose, and Pym and his coadjutors despaired of obtaining a conviction against him for treason, they abandoned the impeachment, and resolved to proceed by Bill of Attainder. The bill, passed in the Commons by a great majority, and more tardily by the Lords, condemned the great criminal to the scaffold. Men, strained to the highest pitch of nervous excitement, were filled with strange fancies and alarms. It was feared that Strafford would escape. Indeed Charles devised plans, and Strafford offered princely bribes, for his freedom; but Balfour, the lieutenant of the Tower, would listen to no allurements. Nothing now remained for the completion of Pym's work but the consent of Charles to the attainder. Strafford wrote a letter to the king, full of quietly manly pathos and of resignation to his fate, beseeching his majesty to sign the Bill of Attainder, and thus save the commonwealth from ill. The king, after weakly asking advice from his council, did what he probably had before resolved on, and wrote the fatal letters. The scaffold stood on Tower Hill; and after a few words of resignation Strafford **May 12** laid his head on the block, and died. Bonfires lighted London streets that night, and men rode off to the country, waving their hats, and crying joyfully, "His head is off!"

During the autumn holidays, Charles went to Scotland. Hampden went there too, with a secret commission from the Parliament, in order to neutralize any attempt the king might make to wean the Scots from their adherence to the popular cause in England. Just then the whole island was electrified with the news of a terrible rising and massacre of Protestants in Ireland. Sir Phelim O'Neil led the rebels in Ulster. The plot was deep-laid, and had not the babble of a drunken man revealed the secret, Dublin Castle would have fallen. Fifty thousand are said to have perished in the slaughter, which lighted a flame of civil war that did not cease to burn for two years.

When Parliament reassembled, there were two distinct parties in the House of Commons. The king had friends in Falkland, Culpeper, and Hyde, afterwards Earl of Clarendon: Hampden and Pym were of course the leaders of the opposition.

Nov. 22, When on a memorable day—Monday the 22nd of November 1641—that document called the Grand Remonstrance, which recited all the misgovernment of the previous sixteen years, came to be discussed, the contest waxed so hot and personal that nothing but the voice of the great Hampden prevented bloodshed. A majority of eleven passed the Remonstrance, which was presented to the king. It was afterwards printed and scattered over the land, that the nation might know what the Parliament had already done, and what remained for it to do.

Pym's lodgings at Chelsea formed a centre of political activity. There the opponents of the court often met to dine, and as they afterwards rode through the neighbouring lanes, they talked of these "other things in preparation" to which the Remonstrance menacingly referred. This king of men—the people really used to call him King Pym—occupied the mind of Charles more than any other of his subjects; and he would gladly have bought the rival monarch over. The chancellorship

of the exchequer was offered to the statesman, and was declined. Culpeper then received the place.

Meanwhile symptoms of a brooding storm appeared. The apprentices and citizens thronging to Westminster during the Christmas holidays, came to blows with the soldiers of the king; and out of the tumult arose those historic nicknames Roundhead and Cavalier. Before December closed, ten bishops went through frost and snow to prison in the Tower, charged with attempting to subvert the Parliament, because they had sent a protest to the House of Lords, declaring that they meant to stay away on account of the riots, and insisting that no laws passed in their absence could be valid.

A fatal thought meanwhile entered the king's head. In utter defiance of legal form, he instructed his attorney-general to impeach of high treason five members of the Commons—John Hampden, John Pym, Sir Arthur Haselrig, Denzil Hollis, and William Strode; and one of the Lords—Lord Kimbolton. The articles were seven:—1. A general charge of trying to subvert government and law. 2. The authorship of the Grand Remonstrance. 3. Tampering with the army. 4. Traitorous invitations to the Scottish rebels, urging them to enter England. 5. Endeavouring to subvert the rights and being of Parliaments. 6. The raising of riots. 7. The levying of actual war against the throne. The accused peer, Lord Kimbolton, at once rose and denied the charges. Digby, the confidant of Charles, thought fit to pretend great surprise. The day was the 3rd of January 1642.

The same day, Pym's servant called him to the door of the Commons, and told him that his trunks, study, and chamber had been sealed up by persons sent from the king. Hollis received similar news at the same time. When Pym announced the fact, the angry House declared that both law and privilege had been violated. He was proceeding to urge a vigorous resistance, when worse occurred. The king's sergeant-at-arms

came with a royal message to the speaker, requiring that the five members, whose names he distinctly pronounced, should be given up as guilty of high treason. The House sent the sergeant out to his mace, which he had not dared to carry in. It then appointed a deputation of four to carry a message to the king, intimating that an answer should be returned as speedily as the importance of the matter would allow, and that the members were ready meanwhile to answer all legal charges. The speaker then ordered the five members to attend daily in the House until further direction; and next day at ten the House was desired to sit in grand committee to consider the message. With the setting sun, an order was given to break the seals in the houses of the accused and to take the sealers into custody. On the following morning, the House of Commons met at eight, their usual hour, and sat until dinner-time at twelve. The five members spoke, defending themselves against the articles of impeachment; but the words of Hampden had the greatest weight. At twelve they adjourned for an hour to dine. During that hour, two warnings of approaching danger reached the five. One warning came from Lady Carlisle direct to Pym; the other, from Lord Chamberlain Essex to all the five. Knowing, therefore, what was about to happen, they went to their seats in the afternoon, in obedience to the speaker's order.

The debate as to how the five should act was proceeding, when a French officer appeared at the door, and announced that the king had left Whitehall with a band of armed men, and was then near the hall. The five went hastily down to the river-stairs—Strode dragged out by a friendly hand—and had not yet entered the boat that awaited them, when Charles and his train of four hundred reached the House. Forming a lane in Westminster Hall, his attendants enabled Charles to enter the lobby, into which some eighty pressed after him. A loud knock—and through the violently opened door the king entered,

followed by his nephew, the prince elector-palatine. Outside stood a mass of armed men, who would not allow the door to be shut. The members doffed their hats; the king did the same. "A crowd of bare faces" lined the benches. One quick look toward the place Pym always held told Charles that the "birds were flown." He did not know what to say, and stood a long time silent on the step of the speaker's chair, which had been vacated on his approach. An age those silent minutes must have seemed! The king at last spoke, reiterating his charge of treason, and denying the right of traitors to shelter themselves under privilege. Having stammered through some broken sentences to this effect, he put the question, "Is Mr. Pym here?" but no answer came. In like manner he asked for Hollis. Lenthall the speaker, on most occasions a timorous man, made answer to the royal questions, "that he had neither eyes to see nor tongue to speak in that place, but as the House was pleased to direct." Baffled on every hand, the king turned to go out. As he passed to the door, the mutterings of the storm within broke out in audible cries of "Privilege! privilege!"

The night succeeding the outrage on the Commons saw London in a fever of excitement, which grew to sterner fury, when a royal proclamation ordered the ports to be shut lest the five should escape. Another edict soon followed, forbidding any person to afford them shelter. London, ever a stronghold of English liberty, proved true as steel in this crisis. The members found a safe shelter in Coleman Street; and although, on the 5th, Charles went down to Guildhall through angry crowds and there demanded their surrender, they were not betrayed. The ominous cry of the day before—"Privilege! privilege!"—and a yet more daring sign of public feeling—the words, "To your tents, O Israel!" scribbled on a scrap of paper and flung into his coach—ought to have made the foolish monarch pause and think while he had a chance. That very day it was carried

Jan. 4,
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in the Commons that a committee of the House should sit at Guildhall; which accordingly met there on the following morning, but soon removed to Grocers' Hall. Resolutions against the outrage and the encroachments of the king—the examination of witnesses regarding the violence of Tuesday—the reception of the five among them—and the preparations for a triumphant return to Westminster formed the work of this committee.

The king fled from London to Hampton Court on Monday the 10th. Next day all London and all Southwark lined the banks of Thames between London Bridge and Westminster Stairs, to see the return of the five. It was a bright winter day. Embarking at the Three Cranes in one of the splendid barges of the City Companies, they rowed up to Westminster amid tumultuous cheering and the incessant rattle of musketry and roar of cannon. The speaker and the members stood to greet the five, who sat for an instant and then rose with bared heads. Pym spoke for all, thanking the citizens of London for shelter and hospitality. So ended that momentous week. The Civil War in reality began on that fatal Tuesday; and all its history may be seen foreshadowed in the events of the six following days. On the 23rd of February, Queen Henrietta and her daughter, well weighted with the English crown jewels and a great sum of money, set sail for the court of Holland.

Seven months had yet to pass before the clash of actual conflict was heard. Having sent off his wife and daughter, the king moved from place to place with the shadow of a court about him. Hopeless of the capital, he pitched upon Hull as a fitting base of operations in the war for which he was now preparing. Its convenient position with regard to Holland, where his wife was raising supplies, enhanced its value in his eyes. But when he rode up to its gates one April day (23rd) with over three hundred horse, the governor, old Sir John Hotham, refused in the name of the Parliament to admit him with

so many men. During all these months negotiations were pending with the Parliament ; but every declaration on the one side and response on the other merely brought the day of battle nearer. The navy declared for the Parliament. London supplied its well-drilled train-bands, and its ready plate down even to women's thimbles. The militia also, refused by the king to the Parliament for a single hour, were taken by the Commons into their own hands ; and the levy went on with vigour. Two opposing edicts—the *Commission of Array*, issued by the king, and the *Ordinance of Militia*, issued by the Parliament—swept the country of all fighting-men for the one side or the other. Robert, Earl of Essex, was appointed captain-general for the Parliament, and the Earl of Bedford general of the horse. The Earl of Lindsay was nominally the Royalist general, but Charles's nephew, the dashing Prince Rupert, was the ruling spirit.

At six o'clock on an August evening, a fierce gale blowing at the time, the royal standard was uplifted on the Castle Hill of Nottingham amid the clangour of drums and trumpets. The wind blew down the flag-staff that very night. **Aug. 22.** Prince Rupert dashed with some banditti through the central counties, plundering. He failed in his attempt to seize Worcester.

The battle of Keynton* or Edgehill began the great operations of the war. In the valley at the foot of Edgehill called the Vale of the Red Horse, Charles and Essex faced each other on Sunday the 23rd of October—the king stronger in horse, the earl stronger in cannon. Both sides seemed to shrink at first from plunging into the horrors of a civil war. There was a long pause implying hesitation ; nor was it until **Oct. 23.** two in the afternoon that the boom of the Parliamentary guns announced that the action had begun. After one hour's

* *Edgehill* or *Keynton* is a small village on the southern edge of Warwickshire, seventy-two miles north-west of London.



PLACES OF INTEREST.

- 1642. Hull.
- " Edgehill.
- " Oxford.
- 1643. Bristol.
- " Newbury (1).
- " Chalgrove.
- 1644. Marston Moor.
- " York.

- 1644. Newcastle.
- " Newbury (2).
- 1645. Naseby.
- " Philiphaugh.
- " Oxford.
- " Newark.
- 1647. Carlisle Castle.
- 1648. Preston.

cannonade the pikes crossed, and the Roundheads fell back. Rupert rushed like a rocket through the left wing of the foe ; but a return charge from the other wing of the Parliamentary men scattered the royal artillery and spiked some guns. The footmen around the royal standard, attacked in front and rear, were then broken, and Lord Lindsay received a mortal wound. Want of ammunition prevented Essex from following up this success. The fury of the battle gradually died out with the falling night. Each side claimed the victory, although the royal loss was the more severe. Oliver Cromwell saw the weakness of the Parliamentary army. "Men of religion," he said to Hampden, "were needed to withstand these gentlemen of honour."

In the following month Charles, issuing with Rupert from his headquarters at Oxford, made a rush through the November fog on London, and got as far as to Brentford, when his advance was checked by the regiment of Colonel Hollis. All London went out on that Sunday morning to Turnham Green ; and had not Essex, much to the chagrin of Hampden, exercised undue caution, the retreat of Charles might have been cut off. As it was, the baffled king got safely back to Reading, and thence to Oxford.

The beginning of 1643 witnessed a new negotiation between the king and the Parliament. It ended, as before, in nothing. The greater part of the year went by—the king lying at Oxford, where he established a mint, and coined the plate of the colleges for his use ; and Essex, the lord-general, remained at Windsor. In the north, where Yorkshire formed the centre of operations, the Earl of Newcastle commanded for the king, and carried on a war of skirmishes with Lord Fairfax, the Parliamentary leader. Queen Henrietta, coming over with men and money that the crown jewels had procured, lay four months in Yorkshire, during which she sent guns and gunpowder to her husband. For deeds like these, the Com-

mons, acting through their mouthpiece Pym, sent up to the Lords an impeachment of high treason against her. Restless Rupert somewhat atoned for the inactivity of his uncle, for he was always darting out of Oxford to slay, burn, pillage, and retreat. In one of these fiery raids he fell, at gray dawn of a midsummer morning (June 18), on the hamlet of Postcombe, having crossed the Cherwell at Chiselhampton Bridge. A slight skirmish drove back a troop of Roundhead horse. Turning then to Chinnor, he slew and took prisoners a couple of hundred more. Almost with the risen sun there appeared on the side of a neighbouring hill a body of Parliamentary dragoons riding to the attack. It was John Hampden, statesman and soldier, come to his last field. He had warned Essex that the lines were weak at this very place; and hearing of

Rupert's move, he had sent an urgent message asking
June 18, Essex to occupy the bridge at Chiselhampton, over
1643 which the plunderer had come. Chalgrove Field* waved with a great sea of slightly coloured grain when Rupert marshalled his two thousand horsemen there. Hampden, who meant only to keep the foe in play until Essex had seized the bridge, poured in a volley and then dashed in a fierce charge upon Rupert's right wing. As he rode forward, two carbine balls struck his shoulder, broke the bone, and lodged in his body. His head drooped on the mane, and, to the wonderment of all, he went slowly from the field. The house where he had won his bride rose above the trees not far away. But the foe lay between, and he turned towards Thame, riding with infinite pain over ground every inch of which he knew by heart. Leaping with difficulty a little stream, he made his way to the house of Ezekiel Browne at Thame, where six days later he died with the patriotic prayer breaking from his lips (June 24). To his grave in Hampden Church his green-coats

* *Chalgrove Field* is not far from Watlington in Oxfordshire, which lies about fifteen miles south-east of Oxford.

bore their colonel in a little while, stirring the gentle summer air with the solemn music of the Ninetieth Psalm. And there, stricken in the very prime of his power, they left the greatest Englishman of his time. It seemed to the National party, when the terrible news of Chalgrove came, as if the sun of their enterprise had suddenly dropped from the sky.

Their defeat on Atherton Moor* in the north, where Newcastle routed Fairfax on the 30th of June, added to their dismay—perhaps induced them to cast into the Tower the Hothams, father and son, on a charge of treasonably offering to surrender Hull to the king.† That sea-port was held by Fairfax, who had retired thither after his reverse at Atherton Moor; but nearly all the rest of Yorkshire was in the hands of the Royalists. Newcastle besieged Hull for six weeks. He was, however, driven back by Fairfax, and the siege was raised (October 11). On the same day, Cromwell and Sir Thomas Fairfax defeated the Royalists at Winceby,‡ and drove them out of Lincolnshire.

In the west, the Parliament men met with nothing but disaster. The king's general, Wilmot, defeated Sir William Waller at Devizes§ (July 13). Bristol surrendered to Rupert after a three days' siege (July 27). In dread of the worst, the Londoners set vigorously to work at the defence of their city, which was soon encircled by an intrenchment twelve miles in length. Instead of moving on London, the king, helped by succours from his wife, laid siege to Gloucester during the month of August. The spirit of the people rose to a level with the crisis. The London train-bands volunteered their services; and "elephantine" Essex, flinging off his sluggishness, moved

* *Atherton Moor*, or *Adwalton*, is marked by a hamlet in the West Riding of Yorkshire, four miles south-east by south of Bradford.

† They were beheaded on January 1 and 2, 1645.

‡ *Winceby*, a small upland hamlet in the Wolds of Lincolnshire, about five miles west of Horncastle.

§ *Devizes*, a market-town in Wiltshire, twenty-two miles from Salisbury. The battle was fought near Roundaway Hill.

steadily westward, and on the 5th of September lit a beacon-fire on Presbury Hill, which shone through the rainy gloom of the night with tidings of relief to the beleaguered garrison **Sept. 6.** of Gloucester. Burning his camp, the king retreated, thus baffled in his last great chance.

On his homeward way to cover London, Essex was followed closely by the king, who attacked him at Newbury* (September 20th). The pikes of the London train-bands formed an impenetrable hedge of steel, on which the gallant cavalry of the king dashed without avail. A bullet here brought down Lord Falkland, now secretary of state to the king—once a dear friend of Hampden. The historian Clarendon tells us how heavily the cloud of the Civil War brooded over the once cheerful spirit of Falkland, and with what deep and bitter sighs he was wont to cry out for "Peace! peace!"

Five days after this battle, there was a great ceremony in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, where the assembly of Puritan divines and the Scottish commissioners met to sign *The Solemn League and Covenant*. That document, which was the National Covenant renamed and slightly liberalized by **Sept. 25.** the management of young Harry Vane, Commissioner at Edinburgh, bound the revolted Scots and the revolted English together in their great struggle with a king who had wronged them both. The Scottish army sent into England in January, in fulfilment of this treaty, turned the scale in favour of the Parliament.

King Pym, the great orator and wielder of men, was now to follow Hampden to the grave. At Derby House on the 8th of September a painful internal sickness struck him down, and his remains were laid, with the honours due to a great English statesman, beneath the roof of Westminster.

* *Newbury*, a market-town in Berkshire on the Kennet, seventeen miles west south-west of Reading.

CHAPTER XIII.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

Early life—Member for Cambridge—Marston Moor—Self-denying Ordinance—Naseby—The Scottish camp—Rendezvous—The proposals—Explosive elements—Preston fight—Pride's Purge—The High Court of Justice—The scaffold.

OLIVER CROMWELL was born at Huntingdon in 1599, his father being Robert Cromwell of the Hinchinbrook family, and his mother Elizabeth Steward, daughter of a wealthy Ely farmer. Having received his early education in the grammar-school of his native town, he went to Cambridge at the age of seventeen. In 1620, he married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir James Bouchier, a civic magistrate with a small estate in Essex.

When he entered Parliament as member for the borough of Huntingdon in 1628, he met there a number of men—Wentworth, Selden, Hampden, Pym, Hollis—who were bent on wringing from their infatuated king a new charter of liberties. Oliver took part in the movement against Buckingham, and displayed his close-grained Puritanism by an attack on the Bishop of Winchester for "preaching flat Popery." The dissolution of 1629 sent him to Huntingdon, whence, two years later, he moved to a grazing-farm at St. Ives, five miles down the Ouse—a spongy piece of land, soaking with the black moisture of the neighbouring Fens. Five years of beef-rearing and butter-making, checkered with the lights and shadows of domestic life, and sometimes overspread with the gloom of

melancholy, but instinct throughout with a steadfast religious fervour, bring us on to 1636, when the death of his mother's brother, who left him some property, changed the scene of his life to Ely. Thence this "Lord of the Fens," as he was popularly called in recognition of the regal manhood in him, went in 1640 to the Short Parliament as member for Cambridge town, and went in the following winter to his seat for the same place in the ever-memorable Long Parliament.

He was then forty-one years of age: a man of good stature; with swollen and reddish face, a voice sharp and untunable, and eloquence full of fervour. As to dress, his plain cloth suit bore evident marks of country scissors; his linen was plain, and not very clean; his hat without a hat-band, and his sword stuck close by his side. So much for the externals of the man; but there was empire in the steadfast eye, and under the raspings of the ill-tuned voice. Already men had felt its grasp, and had sat wrapped in silence as they listened to the plain, blunt farmer.

While Pym and Hampden lived, Oliver associated himself with them in all the great events noticed in the preceding chapter. He heard St. Margaret's chiming "two" on the morning when the Grand Remonstrance passed, and rejoiced in victory as he went home to bed. When the war began, he lent £300 to the Parliament, raised a volunteer corps at Cambridge, seized the magazine there, and prevented the university plate (worth £20,000) from leaving its place. Learning in the school of obedience how to command, Captain Cromwell fought at Edgehill, and, under Lord Grey of Wark, did good service in holding the associated counties—Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, Cambridge, Herts—against the king and his dashing nephew. He was in peril of his life at Winceby Fight; and, as governor of Ely, he held that city bravely for the Parliament. With the first hour that he drilled his Cambridge men his greatest work began. A grand weapon was to be forged—

a weapon of which Strafford and Charles had only dreamed—which Cromwell made and wielded with a giant's skill and strength, but which at last grew too mighty even for his hand. In the unconquered regiment of Ironsides we see the germ of that singular invincible army, which overturned for a time the English throne, and broke the battalions of the greatest military power in Europe.

The first month of 1644 witnessed the march of twenty-one thousand Scots under General Alexander Leslie, now Earl of Leven, southward across the Border. About the same time a mock Parliament, summoned by the king in opposition to the Houses of Westminster, met at Oxford. This royal convention consisted of about forty peers and one hundred commoners, who did next to nothing during their session of three months. Leven, checked at first by the Marquis of Newcastle, drove that Royalist general before him to York, the siege of which was undertaken by a threefold army—the Scots under Leven himself, Yorkshiremen under Lord Fairfax, and Association men under the Earl of Manchester* and Cromwell, now promoted to be lieutenant-general. If York fell, the north must go: so Rupert shot over the hills from Lancashire, outflanked the Parliamentary generals by crossing the Ouse, and effected a junction with the Marquis of Newcastle. The allies were marshalled on Long Marston Moor,† whither they had gone to meet the Royalist army, and there the first great conflict of the war took place.

The hot blood of Rupert forced on this disastrous fight, sorely against the will of Newcastle. While the baffled forces of the Parliament were beginning to move away toward Tadcaster, the prince fell upon their rear. A trumpet call brought the entire army to a stand, and a preliminary fight began for favourable ground. In that struggle the Parliamentary

* *Earl of Manchester*, formerly Lord Kimbolton, who was impeached along with the "Five Members" of the Commons in 1641.

† *Long Marston Moor* lies four or five miles west of the city of York.

soldiers had the best, for they secured "a large rye-field on a rising ground," and managed to cover part of their front with a deep ditch. From three to five in the afternoon a desultory fire ran along both lines; and then came a sudden lull till seven, each waiting for the other to begin. A cannon-ball, probably one of the dropping shots which sometimes startled the pause, smashed the leg of Oliver's nephew, and caused his death. As the sun declined, it was thought by most that the day's fighting was over, and Newcastle went to bed in his carriage. About seven, however, Manchester's and Leven's troopers crossed the ditch, and went right at the foe. The horse did the heaviest fighting that summer evening among

July 2, the rye. Cromwell and Rupert, each commanding a
1644 left wing, and therefore not opposed at first, broke and scattered the enemy against whom their charge was directed. We can see them still, beginning with a rapid trot, which gradually becomes an earth-shaking gallop, growing to a very whirlwind as they near the foe, firing their pistols within a few yards, hurling them at the heads of the men they ride at, and then falling with wheeling and flashing cuts of steel on the wavering line, which in a few seconds breaks before the fury of the charge. Up to that point in the war, Rupert and his squadrons had had it all their own way, riding down files of stout yeomen and mechanics like so much wheat. But when the great collision of Oliver and Rupert took place in the summer dusk—when the Ironsides charged right into the face of the Cavaliers, and sent the hitherto unconquered squadrons reeling in disorder from the field—it was made plain to all that that which had been Charles's mainstay was disabled beyond repair. That victorious charge of Cromwell was the turning-point of the war. At ten that night Rupert turned rein and fled. His guns, powder, and baggage, his colours to the number of one hundred, were all left to the victors; and more than four thousand dead lay on the field.

Newcastle, in disgust, hid his head on the Continent. York surrendered on the 15th of July; the town of Newcastle yielded to Scottish stormers in October. Thus Charles lost the north.

A transient gleam of success gilded his cause in the south. Essex and Waller, leading a Parliamentary army from London for the conquest of the west, disagreed and parted. Waller met the king at Cropredy Bridge* three days before the battle of Marston, and suffered defeat. His army became demoralized, and on his march to London his soldiers fell away from his flag in hundreds. Essex fared even worse. The king followed him to Cornwall, and there so completely shut him in among the hills, that he was obliged to take to shipboard. He escaped with a few officers to Plymouth. His cavalry cut their way through the royal lines, but his foot, under Skippon, were forced to surrender and were disarmed on the 2nd of September 1644.

Not two months later occurred the second battle of Newbury, which derives more importance from its indirect than from any of its direct consequences. A fresh army under Manchester and Waller, with Cromwell in a subordinate command, went down to waylay the king returning victorious to Oxford. The armies met on Sunday evening, October 27th; and after four hours of fighting, partly by moonlight, the king, although worsted, managed about ten to break away and reach Oxford. Cromwell was for instant chase; Manchester hung back. From difference they came to quarrel. Cromwell, a root-and-branch Independent, strong in conscious superiority, and strong in the tried valour of his Ironsides, had already used impatient and somewhat insubordinate language towards this vacillating Presbyterian lord. Now he stood boldly up and thundered out the latent discontent with which the Parliamentary air was charged, by accusing the earl of half measures and unnecessary protraction of the war.

Oct. 27,
1644

* *Cropredy Bridge* is near Banbury, on the borders of Oxfordshire and Northamptonshire.

Out of this quarrel grew the celebrated *Self-Denying Ordinance*, a measure proposed in the Commons by Zouch Tate, and seconded by Sir Harry Vane, one of Cromwell's chief supporters. This act was rejected by the Lords at first, but finally passed the Upper House on the 3rd of April 1645. It excluded all members of either House from military command; in fact, it was levelled directly at Essex, Manchester, and Waller, and was a cunning device for getting them set aside—a result which it effected. Side by side with the *Self-Denying Ordinance* went the act for the *New Model* of the Army, by which the total was fixed at twenty-one thousand men, under a general-in-chief, a lieutenant-general, and certain other officers. Sir Thomas Fairfax being appointed commander-in-chief, undertook, with the aid of Skippon, the reforming of the army. Into the post of lieutenant-general Cromwell again stepped shortly after the opening of the new campaign, Fairfax having obtained the suspension of the *Self-Denying Ordinance* in his favour. He could not be dispensed with either in Parliament or in the army. Thus the Independents worked out their will by aid of this notable ordinance, which possessed a most convenient elasticity, after the slow and lukewarm commanders had been ousted. Fairfax led the army of the Parliament; but Cromwell managed the soldiers, and won the battles which remained to be fought in this act of the war.

For nearly four years (since March 1641), Archbishop Laud had been pining in the Tower. His impeachment began in March 1644, but in November it was abandoned, as in *Stratford's* case, for a Bill of Attainder. The bill passed both Houses of Parliament after some delay in the Lords, and the old archbishop was executed on January 10, 1645. In the same month, while the ordinance was yet fighting its way into law, negotiations were opened at Uxbridge,* through the mediation of the Scottish Commissioners. On not one of the three great topics

* *Uxbridge*, a market-town in Middlesex, on the Colne, fifteen miles from London.

discussed—the church, the militia, and the state of Ireland—could the contending parties come to an agreement. That failure made a renewal of war the only remedy for the national difficulties.

The battle of Naseby* showed of what metal the New Model army was made. Ranged on opposite hills, with a stretch of upland moor between them, the Cavaliers and the Roundheads faced each other on the morning of Saturday, the 14th of June 1645. Fairfax led the Parliamentary forces, supported by Cromwell, who rode on the right wing at the head of six cavalry regiments, and by Ireton, who held a similar command on the left. To these were opposed Prince Rupert, Langdale, and the king himself. As had happened at Marston, Rupert and Cromwell each broke the wing before him; but then came a difference. Rupert rushed on to plunder; Cromwell stayed to conquer. The contest between the rival centres was hot and deadly, but the reserves brought up by Fairfax at last pierced the central masses of the royal army. When Rupert came back from an unprofitable chase, he found the king's infantry in ruins. During the three hours' fight the hopes of the royal party perished utterly; and they fled, leaving culverins and sackers, carriages, colours, and private papers, besides prisoners to the number of five thousand, many of whom were officers of high rank. As Charles rode madly off to Leicester, he must have felt that the blow had wounded his fortunes beyond repair.

The game was now nearly up. Charles looked to Scotland with an eye in which a little hope yet brightened, for there a renegade Covenanter, the Marquis of Montrose, had gathered a host of Highlanders and Irishmen, and had overrun the country, slaughtering and pillaging without mercy. Tibber-

* *Naseby*, a hamlet on a hill-top in the north-western border of Northamptonshire, seven or eight miles from Market-Harborough in Leicestershire; nearly on a line with, and midway between, that town and Daventry.

muir,* Alford,† Kilsyth,‡ all witnessed his savage triumph. But retribution came at Philipshaugh,§ where David Leslie surprised him on his way to England, and annihilated his undisciplined force.

Naseby was the last great battle of the war. Only a few unimportant skirmishes followed. The west of England was the only part of the country in which the royal cause was maintained. Fairfax and Cromwell therefore turned their arms in that direction. Fairfax, pressing steadily westward, stormed Bridgewater, and shut Sir Ralph Hopton up in the peninsula of Cornwall, where next spring he surrendered. Basing House, near Basingstoke, a great royal stronghold, was bombarded and stormed by Cromwell. Prince Rupert was forced to surrender Bristol, and was consequently deprived of his commission. The king made his last effort on Rowton Heath, near Chester, with an army collected in Wales. Hopton's surrender in Cornwall was immediately followed by Sir Jacob Astley's surrender at Stow, "in the Wolds of Gloucestershire."

In the darkness of an April morning (the 27th) three horsemen trotted sharply out of Oxford over Magdalen
1646 Bridge. One of them was King Charles, disguised as the servant of John Ashburnham, and shorn of his luxuriant curls. The third was a clergyman named Hudson. Uncertainly they rode, wavering between London and the Scottish camp. At one time they reached Harrow, an hour's gallop from St. Paul's. At length nine days of vacillation, and of the balancing of dangers, landed the unfortunate king in the Scottish camp at Newark|| (May 5th).

* *Tibbermuir*, a field about five miles from Perth, and midway between Methven and Perth.

† *Alford*, a scattered village on the Don in Aberdeenshire.

‡ *Kilsyth*, a burgh in Stirlingshire, thirteen miles south by west from Stirling.

§ *Philipshaugh*. The scene of this battle lies near Selkirk.

|| *Newark*, a market-town upon the Trent in Notts, twenty miles north-east of Nottingham.

Fairfax then concentrated his strength on Oxford, which surrendered after something more than a month's siege (June 20th). With the flight of the king and the fall of his adopted capital, the flame of the Civil War died out for a time, showing its last flicker in the siege of Raglan Castle,* which surrendered on the 19th of August.

After much fruitless negotiation between the king and the Parliament—negotiation protracted through many months, during which the king lodged at Newcastle—he passed from the hands of the Scottish army to those of the English Parliament. This matter has been much misunderstood. It has been asserted that the Scottish nation sold for £400,000 the unhappy king who had flung himself on their loyal hospitality. The truth is that the English Parliament had formally resolved that the assistance of the Scots, of whom they were jealous and suspicious, was no longer necessary, and the Scots demanded payment of their arrears of pay, amounting to the sum mentioned, as the condition of their retirement. Charles refused to sign the Covenant, which rendered it impossible for him to remain among the Covenanters on friendly terms. He desired to be sent to a place near London, where he might have some chance of influencing the city and the Parliament. The Scots delivered him up, not to the Levellers, who were already beginning to mutter vengeance, but to the Presbyterians, who never entertained a thought of violence toward his person. Through all the negotiations, the safety of the king was expressly stipulated for. Skippon, rolling northward with the money-waggons, counted out the cash to the Scots at Newcastle; and on the 30th of January King Charles became the prisoner of his Parliament, and was sent to the wood-encircled **1647** manor-house of Holmby in Northamptonshire. Arriving there on the 16th of February, he settled down to a quiet

* *Raglan Castle* stands in ruins on a hill a mile from Raglan village, which is in Monmouthshire, seven miles south-west by west of Monmouth.

life, varied by little except a game at chess or at bowls. He refused to listen to the Presbyterian chaplains whose spiritual instructions the Parliament persisted in forcing on him. The Scottish army recrossed the Border a few days after the surrender of the king.

Things now verged distinctly in the direction of violence. The germs of Independence and Presbyterianism, which had always influenced the history of the Long Parliament, now shot out into two great rival branches. The army, controlled by Cromwell and Fairfax, the heads of the Independents, confronted the Presbyterian majority of the Parliament, in which Hollis was a notable leader. When the Presbyterians proposed to disband the army, the soldiers demanded the arrears of their pay, now due for three-and-forty weeks, and pensions for the widows of those slain in the war. They also objected to a forced service in Ireland under Presbyterian commanders; and they were insulted by a declaration of the Parliament, in which they were described as "enemies of the state, and disturbers of the public peace." Having organized an assembly in which the privates were represented by agents called "adjutators," they called a "rendezvous" on Kentford Heath at Newmarket, to discuss the state of affairs. Two days before the gathering on the Heath, an active cornet of Whalley's Horse, named Joyce, once a London tailor, appeared with five hundred men at Holmby House (June 3rd), and taking possession of the not unwilling king, brought him to the soldiers at Newmarket. Some days later, on the 10th of June, a day of prayer and fasting having been meanwhile held, the entire mass of twenty-one thousand men gathered to a greater rendezvous on Triploe Heath near Cambridge. As Cromwell led the Parliamentary commissioners from regiment to regiment, the stern cry of "Justice! justice!" broke from the steel-clad ranks. On the same evening, the army moved to St. Albans, having sent on before them a letter signed by Cromwell and others, and ad-

dressed to the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London, in which the desires of the soldiers were plainly and resolutely set forth. The second shot fired from the camp at St. Albans was a demand that eleven leading Presbyterian members should at once be dismissed. The eleven—Hollis and Waller among them—had the good sense to disappear. Under the pressure of the army, the Parliament actually split; the two Speakers, with the mace and many Lords and Commoners, hastening out to meet the army on Hounslow Heath. A few days later, the Presbyterian party yielded, and the army marched into London by way of Hyde Park. The king was lodged at Hampton Court, whither some of the officers came soon with a set of “proposals” for the reformation of the state, and the establishment of a wide toleration. Charles fell to his old work of trying to outwit and deceive them. He was actually then entangled in secret correspondence both with the Scottish Presbyterians and with the Irish Catholics; and yet he pretended to treat with Ireton and Cromwell. His expectation evidently was that the Independents and Presbyterians would destroy each other, and that he would once more walk unhindered to his empty throne. His chief hope at this time rested on a faithful servant, the Marquis of Ormond, who had won distinction by trampling out the Irish rebellion, and who through every change of conflicting parties had held that island for the king. But that hope broke like the rest; and Ormond crossed to England, where for a time he headed those old royalists whom royal folly could never estrange.

As the autumn wore away, the voice of the Levellers or “Red Republicans” grew louder. They talked ominously of “the chief delinquent,” and echoes of their talk sorely perturbed the king at Hampton Court. Baffled in all his schemes and bewildered by ever thickening danger, he fled from that palace through the wind and rain of a dark November night (Nov. 11), leaving his cloak in the gallery and some letters on

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the drawing-room table. Having reached the Isle of Wight, he saw no further outlet, and gave himself up to Colonel Hammond, who, having written to the Parliament, received orders to commit him to honourable custody in Carisbrooke Castle.

The position of parties at the beginning of the year 1648 is thus summarized by Carlyle :—

“A king not to be bargained with ; kept in Carisbrooke, the centre of all factious hopes, of world-wide intrigues : that is one element. A great royalist party, subdued with difficulty, and ready at all moments to rise again : that is another. A great Presbyterian party, at the head of which is London city, ‘the purse-bearer of the cause,’ highly dissatisfied at the course things had taken, and looking desperately round for new combinations and a new struggle : reckon that for a third element. Add lastly a headlong mutineer, republican, or levelling party ; and consider that there is a working House of Commons, which counts about seventy, divided into pretty equal halves too—the rest waiting what will come of it.”

Early in the year, dreadful words about calling Charles Stuart, *that man of blood*, to an account, were spoken at an army council which was held at Windsor. In London a mixture of Royalist and Presbyterian feeling was showing itself in apprentice riots and similar demonstrations. The summer brought out the flames. In Kent, in Essex, in Wales, and in Scotland they broke violently forth. Fairfax, now by his father's death a lord, managed the former two, defeating the Kentish men on Blackheath, then trampling out the blaze at Maidstone, and finally darting over Thames to besiege Lord Norwich and Lord Capel in Colchester, which he ultimately took. Oliver, pushing into Wales, encountered a stubborn resistance from Pembroke Castle, which his lack of cannon prevented him from destroying ; but the place surrendered at last—July 11th. He then dashed up through the centre of England to meet an army of Scottish Presbyterians which the Mar-

quis of Hamilton had gathered on the Border for the invasion of England. On Thursday, August 17th, and the next two days, the battle of Preston raged upon the Ribble, ending in the complete defeat of Hamilton, whose army was in fact cut in two by Cromwell. Proceeding thence to Edinburgh, on the invitation of Covenanting Argyle, Hamilton's dearest foe, the great soldier took up his quarters at Moray House in the Canongate, whence he issued an address to the Committee of Estates, demanding the expulsion of Malig-nants from all public offices. Having remodelled the govern-ment of Scotland, he returned to London.

During his absence, the Presbyterians made a last effort—forty days long—to make a treaty with the king. The Levellers, alarmed by these negotiations, became more eager than ever for the life of the “chief delinquent.” Oliver then took two decided steps. He transferred the king from Carisbrooke to Hurst Castle in Hampshire,* a desolate and uncomfortable place, which he left in eighteen days for St. James's, whence four days later he was taken to Windsor. This was one decided step. The other was taken on the 5th of December, when the dragoons of Rich and the pikemen of Pride, two colonels in the army, surrounded the Houses of Parliament, and the latter officer picked out the Presbyterian members, as they passed through the lobby, committing them to various places of custody. About fifty Independent members were left to constitute “the Rump,” as the remnant was named. Cromwell, entering on the first day after the *Purge*, received the thanks of the House for his great services to the nation.

The dark mutterings then grew together, and shaped themselves into a distinct and dreadful voice crying for the blood of the king. Oftener than once, Cromwell's head had been in danger from the fierce zeal of those who considered his negotia-

* *Hurst Castle* stood on a little rocky jut of Hampshire, opposite Wight, with the sea foaming nearly all round its base. It had only the poorest accommodation for a few gunners.

tions with Charles a sign of treachery to the national cause. He had now no course but to stand still and to let the torrent of vengeance sweep to its work of doom. The Lords having refused to take any part in the trial of the king, the small body of Independents who remained out of the purged and scattered Commons, formed a tribunal of one hundred and thirty-three commissioners, who, under the title of a "High Court of Justice," proceeded in the name of the English people to arraign the fallen monarch as a traitor and a malicious levier of war. Having chosen John Bradshaw, sergeant-at-law, to be their president, with Steel, Coke, Dorislaus, and Aske to represent, as counsel, the Commonwealth of England, the commissioners

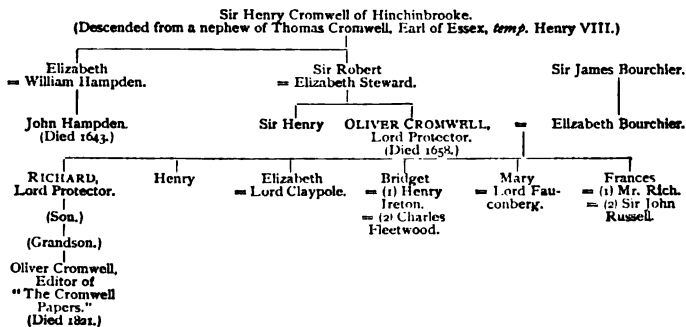
Jan. 20, 1649 formally opened the trial on the 20th of January in Westminster Hall. The king, carried into court in a sedan-chair, sat down, without moving his hat, in a velvet seat prepared for him at the bar. Between him and the court a table stood, bearing the mace and sword placed cross-wise. Haughtily he stared at the judges and the crowds that thronged the galleries; and bitter were the return looks from the benches of the commission, every member of which also wore his hat. Bradshaw spoke first, telling "Charles Stuart, King of England," for what purpose the Commons had placed him on trial at that bar. When Coke, acting as solicitor-general, rose to state the charge, Charles cried out, "Hold!" and tapped him on the shoulder with his cane. The gold head dropped off—a trifling incident, but one which sent a superstitious chill to the heart of the king, although he let no outward sign of discomposure escape him. The reading of the charge, which laid upon the king's head all the blame and blood of the Civil War, extorted a bitter laugh from the royal prisoner. And when President Bradshaw told him that the court awaited his reply, he asked, without a trace of the painful stammer which commonly impeded his utterance, upon what lawful authority he was brought there. Bradshaw answered that the

court took their authority from the people of England, whose elected king he was. Charles denied that England was an elective kingdom, and refused submission to the court, on the ground that the Lords and the king were necessary to constitute a Parliament, without which there could be no true authority. With this the court adjourned.

On Monday the 22nd and Tuesday the 23rd the scene was renewed, the king protesting, and meeting with a bold front the charge, for which he said he cared not a rush; and Bradshaw sternly asserting the dignity of a court whose authority, he said, flowed solely from the people. At this stage of the proceedings a protest from the Parliament and Kingdom of Scotland against this treatment of the king reached the Speaker; but it availed not to stay the swift-falling axe. After two more days spent in the examination of witnesses, the death of Charles was resolved on; and on the last and seventh day (Jan. 27) Bradshaw doffed his black dress and appeared in staring scarlet, surrounded with darkbrowed men arrayed in their best as for some grim festival. Charles with quick eye caught the change, as he entered boldly with his hat on, and for the first time during the trial his spirit shook. His failing heart took in the dread meaning of the blood-coloured robe and the garnished doublets. With altered tone he demanded a conference with a joint-committee of the two Houses of Parliament; but in vain. A feeble plea from Citizen Downes, asking, "Have we hearts of stone?" was speedily overruled, and the clerk by Bradshaw's order read the sentence of death. Charles broke down completely; he stammered out a few disjointed words, and then turned away. The warrant, dated January 29th, bore nine-and-fifty names, that of John Bradshaw standing first, and that of Oliver Cromwell third. Next day at ten, Charles walked between Bishop Juxon and Colonel Tomlinson from St. James's across the park to Whitehall. A glass of wine and a piece of bread were served

to him at noon, and he then passed through the banqueting-house out to the black-draped scaffold, which had been erected Jan 30, 1649 in front. Pikemen and carbineers formed an armed hedge around the scaffold; outside stood the mute and sorrowful people. Speaking to those within earshot, he declared that the Parliament had begun the war by claiming the command of the militia; that ill instruments had severed their affections from him; that an unjust sentence, to which he had assented, was now falling fatally on his head in just retribution (alluding to the death of Strafford); and that he died the "martyr of the people." His courage had come back, and death had lost its sting. Comforted in his last moments by Juxon, and speaking with quiet confidence of the incorruptible crown that awaited him beyond the grave, he took off his cloak, gave his George to the prelate, pronounced the word "Remember," and then laid his neck upon the block. He stretched out his hands as the signal; the bright axe dulled with a dreadful dimness; and the attendant headsman, masked like his comrade, lifted the bleeding head, and called out, "This is the head of a traitor!" A deep and pitiful groan, torn from the very hearts of the spectators, was the only reply.

THE CROMWELLS.



CHAPTER XIV.

THE COMMONWEALTH.

The Irish war—Campaigning in Scotland—Dunbar Drove—Worcester—Kingship—The Dutch war—Long Parliament dismissed—Instrument of Government—Installation—Triers and Expurgators—Hydra—Major-generals—The Petition and Advice—Sea-king Blake—Dunkirk taken—Death.

WITHIN a month of the execution, a Council of State took the reins of power, Bradshaw acting as president—Cromwell, St. John, Fairfax, Skippon, Haselrig, Vane, and Ludlow being also of the forty-one. John Milton was its secretary for foreign tongues. The army continued under the command of Fairfax, and under the control of Cromwell. But the fleet got a new and better head in the person of Robert Blake, colonel in the army and general at sea, whose achievements, as the greatest sailor of the age, must soon be noticed. Blake, a merchant's son of Bridgewater in Somersetshire, had already given signal proofs of courage and skill in the Civil War as governor of Taunton. Now at the ripe age of fifty-one he was entering on the most brilliant period of his life.

The Levellers in the army were not satisfied. They complained that England had only exchanged her old chains for new and stronger ones. Their leader was Lieutenant-Colonel John Lilburne. Soon after the Duke of Hamilton, the Earl of Holland, and Lord Capel had been beheaded (March 9) for adherence to the royal cause, the imminent danger from that

source thrust itself on the notice of Fairfax and Cromwell. Unless the flame were trampled out, the army would be irretrievably gone as an instrument of revolutionary power. Accordingly at Burford,* whither a forced march brought
1649 both general and lieutenant-general, the smouldering mutiny was trampled out with the death of a cornet and two corporals (May 15).

The proclamation of young Charles Stuart as King Charles the Second, in Scotland by the Parliament, in Ireland by the Marquis of Ormond, showed the necessity of stern dealing with these outposts of the Commonwealth. The storm burst on Ireland at once.

Appointed lord-lieutenant of Ireland and general, with Generals Jones and Ireton under his command, Cromwell arrived in Dublin on the 15th of August. He had before him a terrible task, for Ireland, almost to a city, stood up for the king. Dublin and Derry alone remained to the Commonwealth. Swiftly taking his resolve, Cromwell proceeded to inflict on Ireland a lesson in comparison with which Strafford's "Thorough" was mildness itself. Moving from Dublin to Drogheda,† he opened his batteries on that stronghold, and, when the breaches appeared large enough, he pushed in with his stormers, and took the city on the 11th of September. As they had despised his summons to surrender, he put to the sword almost every man of the three thousand who formed the garrison of the place. Then, rejoicing in "a marvellous great mercy," he marched away to Wexford,‡ which speedily fell into his victorious hands, a great slaughter of the defenders striking a chill of terror through the land (October 11). Ross upon the Barrow yielded to a few shots. Cork and Kinsale also gave in.

* *Burford*, a market-town in Oxfordshire, on the Windrush, eighteen miles west by north of Oxford.

† *Drogheda* or *Tredah*, the capital of Louth, on the river Boyne, twenty-eight miles north-west of Dublin.

‡ *Wexford*, a borough on the bay of the Slaney, seventy-four miles south of Dublin.

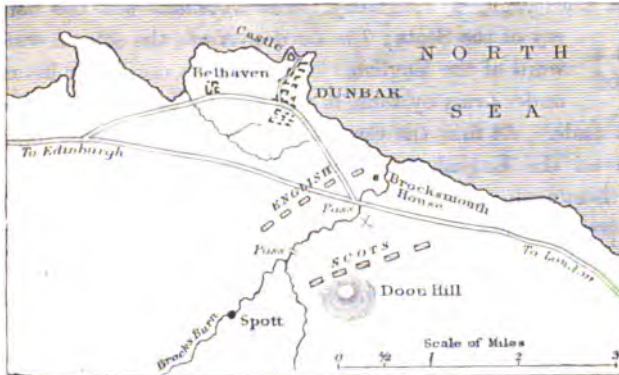
November rains alone prevented Waterford from streaming with blood. The two months of cessation from war were not idle months to Cromwell, for he spent them in arranging courts of justice in Dublin, settling contributions, and other such things. February found him again in the saddle, sweeping out of Youghal over the fairest fields of Munster, **1650** with castles and strongholds falling helpless before his tremendous advance. Kilkenny* yielded after a siege of five days. It remained for Cromwell to crown his bloody but most effective reduction of Ireland by the storming of Clonmel,† where the last and fiercest struggle of the war took place. Cromwell was then recalled, in anticipation of a Royalist rising in Scotland. He entered London on the last day of May, and was thanked amid the roar of cannon and the cheers of the multitude. The war in Ireland was continued under Ireton, until fever took him off at Limerick in 1651; Ludlow then assumed the command.

The young king, who had been hovering about Jersey during this Irish war, concluded there an agreement with the Scottish Covenanters, in which he bound himself to sign both the National Covenant and the Solemn League and Covenant, if they would take up his cause. Before this arrangement was made, he had sent Montrose over to Orkney with a handful of soldiers to try another game, as his father would have said. Montrose crossed into Caithness, was defeated at Corbiesdale, and was afterwards captured while wandering in the disguise of a peasant. He was carried to Edinburgh, and was there hanged on a gallows thirty feet high (May 21). About a month later, Charles the Second landed on the shore of the Cromarty Firth; and before the end of June, **June 23**, Cromwell had started for the north, carrying with him

* *Kilkenny*, a city on the Nore, capital of Kilkenny county, eighty-one miles south-south-west of Dublin.

† *Clonmel*, a borough on the Suir in Tipperary, one hundred and four miles from Dublin.

among other officers a certain Colonel Monk, a moody, reserved, but inwardly resolute man. Fairfax had declined the command, owing to his scruples about fighting the Scots, his covenant brothers, and had resigned his commission as lord-general, which was given to Cromwell. By the time that Cromwell reached Berwick (July 22) his army had swelled to about sixteen thousand men. The Lowthers and the Lammermoors nightly blazed forth the warning of his advance. The lord-general had already sent into Scotland a declaration "To all who are saints," and a proclamation addressed to the people generally. From Berwick to Mordington, thence by Cockburnspath to Dunbar, whither the ships had come with stores, and so on to Haddington, the English army moved. A skirmish at Musselburgh was the first brush between the rival Puritan armies. On the 30th of July, General David Leslie was seen with the Covenanting army stretching from Leith shore to the Calton Hill, and extending its flying outposts round the base of Arthur's Seat. Moving on Broughton village, as on a pivot, he could thus always present an armed face to the advancing foe. Thus lay Leslie for more than a month, while Oliver hovered in the background between Musselburgh and the Pentlands, the Covenanting cannon ever following with grim throats the manœuvres of the English army. Some cannon-balls were exchanged at Gogar on the 27th of August. Tired of this, and warned by sickening troops and failing supplies, Cromwell burned his huts from Braid to Musselburgh, and on the 31st of August fell back to Dunbar within reach of his ships. Now was Leslie's time. Pushing along close by the curving sea-sand to Prestonpans, he hung upon Oliver's flank, and turning inland, established his army of twenty thousand upon the heathery upland of Doon Hill, which rises, a spur of the Lammermoors, about a mile from the sea. Oliver lay, with scarcely more than half the number of men, on the semicircular shore, with Dunbar harbour and his ships behind him. This was the situation on the 2nd of September.



BATTLE-FIELD OF DUNBAR.

During all that day, in wet and wind, Oliver was marshalling his men on the left bank of the Brocksburn, which runs from the Lammermoors to the sea through a deep grassy glen. All day long also Leslie, with whom were the Committee of Estates and Kirk, and old Alexander Leslie, Earl of Leven, kept "shogging"* (as Cromwell phrases it in his despatch) the Scottish lines more and more to the right. Oliver hugs himself in grim delight as he notices this "shogging," the object of which is to get possession of the pass over the brook near Brocks-mouth House. He speaks of it to his officers, and quietly prepares his plans for beginning the attack; for Leslie by this movement was placing his right wing on low ground, and huddling up his main body between the burn and the hill. Through the sleet and storm of that wild night Oliver waited eagerly for the dawn. And, when the first ray of dawn came out over St. Abb's Head, the trumpets brayed and the cannons mixed their death smoke with the morning mists. The Scottish musketeers, rising from the wet shelter of the corn-stooks, tried to blow their sodden matches into flame. The horse on

* *Shogging*, that is, edging.

both sides engaged with fury. *The Covenant* was the battle-cry of the Scots; *The Lord of Hosts*, the solemn watch-word of the English. Although Cromwell got his men under arms by four, it was not until six that the onset was made. At first the Covenanting horse made some impression on the English lines; but the success was momentary. At them again came the Ironsides, unused to flinch, except for a terrible recoil; and in less than an hour the Scottish fugitives were pouring in scattered rivulets away toward Haddington. Cromwell, on the field of victory, was meanwhile singing with strong, triumphant voice the words of the 117th Psalm, while the horse collected to chase the flying relics of Dunbar Drove. Leslie rode on a smoking horse into Edinburgh about nine, having left three thousand of his army dead, and ten thousand prisoners of war. Cromwell marched on Edinburgh, which at once surrendered, though the castle held out till December 24th.

In spite of this reverse, the new year opened with the coronation of young Charles at Scone. He had already ridden off to the Grampians to escape the strait-laced Covenanters, and had been brought back to Perth, practically as a prisoner. While the Scottish army lay intrenched near Stirling, taught a lesson of extreme caution by their losses at Dunbar, Cromwell spent a very sickly spring, shivering with constant ague-fits.

At last, unable to tempt the Scottish captains from the heights by Stirling, Oliver resolved to push his army across the Forth, so as to cut off their communication with the north. Forcing a passage at two points, Inchgarvie* and Burntisland,† he occupied Fife, and then with a sudden movement seized Perth. This manœuvre dislodged the Scots, who then undertook a desperate and fatal expedition into England.

Entering by Carlisle on the 6th of August, they looked

* *Inchgarvie* is a small island, lying in the Firth of Forth, opposite Queensferry.

† *Burntisland* is a borough in Fifeshire, on the Firth of Forth, opposite Leith. The Firth is here about six miles wide.

vainly around on their forlorn march for those hosts of loyal Presbyterians whom their heated fancy had seen flocking around their flag. Cromwell, with heavy resolute tread, came on behind. No town welcomed the Scots with open gates as they passed through Lancashire and Shropshire. At Worcester they made their stand, King Charles unfolding his banner on that fatal anniversary, August 22; and at Worcester the fourteen thousand met their fate. For the Ironsides, driving before them the fragments of Earl Derby's forces shattered at Wigan, showed their dark advancing masses thirty thousand strong on the 28th; and on the 3rd of September—Dunbar day too—the decisive battle of Worcester was fought, resulting in the total ruin of the Scottish army.

Five nights before the battle, some of Lambert's dragoons had climbed over the broken arches of Upton Bridge, a few miles below Worcester, and had prepared a passage over which Fleetwood led a considerable force on the evening of the 2nd. Bridging the tributary Teme and also the main Severn with boats, this active leader attacked the suburb of St. John's, driving the Scots from hedge to hedge. Cromwell hurried over the boat-bridge to Fleetwood's aid, and then dashed back to face the shot hailing thick from the Scottish guns as the battle raged around Fort Royal, and the Scots were driven backward through Sudbury Gate into the narrow streets of Worcester. For four or five evening hours the struggle lasted, until the Scots fled, pursued by the pelting storm of their own guns, now turned on them by the victors. The escape of Charles from the rout of Worcester—called by Cromwell his "crowning victory"—seems to belong rather to romance than to sober history. Wandering for weeks in disguise and danger, he reached Shoreham in Sussex on the 15th of October, and there had luck enough to find a coal-boat, which carried him over to Fécamp in Normandy.

Cromwell seems at this stage to have had some hankering

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after the crown. At a meeting held by his request at the Speaker's house in Chancery Lane, where some leading Englishmen assembled to discuss the settlement of the nation, he gave it as his opinion, "If it may be done with safety and preservation of our rights, both as Englishmen and as Christians, a settlement with somewhat of monarchical power in it would be very effectual." Later, he said to Lawyer Whitelocke, author of "Memorials" of this changeful time, "What if a man should take upon him to be king?"

While the bickerings of Army and Parliament were beginning once more to sow the seeds of revolution, a Dutch war broke out. Rivalry by sea kept open several old sores between England and Holland. The massacre of Amboyna* in 1623—when several of the English factors were tortured to death, on pretence of their having intrigued with the natives—still cried for vengeance. The contempt with which the Dutch Republic had treated the infant Commonwealth, rankled deep in the English heart. The Navigation Act, which decreed that English ships alone should do the traffic of England and her colonies, struck a heavy blow at the shipping interest of Holland. The fact that the House of Orange and the House of

Stuart were firmly riveted by marriage† imbittered the
1652 strife. The first shots of this naval war boomed over the waters of the Downs, when Admiral Blake fired blank-cartridge at the Dutch flag, and by so doing provoked a battle in which the Dutchmen lost two vessels (May 19, 1652). Two months later, a formal declaration of war was issued by the English Parliament (July 8th). During the next seven or eight months, Robert Blake, who had arisen to revive the glories which the English flag had reaped under Drake and Howard, met the Dutch admirals in three encounters. On the 28th of September, De Ruyter and De Witt, command-

* *Amboyna*, one of the Molucca islands, with a town of the same name.

† See Genealogical Table, p. 467.

ing instead of Van Tromp, fell upon the English admiral, and after a fight of many hours were glad to sheer off in the dark with the loss of many ships. On the 28th of November, as Blake lay with a diminished fleet of forty sail near the Goodwin Sands, Van Tromp crossed with eighty vessels to the English coast. Blake could not resist the opportunity of a fight, even against such fearful odds. At the eighty he went undaunted. Through the November day Kent gave back the hollow thunder of the distant cannonade; and not until darkness fell did Blake think it necessary to seek safety within the estuary of the Thames. He left six hulls behind, and all he took with him bore the marks of much battering. A yet greater trial of strength came off on the 18th of February 1653, when Blake with eighty sail drove a fleet of almost equal size under Van Tromp from Portland Head to Calais Sands, taking or destroying in the three days' fighting eleven ships of war and thirty merchantmen, at the cost of only one ship, but of many wounds and some lives. In June he aided Dean and Monk to beat Van Tromp again. But he was not present, owing to ill-health, at that last and greatest battle of the war, fought by Monk and Penn off the mouth of the Texel (July 31st) on a cloudy Sunday morning, when a bullet pierced the brave Dutchman's breast, and sent panic through every seaman in the fleet. The bullet which killed Van Tromp ended for the time the Dutch war.

After several conferences, all fruitless, Cromwell's resolve broke into clear bright flame which all could see. He sent the remnant of the Long Parliament about its business. The lord-general came down from Whitehall on that memorable morning, dressed very simply, as his custom was, in black clothes and gray worsted stockings. Entering the House, he sat down in his wonted place. He listened a while to the speaking, and then rose, hat off, to give his mind on the settlement of affairs. Blazing into anger, he clapped on his hat and strode up and

down the floor, declaring that the members (only fifty-three were present) had sat there too long. Go they must, **April 30,** and give way to honest men. Twenty or thirty armed **1653** musketeers entered at his command, and then the storm of words broke out in fullest fury. Withering the members with words and looks of fire, he lifted the mace, emblem of the sacred authority of the Commons, and, with the contemptuous word "bauble," handed it to a soldier. Speaker Lenthall, disposed at first to be obstinate, left the chair, from which Harrison was going to pull him. The "Rump" vanished; and mace and key in a colonel's keeping passed from the empty chamber.

King, Lords, and Commons had now been swept from the scene; but Cromwell, though a military dictator, had no intention of ruling without authority. He formed a new Council of State, consisting of eight officers and four civilians, with himself as president (April 30). This council summoned a new Parliament, consisting of a House of Commons only. There met accordingly on the 4th of July the Convention known as the Little Parliament, and in scoffing Cavalier phrase as "Barebone's Parliament," after one of its members, a rich and pious Puritan, who sold leather in Fleet Street, and answered to the name of Praise-God Barbon. It consisted of 139 elected members—122 from England, 6 from Wales, 5 from Scotland, and 6 from Ireland. Cromwell and four others were invited to join the assembly without election. This Parliament abolished the Court of Chancery, appointed commissioners unconnected with the legal profession to preside in the courts of justice, and expressed also its resolve to abolish tithes—movements which won for it the hatred of the lawyers and the clergy. After many days of hot debate, the House, one morning before the extreme party had assembled, voted its own dissolution, and hastening off to Whitehall, handed to the lord-general a document on scraps of wafered paper, resigning their powers into his hands. That was on Monday the 12th of

December. Four days later, a document called the *Instrument of Government*, containing forty-two articles, handed over the supreme power to Oliver Cromwell, with the title of Lord-Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland. "A settlement with somewhat of monarchical power in it" was now to be tried.

Solemn was the scene that Friday afternoon in the Chancery Court at Westminster. Amid benches aglow with civic scarlet, judicial ermine, and martial steel, Oliver stood by the chair of state, a manly figure in black velvet cloak and doublet, with a broad gold band round his steeple hat. The reading and signature of the *Instrument of Government* formed the first part of the ceremony of installation. Then, having promised in the sight of God to abide by the document his hand had just completed, he sat down, with his hat on, in the chair of state, after which the great seal and the civic sword were placed in his hands. Returning these to the men who gave them, the protector rose and passed away to Whitehall amid the cheers of the people and the pealing of cannon. The leading states of Europe hastened to congratulate and court the protector. Treaties, on favourable terms, were concluded with Holland, Sweden, and Denmark.

It was provided in the *Instrument of Government* that there should be triennial Parliaments—the first to meet on September 3, 1654. The Parliament met on the day appointed. There were in all four hundred and sixty members, among whom sat thirty Scottish and thirty Irish members; for Cromwell was the first English statesman who realized the necessity of a Parliamentary union of the three kingdoms. Previous to the assembling of Parliament, the lord-protector and his council had transacted public business by means of ordinances which had the force of law, and of which sixty were passed. Two of these related to religion. An ordinance, dated March 20th, 1654, selected thirty-eight eminent

Dec. 16,
1653

1654

Puritans, whose duty, as *Triers*, was to examine into the fitness of all public preachers. Another ordinance appointed *Expurgators*, from fifteen to thirty in each county, for the purpose of weeding out vicious or incompetent ministers from the parishes of the land.

The debates of the first Protectorate Parliament almost all turned on the question, what ought the constitution to be? whereas Cromwell held that that had been settled by the Instrument of Government, and that the duty of Parliament was to carry out its provisions. When he required the members to sign a declaration that they would not disturb the new constitution, one-fourth of them refused and resigned. The remainder continued to give him trouble. A motion to make the office of protector hereditary was negatived by a majority of two-thirds (October 13th). He determined to get rid of this Parliament on the very first day allowed by the Instrument—namely, on January 22nd, 1655; and on that day it was dissolved.

No easy or enviable post was that of the lord-protector. A sea of troubles tossed ever around his chair. The Levellers, of whom we have heard already—the Fifth Monarchy men, who believed that, since Assyria, Persia, Greece, and Rome had perished, the time had now come for the establishment of the millennial monarchy of Christ—the Quakers, led by George Fox and James Nayler—all gave him endless care.

1655 There were plots against his life by Republicans on the one hand, and by Royalists on the other. In February 1655 Major Wildman, chief of the rebellious Anabaptists, was locked up in Chepstow Castle for denouncing the lord-protector as a tyrant and a selfish hypocrite. Next month Colonel Penruddock and Major Grove were beheaded for their share in a Royalist plot that broke out at Salisbury, for less implication in which many were drafted off to Barbadoes.

The scheme devised by Oliver for the quelling of these evils

was worthy of a genius rocked in the cradle of revolution. He parcelled out the country into twelve districts, over each of which he placed a man on whom he could certainly depend, with the rank of major-general. Armed with the militia of the counties, especially with a strong body of well-drilled horsemen, each of these lieutenants stood ready to crush the first symptom of revolt that showed its head within the circuit of his power. By way of a fine on disaffected Royalists, Cromwell enforced payment of an income tax of ten per cent., known as the "decimation."

While England lay thus under martial law, her name was brightening fast abroad. Blake sailed into Tunis harbour and burned nine pirate vessels under the very mouths of bristling batteries. Thus the Dey of Tunis and all his kind were taught to respect the English flag. When news came in June that the Duke of Savoy had cruelly driven the Protestant shepherds of Piedmont from the shelter of their mountain homes, the protector, forcing France to join him, frightened the duke into a restoration of these poor scattered sheep to their fold. Not until that was done would Oliver conclude the treaty with France for which Mazarin was scheming. A treaty with France meant a war with Spain, and this was accordingly declared in due form on the 24th of October. Already a British fleet had taken from Spain the island of Jamaica, then an apparently poor and quite unprized capture. **1655**

Domestic troubles still hovered in black fantastic clouds around Oliver. Assassination dogged his steps. He carried pistols to defend himself, and he wore a shirt of mail under his doublet. The Spaniards employed a Leveller named Colonel Sexby to get up a rebellion against him. One of Sexby's agents, named Miles Syndercomb, attempted to assassinate him (January 1657). For inventing infernal machines, and trying to set Whitehall on fire, Syndercomb was tried and condemned; but he died in prison—it was generally believed by taking

poison. Cromwell surrounded himself with a life-guard of one hundred and sixty men.

Cromwell's second Parliament met on the 17th of September 1656. By a bold and arbitrary stroke, he excluded nearly a hundred members whose republicanism and stubbornness might have thwarted his objects. Haselrig, Scott, and Ashley Cooper are the principal names in this excluded company. In the lobby of the House the Chancery clerk gave out the certificates by which alone admission could be obtained. There were none for the hundred, who therefore protested and subsided for the time. The Parliament began to talk, allowing Oliver to do the work of government. The country was put into good humour by the capture by Blake and Stayner of a Spanish fleet laden with silver. "The eight and thirty waggon-loads of real silver, which came jingling up from Portsmouth across London pavements to the Tower," formed a seasonable addition to the purse of the struggling Commonwealth. The nation was further gratified by the suppression of the major-generals, whose arbitrary acts had become intolerable.

The story of Nayler, the Quaker already named, on whose case the Parliament wasted three months in 1656, shows that the Puritans were not more tolerant than the Episcopalians. For publicly enacting the part of Christ at Bristol, Nayler was branded and had his tongue bored. He was not released till the end of 1659.

In February 1657, Pack, one of the members for London, read a paper in the House, which, although at first called a remonstrance, shaped itself gradually into the *Humble Petition and Advice*, whose eighteen articles formed the second charter of the Commonwealth. The document contained a recommendation that the lord-protector should assume the title of *king*. The military faction, including most of the ex-major-generals, started in alarm at this suggestion. The lawyers were for it almost to a man. A Fifth Monarchy riot at Mile End,

headed by Venner a wine-cooper, interrupted with sudden blaze the negotiations on this affair. A troop of horse quelled the riot, and "the Fifth Monarchy was put under lock and key." The kingship matter then leisurely proceeded. At length Cromwell refused the title of king, accepting the *Petition and Advice* with the omission of that single point.

There was to be a House of Lords, and the chief magistrate was to nominate his successor. May 8,
1657

Great news from sea arrived at this time. Blake had been away at Teneriffe after the silver-ships of Spain. He found his prey lying in the Bay of Santa Cruz, the horse-shoe edge of which was studded with batteries and guns. Ships of war lay anchored at the mouth and round the curve of the bay, guarding the silver with dragon watch. Blake coolly entered the bay, roared the Spaniards into silence with his English cannonade, burned most of their ships, and carried off April 10. the spoil in triumph from a harbour strewn with wreck.

It was his last and greatest victory. Dropsy and scurvy, aggravated by a sea-life of constant toil for three years, had marked him for their prey. As the *St. George* entered Plymouth Sound on the 7th of August, the greatest sailor of his century breathed out the last sigh of his gallant life.

A second time Cromwell enjoyed the honours of installation, now with even greater solemnity than before. Sitting in the Coronation Chair, removed from the Abbey to Westminster Hall for that day only, and in the presence of June 26. Parliament, aldermen, judges, and ambassadors, he received a robe of purple velvet, a Bible richly gilt, a sword, and a sceptre of massive gold. Speeches, trumpeting, prayers, and shoutings completed a ceremony of no small splendour.

Before the performance of this ceremony, an army of six thousand redcoats under General Reynolds had landed near Boulogne (May 13 and 14), for the purpose of co-operating with the French in an attack upon the three Spanish ports—Grave-

lines, Mardyke, and Dunkirk. The ships of Montague cruised with the same object along the low-lying shore. Delayed a little by shuffling on Mazarin's part, the English pikes and cannon at last got seriously to work, and in September Mardyke was captured.

The creation of the new House of Lords, provided for in the *Petition and Advice*, heralded the opening of the second session of the Parliament. It consisted of sixty-three members. Only six of the old peers would agree to serve in it. The others were members of the House of Commons, and included Cromwell's officers and major-generals. When the Parliament assembled on the 20th of January, the "excluded members" were admitted on taking oath. Haselrig, summoned to the Lords, would not go, but demanded to be sworn in a member of the Commons. This was the beginning of troubles. Finally, the Commons would not recognize the upstart Upper House, and the protector, chiding them sternly for quarrels at a time of peril, dissolved the Parliament on the 4th of February.

Thenceforth Protector Oliver ruled alone. On the 25th of May a High Court of Justice, containing above one hundred and thirty members, sat at Westminster for the trial of two Royalists, Sir Henry Slingsby, who had attempted to corrupt his jailers at Hull, and Dr. Hewit, who had preached a rebellious sermon in St. Gregory's Church. They were beheaded on Tower Hill. Stern lessons were necessary, for traitors and assassins were buzzing loud and fierce around the giant statesman, piercing him with stings like the tract entitled "Killing No Murder," which, coming from the pen of some fanatic colonel—Titus or Sexby—declared that his murder would be a righteous and patriotic deed.

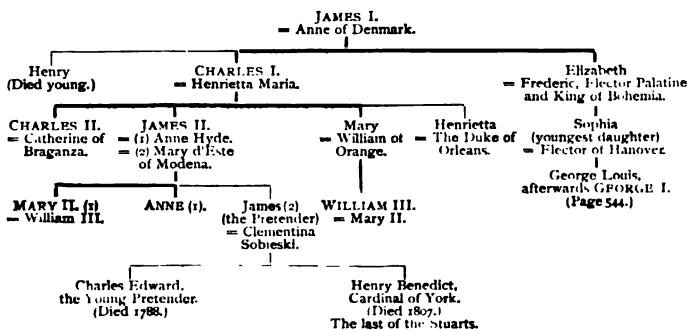
The sand-hills around Dunkirk were meanwhile witnessing the triumph of the allied arms. Reynolds, wrecked and drowned on the Goodwin Sands, was succeeded by Lockhart, who rendered

noble aid to Marshal Turenne in besieging those sea-board towns in Flanders. According to the treaty, Dunkirk was handed over to the protector, exactly a century after the final loss of Calais by the English crown.

The great protector's strength was now well-nigh worn out. The death of his daughter Elizabeth, Lady Claypole, on August 6th, completely prostrated him. Removing to Whitehall, for better air his physicians said, he laid him down to die. On the Monday night before his death, amid the fitful pauses of a great wind that shook the London roof-trees, a feeble voice was heard rising in solemn tones from the sick-bed. Dying Oliver was praying for his people—alike for those who had valued him and for those who had sought or had wished his death. History presents no picture more solemn or more pathetic. Speechless on the morning of Friday, September 3, at four that evening he was dead. Twice before, that September sun had set upon Oliver victorious in the field of war; now, it looked through Whitehall casements upon the restful figure of the victor in a greater strife.

Sept. 3,
1658

THE STUARTS.



CHAPTER XV.

THE RESTORATION OF MONARCHY.

Richard Cromwell—General Monk—Joy-bells—The Pension Parliament—Scotland—Sale of Dunkirk—Act of Uniformity—The Conventicle Act—The Five Mile Act—War; plague; fire—Rullion Green—Fall of Clarendon.

BORN in 1626, Richard Cromwell, the protector's third son, was in his thirty-third year when his father died. He succeeded to the protectorship by proclamation of the council, and for five months his rule went smoothly on.

Going back to the old system of issuing writs for the smaller boroughs, he called a Parliament, which met on the 29th of January 1659. It was a divided assembly, mainly formed of three sections—the Moderate party, which supported the government; the Republicans, who had the army at their back; and concealed Royalists, who generally opposed the government. It had the support, however, of the thirty Scottish and thirty Irish members, who were chosen as in Oliver's time. One of the earliest acts of the Parliament was the recognition of Oliver's Lords, but the Republicans were powerful enough to add clauses showing their dislike and jealousy of "the Other House." The army was exasperated because no steps were taken to clear off the arrears of pay. At the same time the heads of the army—Fleetwood, his brother-in-law, and Lambert, who had been a major-general—began to intrigue against Richard. The officers of the army held a meet-

ing, at which they resolved to make a representation to the protector. The Parliament declared such councils of officers illegal. This hastened the crisis. Fleetwood and Desborough insisted that the Parliament should be dismissed; and accordingly Richard, yielding to a pressure he could not withstand, dissolved it on the 22nd of April. The restoration of the Rump was then resolved on, and a fortnight later Lambert and his pikemen guarded the relics of the Long Parliament, as they went to take once more the seats from which Oliver had driven them.

Scarcely was the business of the Parliament begun, when Richard gladly escaped from the toils and perils of the protectorship into the station of a private gentleman. May 25. Then began a year of anarchy, filled with Royalist plottings and the ambitious struggling of Haselrig, who led the Parliament, and Lambert, who had the officers to back him. The wretched ghost of a Parliament yielded a second time to the power of the sword, and vanished—not quite for ever, since it reappeared at Westminster for a few days of 1660 to perform the ceremony of dissolving itself. Into the middle of the mellay stepped that silent man whom Oliver had left behind him to manage Scotland. Crossing Tweed in November 1659, General George Monk pushed southward with his seven thousand soldiers. At York he was joined by Lord Fairfax, and he entered London on the 3rd of February 1660. In the hands of this cautious mover lay the destinies of 1660 England. Long silent, revolving no doubt many plans, and watching every chance that opened, Monk at last declared for a free Parliament. The Rump, having appointed a Council of State favourable to the king, and having made Monk captain-general of the forces, then at length dissolved itself. A Convention or Parliament, summoned with writs not royal, was called for the 25th of April. When it had been sitting some days, Sir John Grenville entered Monk's house in London with a

letter from the king. Accompanying it was the "Declaration of Breda," in which Charles promised to pardon his enemies and to submit all grievances to Parliament. When these were read in the Houses, which overflowed with Presbyterians, a shout of joy arose. Money without stint was voted freely to bring back a king who had signed the Covenant. Bells, tar-barrels, and gunpowder did their best to show the joy of England on that glorious May-day.

The landing of Charles the Second at Dover, where Monk met him on the 25th of May, was a splendid sight; but **May 29,** still more splendid was the pageant of the 29th, his **1660** own birthday, when he entered London through streets carpeted with flowers and dressed with rainbow flags. Kettle-drums and trumpets sounded an incessant welcome. Men with brimming eyes cheered until they could cheer no more. The army alone gloomed on the scene, for the days of military despotism were now at an end.

Edward Hyde, the companion and counsellor of the exiled king, became Earl of Clarendon and Lord High Chancellor of England. General Monk was created Duke of Albemarle. The king's brother, the Duke of York (afterwards James the Second), became Lord High Admiral. Tunnage and poundage were granted to the restored monarch for life. Binding himself by no treaty—unless the Declaration of Breda were a treaty—he ascended the throne of his ancestors with the brightest hopes; hopes, however, which were destined to end in disappointment and ruin.

The punishment of the regicides closed the year of Restoration. Brave old Major-General Harrison led the van, dying as he had lived, an undaunted Puritan of the extremest kind (Oct. 13). Nine others followed him to the gallows, suffering all the horrors of the barbarous law against traitors. And in the following January, on the day darkened by royal blood, the decayed bodies of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw were torn

from the sacred rest of Westminster, hanged in their ghastliness on Tyburn tree, and then beheaded at the gallows' foot. The bodies were huddled into the earth, while **1661** the heads went to the spikes of Westminster Hall. The dust of Pym, of Blake, and of others, both men and women, associated with the Commonwealth, was also cast with a pitiful show of contempt from the great national cemetery.

The Convention, which sat until December 1660, occupied itself with four great subjects of debate and settlement. An Act of Indemnity and Oblivion was passed, in accordance with the Declaration of Breda; the crown and church lands, and certain great Royalist estates, which had been sold under the Republic, were returned to their former owners; the income of the king was fixed at £1,250,000 a year, and feudal tenures were abolished; finally, the army, engine of so much mingled good and evil, was broken up. Monk's Coldstream Horse and two other regiments, amounting in all to about five thousand men, alone remained, under the name of Life Guards, to be the nucleus of a standing army by-and-by.

When the new Parliament met in May 1661, Episcopacy was evidently on the eve of being re-established in England. The members agreed to take the sacrament according to the rites of the Anglican Church; and voted also that the Solemn League and Covenant should be burned by the **1661** common hangman. So the Pension Parliament* began the first of its many sessions. One of its earliest productions was the Corporation Act, which, levelled against the Presbyterian party, enacted that magistrates and others holding corporate offices should renounce the Covenant, take the sacrament in Anglican fashion, and swear never to bear arms against the king. It became daily more evident to the Presbyterians that the king had tricked them, and meant to do them all the mis-

* *Pension Parliament*, so called because so many of its members received bribes from the king, or from Louis XIV., or from other foreign powers.

chief in his power. A conference held at the Savoy, from April till July 1661, between bishops and other churchmen on the one hand and Presbyterians on the other, broke up in anger, the objections of the dissenters being generally disallowed. The Presbyterian party saw that they might then prepare for the worst.

Let us turn for a while to Scotland, where first Charles had been welcomed, proclaimed, and crowned, and to which, if he had any heart at all, his heart must have often gratefully turned in the gay time of his restoration. The Scottish Parliament met on January 1st, with the Earl of Middleton as lord-commissioner, and passed the "Act Rescissory," repealing all the acts of its predecessors since 1639, renouncing the Covenant, and asserting the king's supremacy over all persons and in all cases. The real leader of the king's party in Scotland was the Earl of Lauderdale, under whose tyranny the country groaned for many years. The Marquis of Argyre, long the soul of the Covenanting party, was enticed from the safety of the Highlands to Whitehall, whence he was soon sent to Edinburgh to be attainted of treason and condemned to die. His share in the delivering of King Charles the First to the Parliament, his share in the bloodshed of the late war, and his adherence to Cromwell as lord-general and protector, formed the substance of the thirty articles framed against him. Some of the most earnest of the Presbyterian ministers resolved to complain to the king of the interference with their religion. Twelve of them were thrown into prison; and James Guthrie, the author of the "Remonstrance" against Episcopacy, and a personal opponent of Middleton, was tried for sedition, and was executed a few days after Argyre. Now thoroughly alarmed, the Presbyterians sent James Sharpe, minister of Crail, to London, to plead their cause with the king. But Sharpe was won over to the king's party, and returned to Scotland as Archbishop of St. Andrews and primate. Three other clergymen

(of whom Robert Leighton was one) were made bishops; and to them, along with Sharpe, the government of the Church was committed. In the following year an act was passed condemning the Covenant as illegal, and another requiring ministers to be ordained by the new bishops. 1662 Rather than submit to that, four hundred of them left their churches and their livings. After that they met their congregations on hill-sides and lonely moors; but the Parliament passed a Conventicle Act making such meetings unlawful, and forbidding ejected ministers to go within 1664 twenty miles of their former parishes. Troopers, led by Sir James Turner, scoured the country, fining, robbing, and abusing innocent persons.

Sir Harry Vane, although included, as he thought, in the Act of Indemnity, was now adjudged too dangerous a man to live. Brought from his lonely sea-beaten cell in the Scilly Isles, he passed through the mockery of a trial, and suffered on Tower Hill (June 14), just where Strafford's blood had streamed. Drums and trumpets raised 1662 a din whenever the doomed man began to read a paper he had prepared. Lambert, condemned at the same time, was not killed, but went to prison, first in the island of Guernsey, and afterwards at Portsmouth, where he died.

The sale of Dunkirk to the French king opened a series of transactions with that monarch which every lover of the British name would gladly blot from the pages of history. For £400,000 this "city of the waters," gallantly taken by the aid of Oliver's redcoats only four years before, passed away for ever from the English crown.

The Act of Uniformity, which came into force on August 24th (St. Bartholomew's Day), 1662, soon put the royal meaning on ecclesiastical matters beyond doubt, since it enacted that no one could hold a living without assenting to the Book of Common Prayer and receiving Episcopal ordination. Fourteen

hundred ministers left their pulpits rather than comply with the provisions of the act. It was plain that they were dealing with a shuffler who could forget and ignore, when convenient, promises and engagements of the most solemn kind. During all his life Charles cherished a secret leaning toward the Roman Catholic Church, which, however, did not take a definite shape until he lay a-dying. He would willingly have relaxed the heavy penal laws which oppressed the Romanists; but the Parliament remained firm in its opposition. The king was therefore forced to adopt a sidelong way of aiding
1662 them, by publishing (December) a declaration of his desire to use his dispensing power so as to grant liberty of worship to all Nonconformists. The Parliament denied that he possessed any dispensing power, and proceeded to enact stronger measures against Roman Catholics. Before this Charles had taken to wife a Portuguese princess, Catherine of Braganza, who brought him Tangier, Bombay, a free trade, and half a million sterling.

Symptoms had begun already to foreshadow the fall of Clarendon. In the Earl of Bristol, who headed the Popish party, and was probably in the secret of the king's religion, he had a powerful and inveterate enemy. Bristol, enraged at Clarendon's opposition to the king's proposed Indulgence, impeached the Chancellor in the Lords, but, seeing no hope of success, ran suddenly away. This occurred in 1663. In the following session one of the solid pillars raised by the genius of men like Hampden was shattered by the servile members of the Pension Parliament. The Triennial Parliaments Act was amended so as to deprive it of all its value. The clauses empowering the government to summon a Parliament
1664 if the king failed to do so were repealed; and a Parliament was to be held "once in three years at least," but was not to be limited to three years in duration. The Conventicle Act also belongs to the session of 1664. By

this measure all persons above sixteen, convicted of attending a religious service in any other form than that practised by the Anglican Church, at which meeting five more than the household were present, became liable to punishment—three months in prison for the first offence, six for the second, seven years' transportation for the third. The Five Mile Act, passed in the following year, completed the Clarendon Code.* By that act clergymen who had refused to take the oath of non-resistance were forbidden to go within five miles of a corporate town, except in travelling. They were also prohibited from acting as schoolmasters.

England had now rushed into a Dutch war, the people actuated by commercial grudges, the king in the hope of making money. On the 22nd of February 1665 war was formally declared by Charles against the nation that had sheltered him in his exile. The Duke of York and Admiral Opdam commanded the rival fleets. The evils of the war, however, shrink to insignificance before the shadow of the pestilence which in this sad year fell upon the island. Breaking out in the beginning of May, the plague continued to smite down **1665** the people at first by tens and hundreds, but soon by thousands in the week, until the equinoctial gales and the winter frosts abated its destructive virulence. London was abandoned by all who could leave it. The Court and the Parliament fled to Oxford. Behind stayed the dead-cart, the pest-house, and the yawning pits that received the huddled heaps of corrupted dead. On many houses a terrible signal glowed—the twelve-inch cross of red, showing that death was busy within the shut home. None could enter or go out for a weary month, except when with clang of bell and glare of torch the dead-cart came at night, and at the dreadful summons, "Bring out your dead," some wretched spectres staggered

* *The Clarendon Code.* It included the Corporation Act (1661), the Act of Uniformity (1662), the Conventicle Act (1664), and the Five Mile Act (1665).

into the street with a corpse. The other common sights of a plague-smitten city also struck beholders with terror or with disgust. Saddest sight of all was the spectacle of the riot and drunkenness in which many strove to drown their fears or to forget their despair. More than one hundred thousand died in the capital that year. A furious storm, which blew over London in the following February, may be considered to have swept away the last open traces of this great sickness.

In the middle of the plague-year (June 3) York and Opdam met off Lowestoft on the Suffolk coast. Fiercely raged the equal fight, until the Earl of Sandwich cut the Dutch line in two. Even that did not end the engagement. The firing did not slacken until mid-day, when Opdam's flagship blew up, strewing the sea with splinters. Darkness closed over the defeated Dutch fleet, which made for the Texel with all sail.

Next summer, a fleet set sail under Albemarle, in hopes of another great victory over the Dutch. Rupert at the same time led a squadron to intercept the French fleet, which had been promised to the Dutch. Albemarle became en-
1666 tangled with a great Dutch armament having Pensionary De Witt on board, and during the first four days of June kept up a very hazardous fight. Rupert fortunately heard the guns, and came to the duke's aid, else it would have fared ill with the English ships. In a fog that fell on the sea the Dutch sheered off; only postponing their complete defeat, however, until the 26th of the following July, when they were scattered irretrievably off the North Foreland, and were chased into their harbours.

The great London fire of 1666 burned out the poisonous dregs of the plague. Beginning among the wooden houses of Pudding Lane on Sunday morning, the 2nd of September, it ran in red frenzy before an easterly wind along Gracechurch Street, and downwards from Cannon Street to the water's edge. For four days it fed on ten thousand houses, scorching the air,

and reddening the sky above into a coppery glow visible for fifty miles around. The brick walls of the Temple gave the first check to the devouring conflagration ; and while the flames were slowly licking them, some buildings in other parts of the advancing line of fire were blown up, so as to create a gap and arrest its progress.

While these things were unfolding themselves in England, Archbishop Sharpe and the Earl of Lauderdale were doing Charles's despotic work in the northern part of the kingdom. A High Commission Court, established and worked under the immediate supervision of Sharpe, set all its malicious machinery at work for the persecution of the Scottish people. They rose at last. Some two hundred fell on Turner at Dumfries (November 13), and then with swelling ranks pushed over the Leadhills into Clydesdale, and so by Lanark to the outskirts of Edinburgh. Here they met with woful disappointment ; for the city would not back them, and their numbers melted from two thousand to about eight hundred. General Dalziel was on their track. They turned to the Pentlands, and had just reached Rullion Green at the base of these hills, when **Nov. 28** he found them camped on the snow. The battle, beginning an hour before sunset, raged far into the deep-blue snowy dusk. Fifty of the Covenanters died ; one hundred and thirty were taken ; the rest were scattered on the hills (November 28). Many of the captives were hanged. Some of them—including Neilson of Corsock, a proprietor, and Hugh M'Kail, a young preacher—were subjected to the horrible torture of "the boot," in order to extort from them a confession of their knowledge of a conspiracy against the government—a conspiracy which had no existence in fact.

While a conference was going on at Breda to negotiate the ending of the Dutch war, a thing happened within the estuary of the Thames which went far to avenge any loss the Dutch had suffered. In anticipation of peace, the outfit of the English

fleet was neglected. Only a few miserable ships were ready for sea ; and the streets of Wapping were filled with sailors, who could get nothing but *tickets* for their pay. In this state of affairs, De Ruyter sailed with eighty ships to the mouth of the Medway, broke the chain across the river, burned the forts at Sheerness, and, making his way up to Chatham, took the *Royal Charles*, and reduced to ashes three other ships of the line. On that very day, when De Ruyter's guns were heard at London Bridge, King Charles amused himself with a moth-hunt in the supper-room, where his mistresses were feasting in splendour. The peace of Breda was concluded while this stain lay fresh on the English name (July 10).

The star of Clarendon was evidently setting fast. His enemies were busily engaged in undermining his influence with the king, in whose counsels Buckingham and Lauderdale had obtained ascendancy. Lauderdale was now Secretary of State for Scotland, and the whole power and patronage of that country were in his hands. Buckingham's personal influence with Charles was boundless. The king, too, had grown weary of Clarendon. The Medway affair proved fatal to him. Without deserving all the blame of the mismanaged war, he suffered as the scapegoat of a higher culprit. In truth, the hatred of Lady Castlemaine was the thing which proved most formidable to the great historian. The Duke of York broke the news of his dismissal from office to his father-in-law. In vain Clarendon pleaded long and faithful service. When the Parliament met in October he was impeached by the House of Commons ; but, acting on the secret hints of his son-in-law York, the Chancellor crossed the sea to France, and wrote from Calais a letter to the Lords which attempted to establish his innocence. An Act of Parliament doomed him to banishment, and made it treason for him to return. His great book—*The History of the Rebellion*—already begun, proved at once the solace and the rich fruitage of his exile. He died at Rouen in 1674.

CHAPTER XVI.

DESPOTISM RENEWED.

The Cabal—Triple Alliance—Treaty of Dover—Second Dutch War—The Test Act—Danby—False Witnesses—Council of Thirty—*Habeas Corpus*—Drumclog and Bothwell Bridge—Exclusion Bill—Whig Plottings—Russell and Sidney—Ascendency of York—Death of Charles the Second.

THE seven years succeeding Clarendon's banishment form the period of the notorious Cabal * Ministry, so named from the initials of the five surnames happening to form that word. They were Clifford, Arlington, Buckingham, Ashley,† and Lauderdale, the last being the ruler of Scotland. So pernicious was their advice that the word "Cabal," which was at first equivalent to "Cabinet," has ever since been used to denote a clique of political schemers. Furiously the persecutions raged against both Dissenters and Roman Catholics, although Clifford and Arlington leant towards the tenets of the latter sect. The Cabal government is notable for having attempted a double policy in reference to the Parliament. Failing to destroy, they began to bribe. In Macaulay's words, "We find in their policy at once the latest trace of the Thorough of Strafford, and the earliest trace of that methodical bribery which was afterwards practised by Walpole."

A foreign measure of this time won the unqualified approba-

* *Cabal*. The word was supposed to have been invented from this circumstance, but it is of older date.

† *Ashley*, Anthony Ashley Cooper, Lord Ashley, afterwards Earl of Shaftesbury.

tion of the people. It was the treaty known as the Triple Alliance, a coalition formed by England, Sweden, and

1668 Holland against the growing and oppressive power of the French king. William Temple, a *dilettante* diplomatist, who had been brought up to public life under the eye of his father, Sir John, Master of the Rolls in Ireland, negotiated this most popular alliance with the eminent Dutch Pensionary De Witt. Frankly and openly the statesmen met each other in this grave business, the transaction of which took only five days. So keenly did Louis the Fourteenth feel the meaning of this union, that in the following May he hastily concluded with Spain the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle.

Even while the Triple Alliance was shaping itself at the Hague, Charles was secretly chaffering with the French king for the means of making himself despotic at home.

1670 Henrietta of Orleans, the sister of the English king, acted as go-between in the formation of that secret Treaty of Dover which in imagination parcelled out the soil of the United Provinces. For a promise of Zealand (when taken), an annuity of £200,000, and the aid of six thousand French troops for home use, Charles bartered away the honour of his crown by agreeing to attack the Dutch fleet, while his grand ally invaded the provinces by land.

The House of Commons now began to display symptoms portending rupture with the crown. A strong opposition grew up, which, under the title of the Country Party, embraced Puritans, Republicans, and those Royalists whom royal profligacy and royal meanness had alienated from the crown. One of the best men in this band was Lord William Russell, son of the Earl of Bedford. Among their earliest efforts was an attempt to have the expenditure of the late Dutch War inquired into by a committee. Sir George Savile, who afterwards rose to great eminence as Marquis of Halifax, was the principal member of this committee. His pleasant wit and gleaming eloquence won

for this prince of trimmers a ready and easy way among all classes of men. Though the inquiries fell to the ground, the rancorous feeling between the Court and the Opposition did not pass away. Sir John Coventry, who had ventured on a coarse joke in the House concerning the king's connection with the theatres, was attacked as he went home one night by some of the royal guards, and his nose was slit to the bone. The Parliament was indignant, and promptly passed an act to prevent malicious wounding and maiming. The king retaliated by proroguing the Parliament (April 22), and it did not meet again for twenty-one months. 1671

In rapid succession several events now occurred which showed the drift of things in the direction of absolute power. By the advice of Ashley and Clifford, the Exchequer was shut; a step which amounted to robbing the merchants who had lent their money to the king, on the security of the revenue, of about £1,300,000. Banks broke on every side; depositors were ruined; distress spread into every class of the people. A Declaration of Indulgence, extending both to Protestant Dissenters and to Roman Catholics, but clearly meant to benefit the latter only, was announced by royal proclamation, altogether independently of parliamentary sanction. 1672 The spectacle of an English king making laws on his own authority recalled the absolutism of Charles the First, and excited great distrust and alarm throughout the nation. Then, an occasion having been provided by an attack on the Smyrna fleet as it passed with its rich cargoes near the Isle of Wight, war was declared against the Dutch (March 17), in terms of the Secret Treaty concluded two years before at Dover.

While a desultory and indecisive naval war was going on between the Dutch and the Anglo-French fleet—the principal engagement taking place in Southwold Bay (May 28)—faction was working great changes in the domestic affairs of the United Provinces, now overrun with a swarm of French soldiers. At

the Hague an Orange mob killed the two De Witts—the leaders of the aristocratic Republican party—as John was about to carry Cornelius from prison in his coach. The young Prince of Orange, sole hope of the republic, was at once made Stadtholder.

When the Parliament met again in February 1673, it became manifest that the Cabal ministry was tottering to its fall. The Country Party had set resolutely to the work of its overthrow. It was shaken when the House of Commons forced the king to withdraw the Declaration of Indulgence. The Test **1673** Act was its death-blow. This enactment, by declaring the denial of transubstantiation and the reception of the sacrament according to the Anglican form necessary conditions for the tenure of public office, struck Lord Clifford from his treasurership and the Duke of York from his command of the fleet, since they both adhered to the Roman Catholic tenets. Shaftesbury—Ashley that was—bent before the storm, and condemned the Declaration of Indulgence which had been his own handiwork. In November he was deprived of the Chancellorship, and became the leader of the Opposition. Thus the Cabal was broken up, though Lauderdale retained power in Scotland. Viscount Latimer—created Earl of Danby **1674**—became chief minister. A peace with Holland, organized by Sir William Temple, the author of the Triple Alliance, followed soon.

Danby continued for five years to control the levities of Charles, hating France bitterly, but striving at home by lavish bribery to make the Parliament the slave of a despotic king. One important transaction, fruitful in great results, we owe to him and Temple. In 1677, William, the young Prince of Orange, married the Lady Mary, elder daughter of York by his first wife. William had already displayed his military prowess, and was looked upon by the states of Western Europe as their bulwark against the aggressions of Louis the Fourteenth of France.

The war between France and Holland was brought to an end in 1678 by the Peace of Nimeguen. The treaty was forced on the Dutch by the conduct of Charles, who 1678 had made another private treaty with Louis, pledging himself to remain neutral in consideration of a payment of £300,000. Five days previously the Commons had voted money to Charles for carrying on the war with France! This led to the fall of Danby. Montague, the English ambassador in Paris, made known in Parliament the terms of the secret engagement, for which he produced the king's written authority. The Commons were furious. An impeachment of Danby followed; but dissolution of Parliament and other subterfuges were employed to thwart the prosecution, which would have involved the disclosure of ugly state secrets.

Wild alarms about Popery had been secretly generating in the public mind, and some clever villains took advantage of the circumstance. Titus Oates, a clergyman stained with accusations of perjury and worse crimes, went before Sir Edmondbury Godfrey, a Protestant Justice of the Peace living near Whitehall, and swore that there was a great Jesuit conspiracy to kill the king and subvert the government. Prominent among the persons accused by Oates was Coleman, a clever linguist who held the post of secretary to the Italian Duchess of York. When Coleman's rooms were searched, it was found that all his letters, except a few in one drawer, had been removed; and the few were so suspicious that the public mind jumped at once to the conclusion that the papers removed contained proofs of some dreadful wickedness. In the middle of the excitement, Godfrey was missed one Saturday, and on the Thursday night following, his body, pierced with his own sword, was found lying in a ditch near St. Pancras Church, then a mile out of town. After that discovery, the excitement became a panic, for it was believed that he had been murdered by Catholics. Oates, now the great lion of the day, continued

to invent his fictions, for which he was well paid with £1,200 a year, and apartments at Whitehall. Other wild
1678 beasts scented the prey and came flocking to the feast.

A swindler named Bedloe appeared at Bristol with the story that he had seen the corpse of Godfrey at Somerset House, and that £4,000 had been vainly offered him to carry it away. Carstairs, an informer on those who attended conventicles, came down from Scotland, and swore that he had overheard a Roman Catholic banker cry out in an eating-house in Covent Garden that the king was a rogue, and that he himself would stab him, if no one else would. Oates then struck boldly at the queen, declaring that he, while waiting outside a door in Somerset House, had heard her voice tell a party of Jesuits that she was willing to help in the murder of the king. Coleman's life was sworn away. Staley the banker swung at Tyburn. Many others died innocently. At the instigation of Shaftesbury, Parliament passed an act for disabling Papists from sitting in either House; but the Duke of York, against whom it was chiefly aimed, induced the Lords to make him an exception.

Angry with the bitter feeling displayed against Danby, Charles dissolved the Pension Parliament in January 1679, after it had sat for fully seventeen years. The general election filled the benches with men even more determined to stand out firmly against the Court. The first sounds of that great struggle which raged round the Exclusion Bill* began to mutter ominously. The blood of Roman Catholics continued to flow, and the king thought it best that his brother should go to Brussels for a while. Meeting on the 6th of March, the second
Parliament of Charles soon took up Danby's case.

1679 Calling the Commons to Whitehall, the king told them that he had pardoned the minister; but in spite of this they demanded justice from the Lords. Ultimately the accused

* For the exclusion of James, Duke of York, from the succession.

earl was committed to the Tower, and there he remained for five years. Temple's Council of Thirty then undertook the management of affairs, Shaftesbury acting as lord president. But thirty were soon found to be too many for the dark and delicate transactions of such government as Charles wished; and Temple joined Essex, Halifax, and Sunderland in the formation of a central knot, which controlled the action of the remaining six-and-twenty. This proved fatal to the scheme.

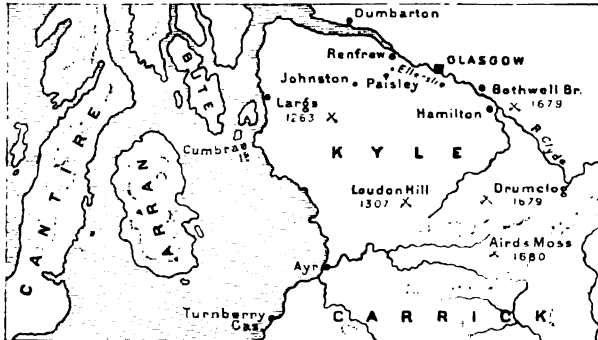
Before the king dissolved this troublesome Parliament, its members made the name of their assembly for ever memorable in the history of English law by adding to it the *Habeas Corpus** *Act*. Deriving its origin from the earliest struggles of our constitution, but assuming definite shape only in the reign of Charles the First, the measure had been fighting its way step by step during the present reign; and now, on the very last day of the existence of the second Parliament of Charles the Second, it received the royal assent and became an act. Its first provision enacts "That when any person, other than persons convicted or in execution upon legal process, stands committed for any crime, except for treason or felony plainly expressed in the warrant of commitment, he may during the vacation complain to the chancellor or any of the twelve judges; who upon sight of a copy of the warrant, or an affidavit that a copy is denied, shall award a *habeas corpus* directed to the officer in whose custody the party shall be, commanding him to bring up the body of his prisoner within a time limited according to the distance, but in no case exceeding twenty days, who shall discharge the party from imprisonment, taking surety for his appearance in the court wherein his offence is cognizable." Severe penalties against judges or jailers refusing to act in accordance with this law hedge it round; and another section forbids with severe emphasis the

May 26,
1679

* *Habeas Corpus*—"Thou [the jailer] hast the body of" A.B.—the first words of the writ, which was in effect a judge's order for the production of a prisoner in court by his jailer.

practice of sending English prisoners beyond the limits of their native land.

Goaded into madness by boot, thumbkin, sword, carbine, and all the cruel contrivances that persecution could wield, the Covenanters of Scotland had risen against their oppressors. That gave their enemies the opportunity they longed for. A host of savage Highlanders was let loose on their homes, because they would not cease attendance on their loved conventicles. Archbishop Sharpe, who was blamed for this effort to crush the free spirit of the people, was shot and stabbed to death on Magus Moor near St. Andrews by a band of desperate Fifemen, who had probably not at first intended to take his life. The flame of revolt then burned quickly up, and the Duke of Monmouth, a natural son of Charles, was sent to trample it out. Graham of Claverhouse, already at work with



his relentless dragoons, met a severe check from the Covenanters at Drumclog* (June 3). Three weeks later, **1679** Monmouth faced a force of about five thousand, where Bothwell Bridge† spanned the broad Clyde. The Covenanting host, sorely shaken by disputes, tried in vain to

* *Drumclog*, a hamlet seven miles west of Strathaven in Lanarkshire.

† *Bothwell Bridge*, a bridge over the Clyde in Lanarkshire, eight miles above Glasgow. It was then only twelve feet wide, with a gate in the centre.

hold the bridge. Overborne by the royal cannon, and without a cartridge or a ball, they fell back in flight on Hamilton Moor (June 22). Immediately after this fight the Duke of York succeeded Lauderdale in the government of Scotland.

A new imitator of Titus Oates now appeared in the person of a young miscreant named Thomas Dangerfield, who put treasonable papers under the bed of Mansel, a Presbyterian colonel, and then gave information that the documents were there. Detected in this scheme, he turned upon the Roman Catholic women, Lady Powis and a nurse, whose accomplice he had been, and described papers to be found in a meal-tub (hence the name of the plot), which would prove the existence of a Popish plot under cover of this alleged Presbyterian scheme. But he lacked the cleverness of Oates, and Lord Castlemaine, who was on his information tried for high treason, was acquitted.

All through the year 1680, the conflict about the exclusion of the Duke of York from the throne raged warmly. A new Parliament had been elected in the end of 1679, but frequent prorogations prevented it from getting at the business it most desired to reach. The "Addressers" urged the king to assemble Parliament, while the "Abhorrrers" expressed their detestation of the attempt to coerce the king. These names were too unwieldy to be permanent party names, and they soon gave place to the more pithy "Whig" and "Tory"—the former a by-name for a Scottish Covenanting bigot; the latter, for an Irish Catholic robber.

When Parliament at length met in October, the House of Commons passed a resolution affirming the right of the people to petition for a Parliament. The Exclusion Bill was then introduced. The Commons passed the bill on the 11th of November, and sent it by the hands of Russell to the Lords. The king listened to the debate, having already in person canvassed nearly every peer against the measure, and gladly saw it thrown

out by a majority of thirty-three. The trial of Lord Stafford, an old Catholic nobleman, was then proceeded with. The Commons sought still to keep alive the anti-Popish feeling among the people. Stafford had been lying in the Tower. The witnesses against him were Oates, Dugdale, and Tuberville. The two last swore that Stafford had hired them to kill the king. After a five days' trial in Westminster Hall, the old man, now nearly seventy, was condemned, and was beheaded on Tower Hill (December 29). Plunket, the Primate of Armagh, also fell a victim to the false witnesses of this atrocious time, who swore that he was concerned in a plot to bring over a French army and massacre all the English in the land.

Charles found it necessary to dissolve the Parliament on the 30th of January, since they clamoured for his consent to the Exclusion Bill, and desired to pry too curiously into the raising of supplies and other matters. He called a new Parliament for March 21st, and in dread of the violence which his father had experienced in London, he appointed Oxford, whose university carried loyalty to a servile extreme, as the place of meeting. But the Oxford Parliament, to which men went armed to the teeth, and which sat for just seven days, was not a whit more compliant than its predecessor. Nothing but Exclusion would satisfy the Commons. A medium project to appoint a prince-regent fell to the ground; and so King Charles sent his fifth and last Parliament back to the boroughs and the shires.

The Whigs and the Protestants then met with their turn of persecution. Stephen College, who went by the name of the Protestant joiner, was charged by Dugdale and Tuberville with a plot against the king at Oxford. In spite of evident lying and contradiction on the part of the witnesses, he was convicted and hanged. Shaftesbury then ran a narrow risk of meeting what he had brought on many others. He was indicted for

high treason ; but the grand jury of London, composed of the most eminent citizens, came to his rescue and cast out the bill. A principal charge against this statesman rested on a paper found in his cabinet, but not written in his own hand, which contained the sketch of an association meant to limit the power of the king. Shaftesbury thus escaped, but the anger of the king soon fell heavily on the capital that had shielded him. The Court of King's Bench declared that London had forfeited its charter.

Scotland was at this time suffering many woes under the cruel and bigoted rule of the Duke of York. But the blood that was shed could not quench the fire of freedom that burned in the nation's heart. The Earl of Argyle, son of the marquis whom Charles had slain in 1661, stood boldly up to confront the Duke of York in defence of Scottish Protestantism. A new test, binding all persons not to attempt to alter the government in Church or in State, was hastily pushed through Parliament. When it was proposed to Argyle, he refused to take it. James smiled on him and chatted to him, and then locked him up in the Castle of Edinburgh. A mock trial followed, and all was preparing for the scaffold, when the earl managed to slip out in a page's dress, and to escape by London to Holland, where the young Prince of Orange was cherishing British exiles. These events prepared the way for that great Whig conspiracy which filled the remainder of Charles's reign with blood and terror.

In London coffee-houses and Temple chambers, where strange combinations of men met in various knots, the thread of talk ran always on the evident determination of the Court party to annihilate the Whigs and raise a bloody despotism on the ruins of the party. There were two distinct sets of conspirators, slightly linked together by some restless spirits who belonged to both. The Earl of Shaftesbury, the Duke of Monmouth, the Earl of Essex, William Lord Russell, and Algernon Sidney, second

son of the Earl of Leicester, were the leaders of the higher plot, which had for its object resistance to despotism by force of arms. Monmouth, fired with vague ambition and in-
1682 toxicated by popular applause; Shaftesbury, wild with smothered vengeance; Russell, filled with calm patriotism; Sidney, and his shadow Essex, sick with distempered visions of a lost republic—these were the men who put their lives into the hands of a traitor with a noble name. Lord Howard came among them and betrayed them. Shaftesbury, yearning for a sudden rush to arms, grew disgusted with delay and retired to Holland, where he died of gout in January 1683.

While these men talked of a revolution, a gang of meaner men planned a murder. West, a lawyer who had rooms in the Temple, was visited by such men as Rumsey, a soldier of fortune, and Ferguson, a turbulent Scottish minister, who were both in the confidence of Shaftesbury. Goodenough, once under-sheriff of London, went there, with cheesemongers and maltsters in abundance. One Rumbald, an old Cromwellian, who had a farm called the Rye-house, near Hodsdon on the Newmarket road, proposed to block the road with an
1683 overturned cart, and to shoot the king during the stoppage. The trips that Charles made in April and October to the race-course at Newmarket afforded opportunities for the commission of the crime. It appears that in April 1683 a fire in the race-town sent the king back to London a week earlier than he had intended, and so the plot failed. Josiah Keeling, a decayed druggist, carried the story to Lord Dartmouth, a favourite of York. Bit by bit the proofs leaked out, and several arrests were made. West and Rumsey turned king's evidence. Shepherd, in whose house some wine had been drunk and some treason talked, implicated Monmouth, Grey, and Russell. Monmouth fled; Russell, taken sitting in his study, went to the Tower to await his trial; Grey, although

arrested, managed to escape to Holland. Then Howard was found sneaking in a chimney, and on his information Essex and Sidney were added to the list of the arrested.

After some of the meaner sort had been convicted, the trial of William, Lord Russell, began at the Old Bailey. Before a packed jury of Londoners, with his wife, an earl's daughter, writing by his side, the most virtuous statesman of the reign was accused of being connected with the alleged conspiracy. The three witnesses, Rumsey, Shepherd, and infamous Howard, his own cousin, could fix nothing blacker on his name than a never-fulfilled design of seizing the king's guards, for the purpose of checking the rampant tyranny of the reign. But Pemberton the chief-justice summed up against him, after Jeffreys had turned the suicide of Essex, who had cut his throat that morning in the Tower, into a presumption of Russell's guilt; and the jury returned a verdict accordingly. Escorted by Bishops Tillotson and Burnet to a scaffold in the fields of Lincoln's Inn, he died with the calmness of a Christian on the eighth day after his sentence had been pronounced. July 13,
1683

Soon followed, in the King's Bench, the trial of Colonel Algernon Sidney, an officer of the Cromwellian army. Lord Howard, who had been forced on the confidence of Essex and Russell by Sidney, a thorough believer in his honesty, swore brazenly to the complicity of the colonel in the plot. The second witness appeared in the shape of some manuscript found in Sidney's study, and said to be in his handwriting. No legal proof of treason could be found against this republican theorist, but Judge Jeffreys, newly elevated to the bench, declaring his opinion that *scribere est agere* ("to write is to act"), the prisoner was pronounced "Guilty." When Sidney appealed in a firm voice to God for vengeance on his persecutors, Jeffreys roared, "I pray God to work in you a temper fit to go into the other world, for I see you are not fit for this." "My lord," said Sidney, "feel my pulse. I bless God I never was in better temper

than I am now." Before the year was out—on the 8th of December—his head fell before the axe on Tower Hill; and to the last his stoicism never failed. Monmouth made a temporary peace with Charles, chiefly by the aid of Halifax. Soon quarrelling again with his father, he escaped to Holland.

During the last years of the reign, the Duke of York, recovering his influence, found his way once more into the privy council and to the head of the navy board. The rival factions of Whig and Tory had now assumed very distinct shape, and hung out the banners of certain great leaders. York, of course a Tory, had for his right-hand man Lawrence Hyde, Earl of Rochester and his brother-in-law, being the historian's second son. Halifax, who had become a Whig and held the privy seal, led the Opposition, with the feeble aid of Francis North, Lord Guildford. Godolphin, grave and cautious, "never in the way, and never out of the way," as Charles cleverly said, stood neutral. Sunderland, the secretary of state, a cold intriguer, spread his restless webs on every side. Halifax struck a heavy blow at Rochester by accusing him of mismanagement in the treasury, where £40,000 had been lost to the nation. It was found to be true. But the discovery, instead of marring the fortunes of the earl, brought him promotion to the chair of the lord president. Godolphin then became first lord of the treasury, which, however, did not then signify the position of prime minister.

Charles was seized with an apoplectic fit on Monday morning, the 2nd of February, and died at the age of fifty-four on the following Friday night.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE REVOLUTION.

Leading statesmen—Argyle's invasion—Monmouth lands—Sedgemoor—The policy of James—The dispensing power—The First Declaration—Cambridge—Magdalene College, Oxford—The Second Declaration—Trial of the prelates—Landing of William—Flight of James—The Convention—Declaration of Right—The double throne—Siege of Derry—Killiecrankie—The Boyne—Athlone—Limerick.

WHEN in 1685 James Duke of York became by his brother's death James the Second of Great Britain, he made on the spur of the moment a speech to his council, full of the fairest promises. He would maintain the established government in both church and state. He would cherish the church, and respect the law. But symptoms soon appeared portending many changes and a troubled reign. Most notable of these was the public and splendid celebration of the Romish mass at Westminster, to which the monarch went in state. He also formed a secret council of Roman Catholics, including in it Petre the Jesuit and Richard Talbot ("lying Dick Talbot"), soon to be created Earl of Tyrconnel and chief ruler of Ireland.

Of the statesmen belonging to the late reign, Rochester was the only one who stood really well with James. Nevertheless Sunderland, the Secretary of State, and Godolphin, now made chamberlain to the queen, were deemed indispensable, and were admitted to the royal confidence. Conceited not a little as to his knowledge of naval matters, the king became his own man-

ager in that department. Halifax, Ormond, and Guildford were retained in the cabinet, but retained only to be kept in proper trim. Jeffreys was made Chief-Justice of the King's Bench, and proved himself unscrupulous enough to serve the needs of any despot. John, Lord Churchill, who had risen in the late reign by means of the influence which his sister Arabella had over James, was sent over to Versailles to rivet more closely the base links which bound the Stuarts to the French throne. Barillon, the French minister at the English court, kept his eyes open and his purse ready for any emergency.

Having by the advice of Jeffreys collected the revenues without parliamentary sanction, James proceeded to call the Houses into session. He and his queen had been already crowned at Westminster on St. George's Day by Sancroft, the Archbishop of Canterbury. The punishment of Oates and Dangerfield with pillory and whip, and the trial of the great Puritan old Richard Baxter, clearly displayed the temper of King James as to religious matters. He still hated the Scottish Covenanters, as he had hated them from the first. One sect of Puritans, however, the Society of Friends (or the Quakers), he alternately petted and tolerated, chiefly through the influence which William Penn, the celebrated founder of Pennsylvania, had acquired over his mind.

The first Parliament of James, meeting on the 22nd of May 1685, showed extreme alacrity in the voting of supplies. It gave him, in spite of a daring speech from Sir Edward Seymour, the same revenue as his dead brother had enjoyed—£1,200,000 a year for life, and other revenues which brought up the royal income to £1,900,000. Immediately after the death of Charles, Louis of France sent James a present of £37,000, to which £30,000 was soon added. James was not sufficiently confident of his position to be able to decline these compromising gifts.

The proceedings of Parliament were interrupted by startling

news. From the knot of Whig refugees gathered around the centre of disaffection in Friesland and Brabant, two invasions streamed out, like sudden fire-streaks, scorching Scottish heath and English grass a little, but making no permanent impression on either land.

On the 2nd of May, Argyle sailed from Vlieland* with three small ships for the purpose of invading Scotland. Monmouth was to descend soon afterwards on the English coast. As Argyle passed the Orkneys, he incautiously allowed two men to go ashore. The bishop arrested them, and the fleet was delayed there for three days. It took but a short time for news of the invasion to reach the capital; and the tuck of drum resounded everywhere through the land. Having disembarked at Campbeltown on the Mull of Cantire, Argyle sent the fiery cross over Argyleshire, and awaited the muster of the Campbells at the isthmus of TARBET. **1685** His plan was to seize Inveraray, and to make it the centre of operations; but he was hampered by a committee, and especially by two obstinate and jealous men, Sir Patrick Hume and Sir John Cochrane, who insisted on the invasion of the Lowlands, and sailed away to make an attempt on Ayrshire. They failed, and had to return to the forces of Argyle, who, after losing his stores and his ships, and after wandering aimlessly in Bute and Argyle, found himself in Dumbartonshire in a hopeless condition. A dash on Glasgow was then the only chance left; but before he had reached Kilpatrick, his army had gone to pieces, and the invasion was over. When Argyle found that shelter at Kilpatrick was hopeless, he crossed the Clyde in a peasant's dress, acting as guide to Major Fullarton. At Inchinnan, in Renfrewshire, some soldiers saw a couple of men about to ford the river Cart. The guide, they thought, looked like a gentleman. And when some questions received no definite answer, they seized the seeming peasant. Dashing

* *Vlieland*, an island at the entrance to the *Zuider Zee*.

into the stream, he tried to fire his pistols at them; but the powder was soaked, and would not burn. A broadsword cut him to the ground, and Argyle was a prisoner. He was confined in the Castle of Edinburgh—in what has since been called the Argyle Tower. He spent some of his last hours in the composition of a poetic epitaph on himself, bewailing the cruelty of his friends; and within an hour of eternity he slept a peaceful sleep. The Maiden took his head off; and it was fixed on the spikes of the Tolbooth (June 30th).

Monmouth was then on English soil. Leaving Texel* in a ship of six-and-twenty guns, and accompanied by two smaller ships, he landed eighty-two swords on the rocks of June 11, Lyme.† He had, however, equipments for an army.

1685

The people, blazing into enthusiastic welcome, gathered with shouts round a blue flag uplifted in the market-place. The eighty swelled in a day to fifteen hundred. On the 15th, the Duke of Albemarle, George Monk's son, was so frightened at Axminster by the hedges alive with rebel musket-barrels, that he withdrew the train-bands in disorder. Monmouth reached Taunton on the 18th of June. By that time posts from the west had brought the alarm to London, where the din of hasty arming arose. A Bill of Attainder against the invader passed rapidly through the Houses, and a reward of £5,000 was offered for his apprehension.

Taunton burst into flowers in honour of the duke. Twenty-six of the prettiest girls in the town presented him with colours of their own embroidering, and with a Bible, which he took with a show of reverence. His chief advisers were Lord Grey and Robert Ferguson, the Scottish clergyman who was concerned in the Rye House Plot. They pressed Monmouth to assume the regal title, and he was proclaimed king in the market-place of Taunton. Welcome met the invader at Bridge-

* *Texel*, an island at the entrance to the *Zuider Zee*, next to *Vlieland*.

† *Lyme*, a small sea-port at the extreme west of the shore of Dorsetshire, twenty-five miles west of Dorchester.



water, from which the mayor and aldermen came in their robes to greet him. Crowds of peasants still flocked from furrow and shaft to his standard, making dreadful weapons by tying scythes on long poles. On the other hand, the train-bands in all the surrounding counties were gathering under their lord-lieutenants. The Duke of Beaufort occupied Bristol with the well-drilled men of Gloucestershire. Churchill with the Life Guards Blue hung on the skirts of the rebel force as it advanced. Fever-sham was hourly pushing the main body of the royal army nearer to the scene of peril. Monmouth's first intention was to seize Bristol; and he had reached Keynsham bridge, on the Avon, when the defeat of his cavalry by a troop of Life Guards forced him to turn in the direction of Wiltshire. When he reached Frome, he found the people disarmed and unable to afford him help. Anxious to avoid a battle if possible, he made his way with drooping heart back to Bridgewater by way of Wells, arriving there on Thursday the 2nd of July.

The battle of Sedgemoor was fought early on the following

Monday morning. At eleven o'clock on the Sunday night, Monmouth rode out at the head of his foot-soldiers under the light of a full moon. Grey led the horse. The object of the movement was to surprise the royal army, which lay in three detached portions among the villages on the moor. Feversham was known to be a languid and incapable officer. Churchill commanded under him, but he was not taken into the counsels of his general. An accidental circumstance saved the royal army from destruction. The work of drainage having begun on the plain, Monmouth was obliged to take into account various *rhines* or broad ditches, when shaping out his plan of battle. He calculated on crossing two, which guarded the approaches to the royal lines, but did not know of a third—the Bussex Rhine—which accordingly brought him to a full stop, just when he expected to find himself within spring of the foe. A random pistol-shot had already aroused the Royalists. A volley scattered Grey's cavalry; and the battle simplified itself into two rows of foot-soldiers shooting at each other in the dark, across a broad trench of black water. The flight of the horse infected the drivers of the ammunition-carts, who made off with the powder and ball. Monmouth thought he had better go too; and so he left the gallant "Mendip miners" to reap all the glory of this fight, by expending their last charge, and then falling to the number of a thousand, where they had fought so well. Sedgemoor was the last pitched battle fought on English soil. The capture of Monmouth, who was hiding in a shepherd's dress among pease and corn, and his execution on Tower Hill, followed in a few days (July 15).

Then began the "Bloody Assize." Colonel Kirke and his "lambs"—a band of brutal soldiers trained at Tangier—performed a fitting prelude at Taunton by hanging the rebels in droves on the pole of the White Hart Inn, and then by quartering the bodies. Chief-Justice Jeffreys began his part of the work in September by arraigning Lady Alice Lisle at Win-

chester. Two rebels had obtained shelter in her house ; and for this she perished on the scaffold. Jeffreys wanted to burn her ; but the prayers of friends obtained for her the slender boon of being allowed to leave life in a less painful manner. It is needless to follow the sickening details. Three hundred and twenty were hanged ; almost three times as many were transported ; while Jeffreys and his hangers-on grew rich on the spoils of the wretched victims. For these achievements James made him Lord High Chancellor of England.

The policy James meant to adopt became clearly manifest during the first year of his reign. He decidedly objected to two great statutes of the realm—the Habeas Corpus Act and the Test Act. The former he felt to be the grand barrier to despotism, and toward despotism the whole current of his nature ran : the latter was a weapon forged by those who hated the creed he loved and meant to enforce. These, then, he determined to destroy ; and, the better to uphold the kind of rule he meant to adopt, he resolved to establish a great standing army. In the newly levied regiments, commissions had already been given to Roman Catholic officers—a distinct violation of the Test Act. Alarm seized the nation. Lord President Halifax spoke out his mind at the council-board, and was in consequence dismissed from office. Opposition began to leaven the subservient Commons, and to spread too among the Lords ; twice the government was defeated ; and at last Black Rod came down to announce that the king wanted his refractory legislators at the bar, from which they went home under sentence of prorogation (Nov. 20, 1685).

The foreign policy of James resolved itself into a very simple form. There were two men to whom he truckled for his own purposes, irrespective altogether of the honour or the good of Great Britain : they were Louis the Fourteenth of France, whose paid agent he was, and the Pope of Rome, to whom he looked with superstitious devotion.

The men who at this time had most influence over James were, besides Father Petre and the Earl of Tyrconnel, already mentioned, the Earl of Sunderland, who wormed himself into the vacant chair of Halifax, and Lord Castlemaine, who had been tried for his complicity in the Meal-tub Plot.

Through all the year 1686 the plottings of the Jesuit clique struck root and put forth branches. Deeper and deeper grew the Romanist colouring of the court. Refusing to call the Parliament together, James proceeded to set in action **1686** two great levers of tyranny, which he maintained to be essential appendages of his royal sceptre. These were the *dispensing power*, by which he placed Roman Catholics in office in defiance of the law, and the *ecclesiastical supremacy*, which embodied its meaning in a new High Commission Court, consisting of six men, presided over by Lord Chancellor Jeffreys. The nation knew well what these things portended, and riots in various places showed how the wind of popular feeling was beginning to blow.

The Romanism of James showed itself more clearly in the dismissal of Rochester and Clarendon, the brothers of his dead wife, than in any other way. Lawrence Hyde had climbed to the earldom of Rochester, and the eminent position of Lord High Treasurer, by watching his chances and by using his undoubted talents. His elder brother Henry, who wore the coronet of the great historian, was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland at this eventful time. Rochester would not abandon his Protestantism, and was therefore dismissed. Clarendon fell in his brother's ruin, and was succeeded by Tyrconnel in the lord-lieutenancy. On the 7th of January 1687 the Treasury was put into commission. Some sudden conversions took place about this time—two noted men of letters, Wycherley and Dryden among them, declaring their adhesion to the Roman Catholic faith.

By a cunning move, intended to unite the Roman Catholics

and the Puritans in a league against the Church of England, the king prepared and issued his First Declaration of Indulgence. By his own sole authority he swept away all the penal laws and tests which years had heaped heavily upon every class and creed of Dissenters. He forbade any religious meeting to be disturbed, and ordained that no religious test should debar any man from civil or from military service. This decided relief and seeming boon brought out the true colours of the Puritans, severing that great and powerful body in two unequal parts. The famous Quaker, William Penn, whose father, Admiral Penn, had fought under James against the Dutch, and who had always enjoyed a ready access to the royal closet, headed the minority in lauding the Indulgence; but the great Puritan chiefs—Baxter, Howe, and Bunyan—looked suspiciously on the thing, and would not permit themselves to be lured into promoting a split in the camp of Protestantism.

At Windsor, on July 3, James publicly received the Count of Adda, who, as nuncio of Pope Innocent, had been for some time living in London and visiting at court in a private capacity. The Earl of Shrewsbury, Lord Lumley, and other officers of state at once resigned. The king then openly committed the administration of the government to Sunderland (now a Catholic) and Father Petre. As Parliament had been dissolved about the same time, their power was absolute.

The two great universities were assailed by James through the medium of his High Commission Court. In February 1687, a royal letter was presented to the senate at Cambridge, requiring them to confer the degree of Master on Alban Francis, a Benedictine monk. They sent a message to Francis that they would gladly do so, if he took the necessary oath; but this he would not do. The vice-chancellor—John Peachell—and eight members of the senate appeared on summons at Westminster

before the High Commissioners to answer for their contumacy. Isaac Newton, whose *Principia* was then in the press, stood among the eight. Jeffreys pelted Peachell with such a storm of abuse that he shrank into terrified silence. The rest were not allowed to speak. The suspension of the vice-chancellor from office and its fees was the sentence of the court upon Cambridge (May 7).

Then came the turn of Oxford. On the death of the president of Magdalene, James attempted to force the Fellows to elect a profligate called Anthony Farmer to the vacant post. Being a Roman Catholic, and not being a Fellow either of Magdalene or of New College, he was disqualified both by the law of the land and by the arrangements of the founder. The Fellows elected the virtuous John Hough instead (April 15). After they had been duly bullied by Jeffreys at Whitehall, they were sent back, and were soon required to raise Parker, Bishop of Oxford, to the presidency. They insisted that the place was not vacant, since Hough had been formally elected; and the baffled king went to Oxford in a fury to beard the daring Fellows on their own ground. He could not move them; neither could supple Penn. Then more elaborate machinery was set in motion—three special commissioners being sent down to reduce the malcontents to submission. Parker was installed by proxy, *two* Fellows honouring the ceremony with their presence. The refractory remainder were expelled, all church preferment being shut against them. Magdalene blossomed out into a full-blown Roman Catholic school, presided over by a foreign priest, and with twelve Romish Fellows in the places of the ejected men. (December 10.)

The king then published a Second Declaration of Indulgence —“for liberty of conscience.” As nobody paid much
April 27,
1688 attention to the document, he issued an Order in Council (May 4), directing the ministers of all churches and chapels in the kingdom to read it on certain Sundays

from their pulpits. The 20th and the 27th of May were fixed for the reading in London. The London clergy, among whom were some noble names—Tillotson, Sherlock, Stillingfleet—met to discuss the question, and pledged themselves not to read the Declaration. On the 18th of May, at an assembly of prelates and divines in Lambeth Palace, a petition was written out in Primate Sancroft's own hand, the sum and substance of which was that the sovereign had no right to dispense with laws in matters of the church, and that the subscribers would not read the Declaration. Seven prelates—Archbishop Sancroft; Lloyd, Bishop of St. Asaph; Turner, Bishop of Ely; Lake, Bishop of Chichester; Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells; White, Bishop of Peterborough; and Trelawney, Bishop of Bristol—appended their names to the petition. Taking boat over to Whitehall, the seven bishops made their way, with Sunderland's help, to the royal closet, where they were welcomed under the mistaken idea that they had come to submit. When he read the paper, James was furious, called the document "a standard of rebellion," and sent them under a torrent of abuse from his presence. The same night—how, nobody knew—a printed copy of the petition found its way into the coffee-houses, and was sold by thousands on the streets. All waited with high-strung expectation for the coming Sunday. It came: only four out of about one hundred ministers read the Declaration; and these four read to empty pews. The chiefs of the dissenting Protestants expressed their hearty sympathy with the Anglican clergy in this momentous struggle. Sunday the 27th saw the enactment of a similar scene. Then James, counselled by Jeffreys, resolved to bring the prelates to trial for libel before the Court of King's Bench.

After an examination before the Privy Council at Whitehall, the prelates were sent to the Tower. Never did the Thames present a more animated scene than on that evening—the 8th of June. Boats lined the watery way by which the seven

passed to the Traitors' Gate, and from every boat blessings rained as the prelates went by. The next evening was born a prince, afterwards called the Pretender. The excited populace, hearing that Roman Catholics abounded in the court, persisted that there was no royal birth, and that a new-born infant had been smuggled into the palace. There is little doubt now, however, that the child was James's son.

The 29th of June was the day fixed for the trial of the bishops. The day dawned upon a city fevered to the highest pitch of excitement. The King's Bench was crammed in **June 29,** every corner, and crowds clustered like swarming bees **1688** in every avenue and neighbouring space. The four judges were Wright, Allibone, Holloway, and Powell. The charge was the writing or publishing, in the county of Middlesex, of a false, malicious, and seditious libel. After witnesses had been called to prove that the libel had been uttered in Middlesex, three hours were occupied with the speeches of the counsel for the defendants. Among these, that of Somers, the junior lawyer, bears the palm for pith and brevity. The prosecutors replied, and then the judges summed up. Wright and Allibone said, "A Libel;" Holloway and Powell said, "No Libel." The last boldly averred the illegality of that dispensing power on which James relied. All night the jury were locked up without food; and a loud noise of argument resounded at intervals in their room. One of them, who was a brewer, long refused to desert the royal colours. At last he gave way, and a verdict of acquittal was agreed on about six in the morning. When the court met at ten, and the verdict "Not guilty" was announced, a roar of joy arose such as London has seldom heard. The news spread rapidly in all directions: salvos were fired from ships on the river; and the worked-up emotions of the people found vent in tears. That night rockets shot up from every street, and the summer sky was crimsoned with the glare of bonfires.

All these events had been scanned by a calm and penetrating eye. William of Orange, already at the age of thirty-eight distinguished by warlike laurels of no common brilliance, looking over from the Hague, saw a nation estranged from their king, and outraged in their deepest feelings. On the very day the verdict acquitting the bishops was declared, an invitation, signed in cipher by seven leading Englishmen, was carried down to the coast by a messenger disguised as a common sailor, and was by him soon delivered at the Hague. Shrewsbury, a descendant of gallant John Talbot, Devonshire, Danby, Lord Lumley, Bishop Compton, Algernon Sidney's brother Henry, and William Russell's cousin Edward, were the leaders in this great revolutionary movement, so full of important consequences.

James continued his mad career. As if to rouse the discontent of the nation to the bursting-point, he brought over from Ireland part of a Celtic army which Tyrconnel had been quietly organizing beyond the Channel. The English officers and soldiers protested against the admission of these men into English regiments. The king cashiered the most refractory officers; and then the whole nation broke out into "Lero, lero, lillibullero," the fag-end of a song written by Thomas Wharton as a sarcasm on Tyrconnel's government of Ireland.

At last James's eyes were opened to the danger that menaced his throne. The Declaration of William reciting all the wrongs and misgovernment from which the English people had been suffering, placed the intentions of that great Dutchman beyond mistake. James then took alarm, and tried to retrace his steps. Meeting the acquitted prelates, he conceded several points at the request of Sancroft—among other things abolishing the High Commission Court, and agreeing to restore the ejected Fellows of Magdalene College. The seals of office, too, were taken from Sunderland, and he and Petre were removed from the council. These concessions, however, came too late.

After an affecting scene in the Assembly of the States of Holland, whose sanction had been given to the expedition, William hoisted his flag, displaying the arms of Nassau and of England, at the mast-head of the *Brill*, lying in the roads of Helvoetsluys.* A storm beat back his ships soon after their first sailing, but a day or two repaired the damage and collected the scattered vessels. Weighing anchor the second Nov. 1, 1688 time on the evening of November 1st, the prince pushed out into the North Sea, and, favoured by a breeze which blew Dartmouth and the English fleet back into the opening of the Thames, swept through the Strait of Dover, and away past the chalk cliffs of the southern shires: a strange sight, indeed, to the eager spectators who crowded the white rocks of Dover and the sand-hills of Calais as he passed. Torbay† was the place chosen for the landing; and there, on the spot where Brixham quay is now, William set his foot on English ground. The veteran Frederic, Count of Schomberg, once a marshal of France, and confessedly the greatest tactician of the age, was William's second in command.

Three-and-forty days (November 5 to December 18) passed between William's landing at Torbay and his arrival at St. James's Palace amid the flutter of orange ribbons and the acclamations of a huge crowd. The principal halt was made at Exeter, where Lord Lovelace, Lord Colchester, Edward Russell, the Earl of Abingdon, and Lord Cornbury, a son of the Earl of Clarendon, joined his banner. When James went down to Salisbury, William moved to Axminster. It was the policy of James to fight; that of William to delay. But the fighting consisted only in a few skirmishes—mere outpost affairs—between the British soldiers of the invading army and the Irish in the pay of James. In fact the principal men on the king's side had already made up their minds to desert him.

* *Helvoetsluys*, a small town in the isle of Voorne, on a branch of the Maas.

† *Torbay*, a crescent-shaped bay with a shelving beach on the coast of Devonshire.

When Churchill and Grafton, an illegitimate son of Charles the Second, joined the prince, the king hurried out of Salisbury and away to London, stung as with a serpent's tooth by the desertion of his daughter Anne. William moved past Stonehenge into Salisbury and thence to Windsor. After sending a sham commission to treat with the prince, James secretly sent his wife and son off to France, and then prepared for flight himself. Arrested on board a little vessel off Sheppey, he fell into the hands of some covetous fishermen; nor was he released until Feversham came with some Life Guards and an order from the Lords to set him free. It was clearly William's wish that he should go; and accordingly on the 18th of December a barge conveyed him down to Rochester, whence he got over to France. Nevertheless James's reign is held in point of constitutional law to have terminated on December 11th—the date of his leaving Whitehall the first time. Between his first flight and his second, London had been convulsed with riots—one night in particular, known as the Irish Night, being filled with terrors of impending massacre and destruction. Before the sun of the 18th set, William, attended by Schomberg, drove into the court-yard of St. James's.

A convention then met; and during the debates about the settlement of affairs four principal plans came under discussion. Dr. William Sherlock, Master of the Temple, the spokesman of the great Tory section, thought that James should be invited to return, under certain conditions. Archbishop Sancroft, also a Tory, proposed a regency. A small knot of Tories led by Danby insisted that James had vacated the throne, and that his daughter Mary was actually queen regnant, needing only to be crowned. The Whigs thought that the throne should be declared vacant, should be filled by election, and should be fenced by strong provisions against misgovernment. Amid a confused hubbub of plans and negotiations was heard a clear, decided, steady voice, pointing out the only way in which En-

gland could be saved from the perils of anarchy. Having sent for Halifax, Danby, and Shrewsbury, William declared that if the crown were offered to him he would take it ; but if not, that he would go home. Regent he would be none ; inferior to his wife, much as he loved her, he would not be. It was manifest then that William must be king. A committee of the Commons, over which Somers presided, drew up that celebrated document called the Declaration of Right, which, passing both Houses, crowned the Revolution with the authority of law.

After stating the various abuses and wrongs of the vanished reign, the Declaration proceeds to pronounce those things illegal upon which James had depended most—such as the dispensing power, the uncontrolled power of taxation, and the standing army. Certain rights—to petition, to debate, and to elect representatives—are vindicated as constitutional privileges. The resolution of the Houses, that William and Mary should rule jointly, the administration resting with him alone, is set forth in conclusion, with arrangements by which the crown should go first to Mary's posterity, then to Anne and her posterity, and then to the posterity of William.

The Marquis of Halifax, Speaker of the Lords, presented the crown to the prince and princess in the Banqueting House at Whitehall on the 13th of February. William spoke for

both, declaring "that the laws of England should be
1689 the rules of his conduct ; that it should be his study to promote the welfare of the kingdom ; and that, as the means of doing so, he should constantly recur to the advice of the Houses, and should be disposed to trust their judgment rather than his own." Shouting crowds, filling the neighbouring streets, took up the cheer which greeted these welcome words ; and the heralds then proceeded to proclaim the illustrious pair King and Queen of England.

The great offices of state were thus distributed :—Danby became Lord President of the Council ; Halifax, retaining his

speakership, got the Privy Seal; Shrewsbury and Nottingham were made Secretaries of State; Lord Godolphin was at the head of the Treasury. The foreign policy of the realm rested in the hands of the king himself. Mutiny and discontent simmered in England, as the natural result of the momentous change just made. In Scotland and in Ireland there was bloody work to do, before the Revolution could be regarded as complete.

In Ireland, Tyrconnel upheld the cause of James, and nearly all the Roman Catholic population took his side. In Ireland, therefore, James resolved to make his last cast in the great game. On the 12th of March he landed at Kinsale from Brest, Louis having supplied him liberally with the materials for a campaign. From Kinsale to Cork, from Cork to Dublin, the ex-king advanced, encouraged as he went by the rejoicings of the peasantry. At length he resolved to move toward Londonderry, the chief stronghold of Irish Protestantism. When James had struggled northward to Derry through mud and wind, he found the garrison in an attitude of defiance, having discovered the treachery of their governor Lundy. A discharge of cannon met the approach of the invader. The defence of the place was intrusted to Major Baker, but its animating spirit was the Rev. George Walker, rector of Donaghmore. Having first got rid of Lundy, by permitting him to escape in a porter's dress, they organized their plans and husbanded their strength amid all the miseries of famine so skilfully, that they were enabled to hold out for one hundred and five days. James soon grew tired of the hopeless work of battering, and returned to Dublin, leaving his army to endure the weariness of the blockade. A boom of fir wood, secured by enormous cables, was stretched by the besiegers across the Foyle a mile and a half below the city. To pass this was the only plan of relieving the starving garrison; and it was not until late in July that three

March
1689

July 28,
1689

ships, part of a squadron under Colonel Kirke that had left England long before, succeeded in breaking this great barrier, and reaching the city with a plentiful supply of food. The army of James retreated to Strabane immediately after this relief. On the third day after the breaking of the boom, another success crowned the Protestant arms at Newton Butler.*

In Scotland, the Convention of Estates acknowledged William and Mary, and voted the Duke of Gordon, who held Edinburgh Castle for James, a traitor. Galloping away from Edinburgh, Viscount Dundee, the well-known Claverhouse, raised a Highland army, in which Cameron of Lochiel was a leader and the Macdonalds mustered strong. Mackay, the general of the Convention, marched northward to meet Dundee. The two armies came into collision in the wild and romantic Pass of Killiecrankie. Mackay's men, tired with a forenoon march in July, were resting on the grass, when the tartans began to

July 27, mingle with the foliage. Musketry rang among the
1689 rocks, and white smoke filled the gorge. At seven in the evening the Highland rush was made; before the Lowland bayonets could be fixed, the broadswords were doing their deadly work. All was over in a few minutes. But Dundee had fought his last. A bullet struck him under the left arm, as he raised it to cheer on the laggard horse. Mackay got safe to Stirling, and the Highland ferment wore its strength away.

Marshal Schomberg, having landed at Carrickfergus with sixteen thousand men (August 13), made himself master of Belfast, and then lay on the defensive at Dundalk. The winter passed indecisively; but next season, William, who landed at Belfast (June 14th, 1690), brought matters to a speedy issue. Pushing down on James, who had advanced to Dundalk, he forced him back to the farther bank of the Boyne.

The last day of June brought William to the northern bank

* *Newton Butler*, a village near the head of Lough Erne, in the county of Fermanagh.

of that river with thirty-six thousand troops. The battle began next morning, under a cloudless sky, by the army of William commencing to ford the stream at three different points. Douglas, with the right wing, crossed at Slane in the face of some opposition from the Irish left. At Old Bridge the king led his veteran Dutch Guards into the stream to the sound of martial music, which was exchanged, mid-stream, for the roar of the Irish cannonade, tearing the river into foam. But the Blues, soon emerging from their deep wading, coolly mustered their dripping lines in the face of this great fire. Then they dashed upon the Irish intrenchments, and swept them clean. The cavalry of James behaved well. One body repulsed the third division of forders, formed mainly of Danes and Huguenots; and it was in the effort to recover this check that Schomberg met a soldier's death, receiving a bullet in the neck. James had already made off through the Pass of Duleek for Dublin. Thence to Waterford, Kinsale, and Brest we trace the flight of the discrowned, beaten Stuart.

July 1,
1690

Next year, on the first anniversary of the Boyne, Ginckel, a Dutchman, being left in command by William, led a column of grenadiers across the Shannon in the face of a very volcano of shot, and drove Sarsfield out of Athlone. Ginckel and Sarsfield once more measured strength at Limerick, which was the last scene of the Revolution. Opening the siege on the 26th of August, the Dutch general took nearly a month to secure his footing on both banks of the Shannon. But the first shots of his cannon from the double batteries pealed out the death-knell of the Stuart cause within the circuit of the British shores. The articles of surrender were signed on the 3rd of October 1691. Then William and Mary reigned in peace. The Revolution was over. Absolute or personal monarchy was at an end in England. Limited or constitutional monarchy began.

1691

CHAPTER XVIII.

SAMUEL PEPYS TAKING NOTES.

Life of Pepys—To Scheveling and back—The Plague—Angry seamen—
The Fire—The Dutch in Medway—Hidden gold.

BETWEEN New-Year's day 1660 and May 31st 1669 a keen eye was looking upon the upper phases of English society, and a ready pencil was jotting down in short-hand the little incidents of everyday life. Samuel Pepys,* Esquire, was during that interval writing his very amusing and very valuable Diary.

He was the son of a retired London tailor, and went to school at Huntingdon and St. Paul's. He became a sizar at Trinity, and a scholar at Magdalene College, Cambridge; and in 1655, being then twenty-three, he married a well-born Somersetshire girl of fifteen without a coin of fortune. He rose in life by clinging to the skirts of his cousin Sir Edward Montagu, afterwards Earl of Sandwich, a name well known in our naval history. His first public appointment was a clerkship in some department of the Exchequer, connected with the pay of the army. After holding that for a couple of years, he had the good fortune to be selected for the post of secretary to the generals of the fleet that went to bring Charles the Second from exile to the throne. Out of this important trip across the North Sea grew his nomination as Clerk of the Acts of the

* *Pepys*, pronounced *Peps*.

Navy, on which office he entered in June 1660. In a time when the navy of England was at its very lowest, Pepys came to its rescue, and contrived to stem the tide of corruption. He rose to a more prominent position in 1673, when he entered Parliament as member for Castle Rising, and became secretary for the affairs of the navy. A suspicion that he was secretly a Roman Catholic excited against him a good deal of odium and persecution, leading in 1679 to his committal to the Tower. It is an interesting point in the story of his life that he wrote in short-hand from the king's own lips, during a ten days' visit to Newmarket in 1680, that account of the fugitive monarch's escape from the field of Worcester which was afterwards published. As Secretary of the Admiralty he served James the Second, to whom while Duke of York he had been closely allied. The Revolution brought his public career to a close; but in his chambers at York Buildings, amid his books and papers, he lived an honoured and useful life until 1703, when he died in the house of a friend at Clapham. His literary standing may be judged from the fact that he was elected President of the Royal Society in 1684, and held the chair for two years.

We find in this diary the self-drawn portrait of a man, tinged with all the doubtful hues of the Restoration era, but possessing no shades of deep black in his nature. We see him as he rises in the world, counting his gains and expressing his thankfulness for prosperity and health. The moods in which this courtier exhibits himself are too varied to be more than glanced at; but we see the real man everywhere as even his own wife never saw him, and we find the life of the time mirrored with the most minute and entertaining fidelity. Take, for example, his account of the embarking of Charles the Second at Scheveling.

Having crossed to the sandy shore at Scheveling, where the recalled Stuart was to embark, Pepys and a Mr. Creed took coach to the Hague, "a most neat place in all respects." After

they had viewed the May-poles which stood at every great man's door, and had visited the little Prince of Orange, "a pretty boy" (better known to history as William the Third), they supped off a *sallet* and some bones of mutton, and lay down to sleep in a press-bed. Next day (May 15), they returned to their ship at Scheveling. Not until the 22nd did the royal personages begin to embark. On that day a Dutch boat bore off the Duke of York in yellow trimmings, the Duke of Gloucester in gray and red. (The tailor's son seldom forgets the dress of the people he describes.) The guns were fired all over the fleet, and during the dinner in the cabin, at which the Dutch admiral, Opdam, was present, the music of a harper who played was often drowned in the thunder of the ordnance. Loyal Pepys, acting after dinner as an amateur artilleryman, "nearly spoils his right eye" by holding it too much over the gun. The king embarked on the 23rd of May, and after dinner the names of some of the ships were changed—the *Naseby* becoming the *Charles*; the *Winsly*, the *Happy Return*; and so forth. Walking up and down the quarter-deck, the king told of his mud-wading after Worcester in a green coat and country breeches, and of the risks he ran until he got to Fécamp. On the 25th the king and the two dukes went ashore at Dover, after having breakfasted on ship's diet—pease, pork, and boiled beef. "I went," says Pepys, "and Mr. Mansell, and one of the king's footmen, and a dog that the king loved, in a boat by ourselves, and so got on shore when the king did, who was received by General Monk with all imaginable love and respect. Infinite the crowd of people and the gallantry of the horsemen. The mayor of the town came and gave him his white staff, which the king did give him again. The mayor also presented him from the town a very rich Bible, which he took, and said it was the thing that he loved above all things in the world. And so away towards Canterbury, without making any stay at Dover."

The Plague is depicted by Pepys in graphic touches. Whether he walks the streets by night with a lantern, or stops to speak to the watchman as he goes home late, the awful burden—a corpse dead of the plague—goes by with its wretched bearers. Walking from Woolwich, where his wife is lodging during the time of sickness, he sees an open coffin lying by Coome Farm with a dead body, which none will bury. As he continues his walk to Redriffe, he fears to go down the narrow lanes where the plague is raging. In London almost all the shops are shut, and 'Change is nearly deserted. Then we have a glimpse that serves to explain the sorry stains which these years brought on the British flag at sea: "Did business, though not much at office, because of the horrible crowd and lamentable moan of the poor seamen that lie starving in the streets for lack of money, which do trouble and perplex me to the heart; and more at noon when we were to go through them, for above a whole hundred of them followed us, some cursing, some swearing, and some praying to us." A similar scene next year with a comic touch: "July 10, 1666. To the office; the yard being very full of women, I believe above three hundred, coming to get money for their husbands and friends that are prisoners in Holland; and they lay clamouring, and swearing, and cursing us, that my wife and I were afraid to send a venison-pasty that we have for supper to-night to the cook's to be baked, for fear of their offering violence to it; but it went, and no harm done."

His account of the Great Fire is also very striking. Called up at three on Sunday morning, Sept. 2, 1666, by his servant Jane to see the red light of a fire in the sky, he finds when he goes out that the fire began in the king's baker's house in Pudding Lane. How graphic the glow and terror of the following scene!

"Met my wife and Creed, and walked to my boat, and then upon the water again. So near the fire as we could for smoke; and all over the Thames, with one's faces in the wind, you were

almost burned with a shower of fire-drops. When we could endure no more upon the water, we to a little ale-house on the Bankside, and there stayed till it was dark almost, and saw the fire grow ; and in corners, and upon steeples, and between churches and houses, as far as we could see up the hill of the city, in a most horrid, malicious, bloody flame ; not like the fine flame of an ordinary fire. We saw the fire as only one entire arch of fire from this to the other side the bridge, and in a bow up the hill for an arch of above a mile long ; it made me weep to see it. The churches, houses, and all on fire, and flaming at once ; and a horrid noise the flames made, and the cracking of houses at their ruin.....The news coming every moment of the growth of the fire, we were forced to begin to pack up our own goods, and prepare for their removal ; and did by moonshine, it being brave, dry, and moonshine, and warm weather, carry much of my goods into the garden ; and Mr. Hater and I did remove my money and iron chests into my cellar. And got my bags of gold into my office, ready to carry away, and my chief papers of accounts also there, and my tallies into a box by themselves. About four o'clock in the morning my Lady Batten sent me a cart to carry away all my money, and plate, and best things, to Sir W. Rider's at Bednall Greene, which I did, riding myself in my night-gown in the cart."

The summer of 1667 saw the Dutch, after taking Sheerness, run up the Medway to break the chain, and capture, sink, or burn several vessels of the English fleet. The news of this humiliation struck Pepys to the heart, overloading him also with a pressure of work. And disheartening work it was, when the public coffers were empty and the unpaid seamen were deserting in scores. Amid all the hurry our diarist takes care of his little hoard, sending off £1,300 to the country in a night-bag with his father and his wife, and sewing three hundred pieces of gold into a girdle, which he wore himself. The

state of the city was frightful. All Wapping was filled with the voices of angry women crying, "This comes of not paying our husbands." In broad noonday a mob attacked the grand mansion of Lord Chancellor Clarendon, cut down his trees, broke his windows, and painted a gibbet on his gate.

The gold which Pepys sent into the country was buried in his father's garden at Huntingdon; and most amusing is the account of its up-digging. At first the spot could not be found, and Pepys was disgusted with the hider's silliness when he discovered it only half a foot deep. What a washing they had, after finding the rotted bags and scraping the scattered pieces out of the wet clay by the light of a dark lantern! And what vexation to miss a hundred coins! Pepys grew mad; what with his anger, his fear, and his roaring at his deaf father, he presents a very comic figure to the reader of his diary. By midnight he had raked out of the dirt forty-five pieces more; and by nine next morning, by dint of working with pail and sieve in one of the summer-houses, he made the forty-five up to seventy-nine. His journey home, with the basket of gold below his seat, its position under his bed at the inn, his fears lest its weight may break the bottom of the coach, are amongst the finishing touches of one of the most amusing episodes in the Diary.

The Diary of Pepys should be read in conjunction with a contemporary work, similar but purer, written by his friend and correspondent, John Evelyn, the author of a work on forest-trees called *Sylva*, and another on agriculture called *Terra*. In these two diaries the student of the Restoration era will find mirrored, as no formal history can ever mirror them, the manners of an age the follies and disasters of which make it, when rightly read, fruitful in warning and instruction.

Fifth Period.—Limited Monarchy.
From the Revolution to the Present Time. 1688-1887.

CHAPTER I.

ENGLAND AND EUROPEAN POLITICS.

Sketch of William—French war—La Hogue—Glencoe—Steinkirk—Landen
—Death of Mary—Political changes—The two banks—Siege of Namur
—Treaty of Ryswick—The Darien failure—Act of Settlement—Impeachment of Somers—Tricks of Louis—War again—Death of William.

A MEAGRE bright-eyed Dutchman—shaken with an asthmatic cough, unlearned in literature yet practically able to employ seven tongues, unskilled in science yet able to apply mathematics to the art of war, careless of milder pastimes, and finding a fierce pleasure in the more dangerous field-sports—now swayed the destinies of Britain. His courage was something wonderful; his stoicism great. At the age of twenty-four, he had faced the illustrious Condé at Seneffe, and had drawn from the veteran a rebuke more flattering than a thousand compliments.* Though fatherless and motherless, he had steered his way through many shoals and perils, reserving for a very few the genial side of his nature, and presenting to the world the armour of an icy reserve. One friend he did grapple to his soul—the noble Bentinck (whom he by-and-by made Earl

* Condé said that Orange had borne himself in all things like an old general, except in exposing himself like a young soldier.

of Portland), who had nursed him through malignant small-pox, and had then lain down to suffer the malady caught by his devotion.

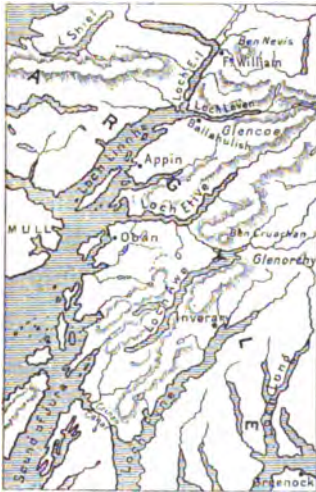
The narrative of William's reign, after the close of the Revolution in Scotland and in Ireland, deals principally with his wars with France and his relations to the Parliament at home. England declared war against France in 1689. William desired this, in pursuance of his anti-French policy on the Continent; but the war was in fact forced on him by the action of Louis in supporting James in Ireland. Next year the united fleets of England and Holland were beaten by Tourville off Beachy Head; and Namur was taken by the armies of Louis. But a decisive action off La Hogue turned the scale, and almost destroyed the naval power of France. Louis had formed a great scheme for the invasion of England. For that purpose a large army had been gathered at La Hogue, and there James was waiting with it for Tourville's fleet to transport them across the Channel. Admiral Russell started from the Downs on a cruise after the French fleet, and, when he had effected a junction with Carter, Delaval, and the Dutch squadron, found ninety-nine men-of-war under his flag. On the 19th of May he sighted the fleet of Tourville off Barfleur, and was soon engaged at long range by the incautious Frenchman. Next day (20th) there was a chase, Tourville having taken to flight. A stiff breeze on the morning of the 21st set both fleets in motion. Some of the French ships escaped through the dangerous Race of Alderney. Delaval found six vessels—among them Tourville's flag-ship, *Soleil Royal*—crippled or stranded near Cherbourg, and burned them all. It was reserved for Rooke to eclipse all by the brilliance of his achievement. On the 24th he cut out sixteen large ships and transports lying off La Hogue* and protected by great platforms lined with

May
1692

* *La Hogue*, a small sea-port on the east coast of the Cotentin; often confounded with Cape La Hague, on the north-west of the same peninsula.

cannon. The boats dashed in upon the protected ships in the face of a tremendous fire, and destroyed them under the eyes of James Stuart and the grand army. No such danger had threatened England since the days of the Spanish Armada : what Howard had done in 1588, Russell and Rooke achieved a century later. Well might Britain feel pride and trust in her wooden walls.

The bloody business of Glencoe stained the laurels won at the Boyne and the Hogue. The late rising in the Highlands of Scotland had excited a feeling in the minds of William's ministers that a terrible lesson must be given in order to overawe the wild tribes. The Earl of Breadalbane got a large sum of money to distribute among the chiefs ; but it did not suit



the private grudges and ambitions of that nobleman, or of Argyle, to buy over the allegiance of every chief. A day was fixed—the 31st of December 1691—on or before which all the leading Highlanders were required to swear allegiance to King William, under pain of fire and sword. One chieftain, MacIain of Glencoe, head of the Macdonalds who dwelt there, delayed the taking of the oath until the last day, on which he presented himself at Fort-William with the principal men of his

clan. Colonel Hill, the governor, not being a civil magistrate, would not administer the oath. There was nothing left for MacIain but to cross the wilds of the Argyleshire hills and see the sheriff at Inveraray. It took six days to struggle through the snow-drifts and ford the roaring floods. But on the 6th

of January the oath was taken, and MacIan went home. Sir John Dalrymple caught gladly at the chance of the stern lesson which he feared was slipping from his power. His letters to various men about the matter may be well described as written in blood. William signed the order for the massacre of the whole clan—one of the most revolting crimes that stain our history. The excuse made for him is that he had not read what he signed ; but that only shifts the crime. One hundred and twenty soldiers, under Captain Campbell of Glenlyon and Lieutenant Lindsay, entered the valley early in February, and asked for permission to stay a few days in a friendly way. They played cards ; they caroused ; they enjoyed what sport the season and the place afforded. They repaid this hospitality by entering the cottage of the chief at five one morning—February 13th—and shooting him through the head. While tearing off his wife's rings, they wounded her so that she died next day. When the muskets began to ring in the dark, most of the clan rushed to the shelter of the hills. Thirty-eight were slain on the spot ; how many perished among the mountain snow we cannot tell.

Feb. 13,
1692

Gloomy before, the glen has grown gloomier still under the haunting associations of that dreadful scene. A parliamentary inquiry brought out all the circumstances of the atrocity ; yet the perpetrators were allowed to go unpunished.

The French war, which had opened in 1689, lasted until the treaty of Ryswick brought it to a close in 1697. William, after the suppression of the Irish Jacobites, threw his whole soul into its operations. After the loss of Namur he tried to make sure of Mons ; but his great adversary, Luxembourg, like himself a diseased shadow in bodily presence, moved to the rescue, and lodged himself near Steinkirk,* in a wooded country, cut by hedges. A battle took place between the armies of the allies and the French on the 24th of July 1692.

* *Steinkirk*, a Belgian village, between Brussels and Mons.

William, hampered by the broken ground and crippled by the sluggishness of Solmes, fell back after three hours of the toughest fighting. In the following year, after giving the winter as usual to England, the Protestant captain met the same great marshal of France on the field of Landen * with the same result. It was William's destiny in these wars to show all the world how a general may retreat and yet add bright leaves to his laurel crown. At Landen fell Solmes, and a yet greater soldier, the courageous Sarsfield, † whose name is still honoured in his native land.

Since the day that Mary had stepped aside to open her husband's way to the English throne, that husband had loved her with unwavering devotion. Judge, then, his sorrow when she sickened with small-pox in 1694 and left him to wear the crown alone. The campaigning of that year had been on the whole favourable, in spite of a failure at Brest, where the splendid engineering of the celebrated Vauban turned the edge of the British sword. The British fleet under Russell had swept triumphant through the Mediterranean. The gladness with which William sought his home at Kensington was soon clouded by the overwhelming domestic sorrow, which flung him into the deepest despondency, and took all the colour from his life (Dec. 28, 1694).

The great struggle of the Triennial Bill came to a close six days before Mary's death. During the winter of 1692-93 Shrewsbury had brought this bill into the Lords. It required that no Parliament should last more than three years—an arrangement intended to give the electors of the nation a stronger hold on their representatives. Although it passed both Houses chiefly by the support of the Whigs, the king refused his assent, and the bill hung unfinished. In prudence, how-

* *Landen*, now a station on the railway from Mechlin to Liège. The battle was fought on the plain of *Neervinden*. (See map, page 538.)

† *Sarsfield*. He was an Irishman (of the English pale). His widow afterwards married James Fitz-James, Duke of Berwick.

ever, he could not refuse his sanction to a similar bill brought in by Harley, and passed by both Houses in 1694. Another source of quarrel between him and his Parliament lay in the revenue question ; but the British nation owed a debt of gratitude to those wise statesmen who planned the management of the national finance so skilfully. Taking the sum of £1,900,000, fixed by the Parliament of Charles the Second, as the basis of their plan, they decreed that in time of peace it should serve for a double use—to pay the expenses of the court and government, and the expenses of the public defence. **1694** William's costly war with France prevented this arrangement from taking effect ; but the idea of a fixed sum for the king's own expenses in governing and keeping house was never departed from. The public defence in its three great branches—navy, army, and ordnance—became a separate affair, controlled directly by the Commons, who received estimates of the proposed expenditure, and granted supplies accordingly. Too much stress cannot be laid on the importance of these votes, which placed the national purse in the hands of the national representatives.

The establishment of the Bank of England in 1694 by Act of Parliament is a great epoch in the monetary history of the country. William Paterson, probably a native of Dumfriesshire, originated the idea of founding such an institution, both with a view to accommodate the London merchants, whose business was fast extending, and to prevent the ministry from being forced to go so often into the city to raise sums at heavy interest. Beginning with a capital of £1,200,000, the bank undertook in 1696 to supply with its notes the place of all the clipped silver, which, at the suggestion of Halifax, was called in to be recoined in full weight at the Mint. The Bank of Scotland was only a year behind its elder sister of Threadneedle Street. To these financial improvements something at least of the marvellous success which gilded the arms of William

in 1695 may be traced. Luxembourg was dead—a blank that left the English king master of the field. The great operation of the year was the siege of Namur,* into which Marshal Boufflers threw himself. Vauban had directed the fortification of the place; Coehorn, Vauban's Dutch rival, directed the attack. Worn with sickness, and still bearing the scars of his great recent grief, William displayed surprising activity. When

the town gave way to the tremendous cannonade of
1695 the allied army, the brave Frenchmen shut themselves into the castle, to endure for nearly a month a storm of shot and shell unparalleled at that time in the annals of gunnery. During this interval Villeroi bombarded Brussels—all that he could do; and on the 5th of September, Boufflers, having signed articles of capitulation, marched his men out of Namur and off to Mons.

Jacobite plots of invasion—even of assassination—had been meanwhile sending out baleful shoots. Several conspirators were hanged at Tyburn for treason early in 1696. Sir John Fenwick, implicated in the scheme of intended murder, suffered the nobler death of decapitation on Tower Hill, after a Bill of Attainder had won its way through Parliament in the face of furious opposition.

The fall of Namur paved the way for the treaty of Ryswick,† which ended this eight years' war. The Earl of Portland (Bentinck) and Marshal Boufflers having arranged the preliminaries, the negotiations were completed at Ryswick,

where William had a country-house. No efforts of
 Sept. 20,
1697 James could get admission for his representative to the congress at which the treaty was framed. Like many other treaties of which we read in history, it decided little.

* *Namur*, a strong fortress at the junction of the Sambre and the Meuse, sixty-seven miles south-east of Brussels.

† *Ryswick*, a village of Holland, two miles south-east of the Hague. On the thanksgiving-day for the peace of Ryswick, St. Paul's Cathedral in London was first opened for public worship.

William's title to the English crown was formally acknowledged—the only return England got for the blood and money squandered in the war. Louis held his north-eastern frontier as before, and got a present of the important Rhenish town of Strasbourg. What should have bulked largest in the eyes of the assembled statesmen—the question of the Spanish Succession—was left entirely untouched.

An act of bitter injustice on the part of the English king towards Scotland almost rivals, though in another way, the atrocity of Glencoe. Paterson the banker, a keen and restless spirit, formed a design for colonizing the Isthmus of Darien as a central place of trade. Several leading Scotsmen took up the notion as a method of extending the very limited commerce of their native land, and an act was passed in the Scottish Parliament (June 1695), incorporating a “company trading to Africa and the Indies.” The full design was this:—Goods from India would come by ship to the Isthmus on the Pacific side, would be carried overland to the colony, and would there be shipped off to Glasgow. A canal, joining the Clyde and the Forth, would carry them to Leith, and thence a ready entrance would be found for these Eastern goods into the continent of Europe. In fancy, both the friends and the foes of the scheme saw Glasgow and Leith rising into splendour and wealth, like Genoa and Venice in the Middle Ages, as the streams of Indian wealth ran through their great bazaars. But envious eyes looked on the plan with alarm. The interests of the English and Dutch East India Companies must be protected, and therefore Darien must be crushed.

A capital of £400,000 having been raised in Scotland, three ships left Leith in July 1698 with twelve hundred hopeful hearts on board. In November they arrived **1698** at the settlement, which they called New Caledonia, and on which they formed the nucleus of two towns, to be named New Edinburgh and New St. Andrews. Paterson

himself was with them, but so was the demon of discord ; and the latter had full sway. When food ran low, and Jamaica, acting out the cruel English policy, refused assistance, the colonists lost heart, and fled by ship to New York. A few spectres stayed among the graves at Darien, to greet with a ghastly welcome the second batch of adventurers, who came out after awhile to the number of thirteen hundred. Reinforced by Captain Campbell, who transported a shipful of his tenants from the Highlands, they endured the attack of a Spanish expedition, by this time gathered in considerable force. There was little use, however, in fighting single-handed against such odds. The Scottish colony had no friends, except such as, far away and all but helpless, lay wrapped in golden dreams of its success. When the settlers capitulated, the Spaniards helped the wreck of many hopes to set sail
1699 from the land that had cost them so dear. Paterson came home, sick in body, mind, and heart, to wear his obscure life away in vain memorials to the king, displaying the vast importance of the Darien scheme.

The Declaration of Right, and the Bill of Rights, framed in the heat of the Revolution, had limited the succession to the descendants of Anne and of William, making no further provision for the settlement of the crown. As long as Anne's son lived this was well ; but when this boy, the Duke of Gloucester, died (July 30, 1700) in his eleventh year, it became necessary to make new arrangements. Accordingly the Act of Settlement was passed, giving the reversion of the crown to Sophia, Electress of Hanover and grand-daughter of James the First. This lady, certainly not next in succession, was preferred for her Protestantism. The people of England, whose act this
1701 change entirely was, overruled all notions of hereditary descent for the sake of fixing the national faith on a sure foundation. Several provisions, not contained in the Declaration of Right, were embodied in the Act of Settlement.

The substance of these provisions was :—That every one who wore the crown should be in communion with the Church of England : That the nation should not, without consent of Parliament, engage in a war to defend any territory not belonging to the English crown : That the sovereign should not, without consent of Parliament, go out of the British Islands : That no foreigner should be permitted to sit in the Privy Council, or in either House of Parliament, or to receive any grant from the crown : That no placeholder or pensioner should be a member of the Commons : That the judges should hold office for life or for good conduct at a fixed rate of salary, and should be removable only by both Houses of Parliament. Thus was the favourable conjuncture afforded by the changes of the Revolution taken advantage of by wise statesmen to fix firmly the key-stone of the Constitution.

William owed his throne, as England owed her bloodless Revolution, to the temper and firmness of the Whigs. It was natural, then, that much of the king's confidence should be given to the leaders of the popular party. Through the whole reign a keen and bitter strife raged. William found pleasure only in his gigantic schemes of war ; his close and frigid nature estranged many of those around his throne. The virulence of the political struggle may be viewed most clearly in the persecution to which John, Lord Somers, was subjected by the Opposition. His speech on the bishops' trial has already been mentioned. It was only one of a hundred great forensic triumphs, by means of which he won his way up the ladder of legal promotion, till he sat at last on the woolsack. As one of the movers in the Revolution, he had attracted William's confidence, which he never lost. But a time came when William, for reasons of state, found it necessary to deprive Somers of the Great Seal. The Tories, resolved to hurl him from his eminence, got up an impeachment against him for having affixed the Great Seal of England to blank negotiations for the parti-

tion of the Spanish monarchy.* He and Portland were accused of having advised William in the formation of the Two Treaties of Partition (1698-1699), and of having thus made themselves official accomplices in the affair. The motion for impeachment was carried in the Commons, but was set aside by the Lords. The Commons, in anger, then impeached also the Marquis of Halifax and the Earl of Orford (Admiral Russell); but when the Lords met in Westminster Hall to hear the impeachment, no accusers appeared, and the case collapsed.

After the treaty of Ryswick, the Parliament showed its jealousy of William, not only by reducing the army to seven thousand men, but even more clearly by sending out of the kingdom his Dutch Guards and the corps of Huguenots. To a soldier bent on the accomplishment of a darling scheme this was a severe blow. Nevertheless he nursed the hope of again taking the field, and through all his political troubles he clung to his favourite work of moulding the destinies of Western Europe. The Partition treaties secretly made with Louis for the breaking up of the vast possessions of Spain, whose king was then sick unto death, were part of this scheme. Louis, however, had been tricking the English king all the while; and when Charles of Spain died (Nov. 1, 1700), leaving his dominions to Philip of Anjou, the Grand Monarch flung the Partition parchments to the wind, and in his own superb way abolished the mountain barrier. "My child," said he to his grandson Anjou, "there are no longer any Pyrenees."

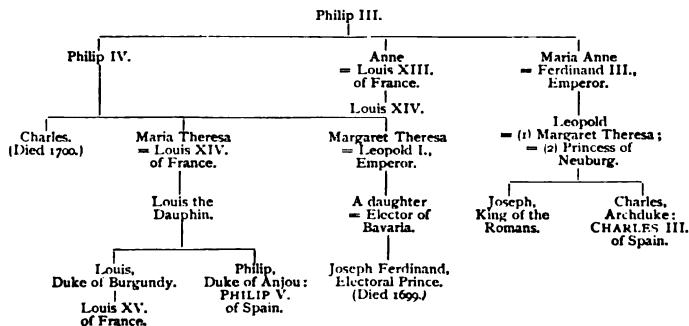
Now came William's time. He smelled the battle afar off, rejoicing with the keenest emotions of his proud soul. The Grand Alliance with Austria, Prussia, and Holland, and directed against France, was signed at the Hague, and Europe resounded with the din of gathering armies. Exiled James died at this crisis (Sept. 16, 1701), leaving to his son a shadowy crown, never fated to be real again. Louis, by acknowledging the

* *Spanish monarchy.* See next chapter.

Pretender under the title of James the Third, stung the English spirit into fierce anger. A very skilful use was made of this circumstance in a fine speech, the work of Somers, with which William opened the session of the last Parliament he saw. An earnest exhortation to unanimity in the face 1701 of so great insult and peril runs like a thread of gold through every part of this noble oration. William, however, was never more to take the field. His quick eye, skilful to catch the salient points or hidden powers in every man he met, had long ago detected Marlborough's military genius; and to Marlborough he left the accomplishment of the great work which had occupied the busiest and happiest hours of his life.

Falling from his horse on Saturday, February 21st, as he was riding to Hampton Court, he broke his right collar-bone. The fall seems also to have injured his lungs, which had long been decaying. The inflammation ensuing from this internal injury, by which a lung was ruptured, probably caused his death, which took place at Kensington on the 8th of 1702 March 1702. He was then aged fifty-two. A little ring, containing Mary's hair, was taken from beside the chilled heart, its black ribbon telling a pathetic tale of love that was stronger than death.

THE SPANISH SUCCESSION.



CHAPTER II.

THE GRAND ALLIANCE

Churchill's rise—The Spanish crown—War begins—Fortress work—March to the Danube—Blenheim—Gibraltar—Peterborough in Spain—Montjuich—Ramilies and Barcelona—Almanza—Oudenarde—Malplaquet—Surrender of Bouchain—Fall of Marlborough—Treaty of Utrecht.

IN spite of the Jacobite hopes that she would resign in favour of her brother, the Princess Anne became Queen of England on the death of her cousin William. The second daughter of fugitive James, and the wife of George, Prince of Denmark, she had now reached the age of thirty-eight. She was a sluggish woman, and was completely under the influence of the Marlboroughs—Earl and Countess. Her one fixed idea was that the security of her throne rested on the Tories, whom she loved and trusted accordingly. William had already recommended Marlborough as the only general in the kingdom competent to carry out his views as to the conduct of the impending war; and Anne's own attachment to "Mr. and Mrs. Freeman"—so she familiarly styled the pair, to whom she was plain "Mrs. Morley"—seconded William's wish that John Churchill should be the captain of the war.

Churchill came of a Cavalier family. His father was Sir Winston Churchill, a decayed baronet of Ashe in Devonshire, and there the future soldier was born (June 24, 1650). He went to court as a page, because his ugly sister had somehow attracted the fancy of the Duke of York (James the Second);

but that introduction would have availed little, unless his personal qualities had been what they were. His handsome face, his glib and sugared tongue, his ready sword, his undeniable military genius, which displayed itself at Tangier and in the Low Countries, won for him rapid promotion and a great name. Marshal Turenne, of whose school he was the aptest pupil, saw in the young English officer material for a great commander. Marrying the proud and wilful Sarah Jennings, whose beauty was notable in an age of beauties, he became closely attached to the York household, in which Sarah had already been the companion and bosom-friend of the Princess Anne. On the accession of James, the soldier was created Lord Churchill of Sandridge. He opposed Monmouth, since he saw that Monmouth's was a hopeless cause: he deserted to William when he saw that the House of Stuart was falling. For this defection he received the earldom of Marlborough; and, although William never liked the man, he was soldier enough to value so great a master in the art of war. Hence his dying charge to Anne. Calling himself a Tory, Marlborough was associated with cunning but unstable Godolphin, who now bore the Lord High Treasurer's staff. The Earl of Nottingham was Secretary of State.

The cloud of war which was about to break in desolation over Western Europe is known in history as the War of the Spanish Succession. Louis of France, as we have seen, claimed the throne of Spain for his grandson, Philip of Anjou,* with the title of Philip the Fifth. The House of Hapsburg put in a rival claim in the person of the Archduke Charles. The league against France embraced England, Holland, Savoy, Austria, Prussia, and Portugal; while the French king was backed by Spain and Bavaria.

The formal declaration of war took place on the 15th of May 1702, at London, Vienna, and the Hague. Marlborough, made

* See Genealogical Table, page 529.

captain-general of the allied forces, crossed to Holland and prepared for the first campaign. The English formed but
1702 a fraction of the force he had to wield ; and to make a good fighting-machine out of such discordant materials was no easy task. To add to his difficulties, Marlborough was hampered by the constant incubus of the field-deputies, who interfered with his movements, and at critical moments wasted golden chances in waiting for the slow-coming sanction of the States-General. He had also to learn his ground. The first campaign was therefore barren in dazzling glory. It was not, however, fruitless. One great advantage was gained by the reduction of the fortresses along the line of the Meuse, from Venloo to Lille, which left that river an open stream.

Two naval movements of the same year deserve our notice. Sir George Rooke in fifty ships had borne the Duke of Ormond with thirteen thousand men to the capture of Cadiz ; but Cadiz would not yield. Rather than go home empty-handed, the leaders, not on the best terms with each other, sailed away to Vigo,* where a crowd of galleons had taken shelter within the circle of some newly erected fortifications. The
1702 assault took place. The patched-up defences were stormed ; the boom which closed the entrance was forced. The Spaniards sank, burned, or carried off what they could ; but, in spite of all, about seven million dollars fell into the hands of the victors (October 12). Vice-Admiral Benbow—a name famed in naval song—also signalized the year by a gallant fight in the West Indian waters. With his right leg smashed by a chain-shot, he lay in his crib on the quarter-deck, giving his orders amid the roar of battle, till night fell upon the sea. The mutiny of his officers prevented him from destroying the French squadron he had been chasing for five days. He was obliged to retire to Jamaica, where he died ten weeks later (November 4).

* *Vigo*, a sea-port of Galicia, in the north-west of Spain.

The campaign of 1703 was meant by Louis to be final. A grand scheme for the capture of Vienna was formed; and Marshal Villars, piercing the Black Forest, joined the Elector of Bavaria on the Upper Danube and took Augsburg.

But as the Duke of Vendome failed to reinforce them **1703** from Italy, as had been expected, the plan languished into nothing. Marlborough spent the summer in reducing Bonn, Huy, Limburg, and other places of secondary importance.

Anxious to find some more stirring work for his men than watching the French, Marlborough resolved, as soon as spring allowed him to move, to make a sudden dash on the Upper Danube, where the French and Bavarian armies had so nearly turned the scale of war. Leaving Auverquerque **1704** with the Dutch troops to guard the frontiers of the Low Countries, he started on his perilous march on May 10th. The French guessed in vain where the coming blow was likely to fall. Passing Coblenz and Mentz, and delaying only when his troops needed to snatch a little rest, he burst upon the banks of the Danube before any preparations could be made to resist him. There he met Prince Eugene of Savoy, who had been already winning laurels in Italy. On July 2, he drove the French and Bavarians from their intrenchments, inflicting on them a terrible loss, especially in officers. But this was only the prelude to another and more glorious victory—the great fight of Blenheim.*

Marshal Tallard having by forced marches from the Rhine managed to join the Elector of Bavaria at Augsburg, the advantage seemed for the time to lie on the French side; for a skilful general could easily have separated Eugene from Marlborough, and have beaten them in succession. But Tallard was not quick enough to seize the chance. Between Blenheim and Lutzingen the French army formed a camp; and Marl-

* *Blenheim*, a village of West Bavaria on the Danube, thirty-three miles north-east of Ulm.

borough promptly resolved to give battle, while they were yet in an unsettled state. Moving towards their position with a host of fifty-two thousand men and fifty-two cannon, he clearly displayed his intention on the morning of Sunday the 13th of August. The Elector of Bavaria and Marshal Marsin commanded on the French left, where they were opposed by Prince Eugene; Tallard at Blenheim held the right, opposite to Marlborough. Round that village, which was hastily fortified with palisades and felled timber, the fury of the battle began to rage. Through the chinks in the stockade French muskets sent their leaden death in showers on the advancing stormers; but the English struggled on over fallen comrades to stab the shooters through the loopholes. In vain Lord Cutts launched horse and foot against this rock in a fiery sea. Having no cannon to support him, he fell back. Then came the grand decisive movement of the day. Marlborough's eagle eye had detected a flaw;

Aug. 13, his quick genius had struck out a plan which gave the
1704 battle to his hand. Noting the wide space between the wings of the hostile army, he made a swift movement which put the French cavalry to flight and placed him between Tallard and the elector. This decided the conflict. Tallard was taken prisoner; the elector retreated upon Dillingen. The gallant defenders of the village of Blenheim, to the number of twelve thousand, having failed to effect their escape, were forced to make an unconditional surrender. The loss of the defeated cannot have been less than thirty-five thousand men; Marlborough lost about twelve thousand. Marlborough, fêted and congratulated, received the rich manor of Woodstock, and a gorgeous palace called Blenheim House.

The same year witnessed one of the most important achievements of the war—the capture of Gibraltar by the
1704 British fleet under Admiral Rooke and Sir Cloudesley Shovel, aided by a body of Hessian troops. While the fleet was cruising aimlessly about the entrance to the Mediter-

anean, it was suddenly resolved to attack the rock-fortress. On July 21st, the Spanish garrison was startled by the appearance of a great array of Dutch and English war-ships in the bay. Next day the Hessians landed on the isthmus between the rock and the mainland, and summoned the garrison to surrender. The governor refused. On the 23rd the ships opened fire, and rained shot and shell on the town for six hours with scarcely a pause. Then a storming party landed and captured the seaward works—the Old Mole and the New Mole; a



flag of truce was hung out, and the isthmus gate was opened to the Prince of Hesse and his marines. The victors lost only three officers and fifty-seven men. Scarcely ever has so great a capture been made with so little preparation and so slight a loss of life. Gibraltar has remained a British possession ever since.

In May 1705, Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough, most restless and impetuous of soldiers, arrived in Spain with five thousand men to conduct the war. Late in August the siege of Barcelona began. It seemed a hopeless task to reduce a walled city, filled with an army, and protected by the sea in front and by the frowning ramparts of Montjuich behind. Little or nothing but bickering occupied the besiegers for three weeks, and then Peterborough sent the cannon on board, declaring his intention of raising the siege. The *ruse* succeeded, deceiving even his own impracticable allies. The bells of Barcelona rang for joy. That night (Sept. 16) two thin lines of soldiers stole by unfrequented paths to the foot of the works at Montjuich. At dawn out came the guard; and in with a rush went the turned current, mingled with a hostile stream.

The struggle was severe. The Prince of Hesse was shot. Stanhope came up with the reserve, and then Montjuich fell. Barcelona surrendered on the 4th of October.

Then came a year glorious in both theatres of war. In the one, Marlborough won the laurels of Ramilies;* in the other, Peterborough occupied Madrid. Marshal Villeroi, presumptuously bent on taking vengeance for Blenheim, moved his army into South Brabant and challenged Marlborough to battle. In three hours and a half Marlborough beat his rash opponent

from every position he had taken, and then proceeded
May 23,
1706 to sweep the French out of the Netherlands. The

richest and strongest cities, including Brussels, Antwerp, Ghent, and Bruges, submitted at once; Ostend, Dendermond, and other places, made feeble and futile struggles.

The history of 1706 in Spain was of the most varied kind. The success of Mordaunt at Barcelona had almost paralyzed the Bourbon hopes in the Peninsula. Then with characteristic dash Peterborough climbed the winter mountains lying between him and Valencia. Occupying this favourite city (Feb. 4, 1706), he made it the centre of several fiery raids. While he was thus engaged, a cloud darkened on Barcelona. It was attacked by land and by sea. Taking three thousand men, Peterborough rushed to the rescue. But he had too much sense to fling his little band on the lines of a huge army. He adopted the guerilla style of war, until he knew that British ships under Sir John Leake had arrived; and then, slipping out from shore in a small open boat, he boarded the squadron. The French admiral had only time to run. Barcelona was saved. This success set the Earl of Galway in motion. Leaving the Portuguese frontier, he passed by way of Ciudad Rodrigo and Salamanca, which submitted to him, on to Madrid, from which Philip fled to Burgos. The occupation of Madrid by the soldiers of the Archduke Charles laid Spain for a time at the

* *Ramilies*, a Belgian village in South Brabant, twenty-six miles south-east of Brussels.

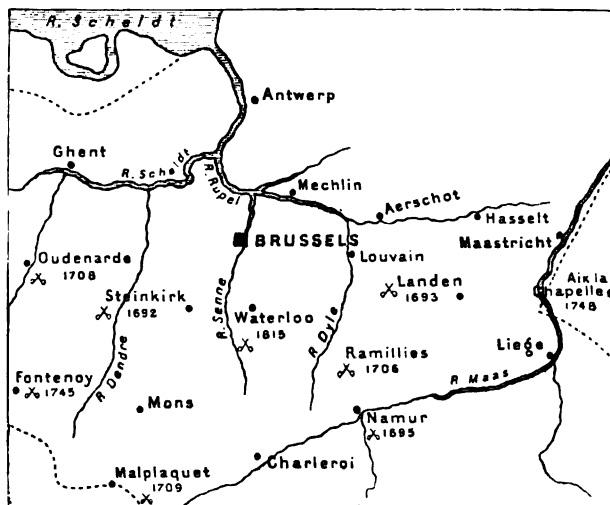
feet of the Austrian interest. Almost at once, a rapid reaction set in. Little villages contributed bags of *pistoles* to the cause of the Bourbon king. As if the fields had been sprinkled with dragons' teeth, an armed peasantry rose from hedge and furrow. When Peterborough saw this change, he proposed some decisive measures; but the archduke was either too lazy or too timid to adopt his counsels. A concentration of the allied army at Guadalaxara took place too late to be of any use. Galway had been forced to leave Madrid, and the star of Bourbon rose again. Nettled by contact with stupidity and sloth, Peterborough flung down his sword and went off in dudgeon to Italy, and then, with never a check, the wheels ran backward.

The battle of Almanza* and the siege of Lerida† decided the issue of the war in Spain. Galway, a mere mechanical soldier, and Das Minas, a Portuguese general of similar stamp, met the Duke of Berwick, who had undoubted martial genius, on the plain of Almanza (April 25). Nobly the allied infantry did their work on that bloody day, standing like a living rock amid the roar and surge of battle. But the valour of the troops could not compensate for the stupidity of their **1707** leaders. The army was torn to fragments. In spite of famine, Berwick struggled over the Ebro by the following June; nor was it until October that he found himself able to begin the siege of Lerida. It fell, amid the usual horrors of storm and sack; and with its fall the shadowy crown of Spain vanished from the brow of the Hapsburg. Yet the Spanish war still lingered, side by side with that in the Low Countries.

In the Netherlands the campaign of 1707 passed with scarcely a single affair of note. For this inactivity, however, Marlborough made up in 1708. It was the year of Oudenarde and the famous passage of the Scheldt. With the support of two splendid soldiers like Marlborough and Eugene, who acted

* *Almanza*, a town in Murcia, ninety-three miles north-west of Carthagena.

† *Lerida* (anciently *Ilerda*), a town on the Segre, in the province of Catalonia in Spain.



together in complete harmony, the archduke might well defy the Grand Monarch of Versailles. At first the French had a slight run of success, winning Ghent, Bruges, and Ypres. But at Oudenarde* they met a check which flung them back indeed (July 11). Two men were present that day, on different sides, whose names shall clash again in years to come. James the Pretender shared the dangers of the fight from the safe elevation of a village steeple: Prince George of Hanover rode through the battle smoke at the head of the German horse. Crossing the Scheldt, over which a great crowd of fugitives had gone streaming in five diverging lines, the victors advanced to Lille, a fortress clad in Vauban's masonry. City and castle fell, not without heavy cost of blood; and then Marlborough held the key of Northern France.

General Stanhope, the successor of Galway in the Peninsula, remained languid and starving in Catalonia, until the capture

* Oudenarde, a Belgian village on the Scheldt, thirty-three miles west of Brussels.

of Sardinia by Admiral Leake encouraged him to seek some island laurels too. Minorca lay temptingly near. Leake's ships were at hand. Together the soldier and the sailor invested St. Philip, took Port Mahon, and planted the English banner on the conquered island.

Marlborough followed the campaign of Oudenarde with the red field of Malplaquet.* Indignant at the shuffling of Louis, Eugene and his greater English ally faced the united forces of Villars and Boufflers at that place, and drove them after a long day of battle in splintered fragments back 1709 on the forest of Ardennes, whose shelter proved most friendly and opportune (Sept. 11). The victory was disastrous, for the conquerors lost twice as many men as the conquered. Some futile negotiations between the Hague and Versailles followed this terrible battle.

Marlborough, working at his grand scheme of striking the heart of France through her north-eastern frontier, moved with Eugene upon Douay, which Marshal Villars could not save. It capitulated in June 1710. Falling back, Villars employed himself in the construction of lines which 1710 he thought would certainly check the great English soldier. In this he was mistaken. Marlborough outgeneralled the boastful Frenchman, forced the *ne plus ultra* at Arleux, losing not a single soldier, and then sat down to besiege Bouchain.† In twenty days the fortress was in his hands.

Marlborough's enemies had undermined his reputation and his position at home. He was charged with appropriating public money, in the shape of percentages on army contracts and on foreign subsidies. While defending himself in the House of Lords, he persistently denounced the proposals for peace. He formed a strong coalition in the Upper House which gave the ministry great trouble. To counteract this

* *Malplaquet*, a town of Hainault in France, close to the frontier of Belgium.

† *Bouchain*, a town in the French department of Nord, on the Escaut, eleven miles south-west of Valenciennes.

opposition, Marlborough was dismissed from all his employments; and Harley created twelve new peers, and thus secured a permanent majority of the House in favour of his policy. The step marks an era in our constitutional history. The

1711 Revolution had placed the Parliament above the king, but neither House of Parliament could claim to be above the other. Harley's creation of peers gave the supremacy once for all to the Lower House. Nothing that the Lords could do could alter the relation of parties in the Commons. Here was a perfectly constitutional plan, whereby the ministry for the time being, which had the confidence of the majority of the Commons, could at once alter the relation of parties in the House of Lords. On subsequent occasions—for example, during the Reform Bill struggle—it has been enough for the ministry to threaten this measure, and the Lords have at once given way. Thus the ascendancy of the Commons was established. Marlborough retired to the Continent, and remained there till the death of the queen.

The Treaty of Utrecht* closed this long and bloody struggle.

Mar. 31, 1713 After much bickering and *finesse*, the articles of the treaty were agreed on. A separate treaty, signed at Rastadt in the following year, made peace between Austria and France. The terms of the treaty of Utrecht most nearly affecting England were the following:—

1. Louis recognized the succession of the House of Hanover, engaging to give neither shelter nor help to the Pretender.
2. The batteries of Dunkirk were to be destroyed, and its harbour filled up.
3. Britain was to retain Hudson Bay and Strait, the peninsula of Nova Scotia, and the islands of St. Christopher and Newfoundland.
4. She was also to keep Gibraltar and Minorca.

* *Utrecht*, the capital of the Dutch province which bears the same name, lies where the Old Rhine and the Vecht separate, twenty-two miles south-east of Amsterdam.

CHAPTER III.

THE SCOTTISH UNION.

A growing idea—Act of Security—The Commission—Outcry in Scotland—
Bribing—The treaty signed—Its leading articles.

A GREAT idea, broached so far back as the first decade of the seventeenth century and revived on several later occasions, realized itself in the fifth year of Queen Anne's reign. This was the memorable Union of the English and Scottish Parliaments. Not easily did the Rose and the Thistle forget their ancient feuds—feuds the more lasting and bitter from the close neighbourhood and intimate kinship of the two peoples.

After his subjugation of Scotland, Cromwell had established a system of free trade between the two countries, and had granted privileges to the Scottish merchants which caused commerce to thrive. In commerce that spirit of enterprise which is inseparable from the Scottish character found a new and very hopeful outlet. Under Charles the Second the jealousy of England began to look witheringly on these promising buds. Navigation laws and prohibitory duties impeded the Scottish traders sorely, and they cried in vain for redress. A mock conference, held in 1667, did nothing but perceive the need of a union. When in 1689 the Revolution opened the way for a settlement, no question was more keenly scanned than that of a complete union between the sister lands. The time, however,

was not yet ripe. The blood of Glencoe and the graves of Darien had taught Scotland what she had to look for, apart from the stronger south, and also served to exasperate her into a highly inflammable state.

The temper of the Scottish nation was shown in 1704 by the Act of Security, which declared that in the event of the queen's death without issue, the Estates should appoint a successor of the royal line and a Protestant, but that this should not be the person succeeding to the English crown, unless during Anne's reign the honour and independence of the kingdom, the authority of Parliament, and the religion, trade, and liberty of the nation were secured against the encroachments or the impediments of English influence. The English Parliament retaliated with a counter Act of Security, in which the Scots were declared to be aliens, and the importation of Scottish sheep and cattle, coal and linen, was forbidden.

Under such circumstances the ministry of Anne resolved that Articles of Union should be drawn up by commissioners chosen from both countries (1705). At the Cockpit in Westminster the sittings opened on April 16, 1706, thirty-
1706 one members representing each kingdom. They toiled at the great work of peace-making till the 22nd of July—Daniel Defoe, afterwards author of *Robinson Crusoe*, acting as their secretary. When the articles were completed, it became necessary to lay them before the two Parliaments. Upon Godolphin's recommendation, Defoe went to Edinburgh to aid in conducting the negotiations there—a mission which supplied him with material for his *History of the Union*.

Opening the Scottish Parliament on the 3rd of October by reading a letter from Queen Anne in favour of the union, the Duke of Queensberry, who acted as Lord High Commissioner, spoke weightily on the same side. Chancellor Seafield followed. Both stated distinctly that there was no intention on the part of England to meddle in the least with the Presbyterian system

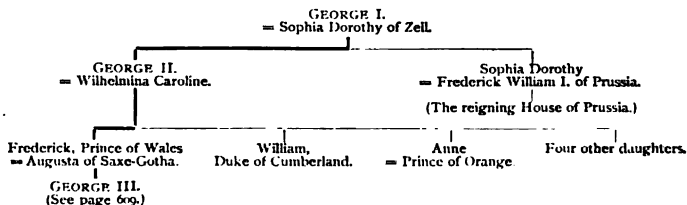
so dear to the nation. In spite of this assurance the spirit of the people revolted at the thought of union. Riotous mobs filled the streets of Edinburgh with noise and terror. But beneath the surface of affairs a continuous sapping wore away the strength of the opposition. Gold from Queensberry's hand found its way into many Scottish pouches, as the price of union votes. Many votes which gold could not buy were given by Jacobites, who hoped that the union would breed a rebellious spirit, favourable to the hopes of the king that was over the water. A letter from St. Germain's, written in this spirit, induced the Duke of Hamilton, the leader of the Jacobite faction, to withdraw his opposition to the measure. Presbyterianism being then secured as the national form of church government, the act which sealed this great treaty was passed in the Scottish Parliament on January 16 Jan. 16,
1707 by a majority of 41 votes (110 for, 69 against). On the 25th of the following March the last Scottish Parliament was dissolved by a speech from the victorious Queensberry.

When the treaty came to be debated in the English Parliament, many voices were raised against this "marriage without consent of parties." The Tories cried out that there could never be any peace between two rival Established Churches. Some of the Lords objected to fixing the land-tax on Scotland at the low sum of £48,000, without respect to the probable increase of her national wealth. Opposition, however, died away. The weaker party yielded, as they had Mar. 4 already done in the north; and Queen Anne, by her royal assent, completed the stroke of statesmanship which gives the brightest lustre to her reign.

After stating that on the 1st of May 1707 the island should form the United Kingdom of Great Britain, represented by a single Parliament, the treaty goes on to repeat the arrangements of the Act of Settlement regarding the succession. In respect of commerce and navigation, the two countries were

placed on an equal footing. The excise and customs were similarly arranged. The coins, weights, and measures of both countries were to follow a uniform standard. The Presbyterian and Episcopal systems were confirmed in their respective lands, as national establishments. Scotland was to retain her Court of Session and Justiciary, was to have a special seal for private rights and grants, was to send sixteen peers and forty-five commoners to the Imperial Parliament, and was to protect by unaltered laws all hereditary offices, superiorities, jurisdictions, and offices for life. The taxation of North Britain formed the subject of special conditions. One of these enacted that, when the Imperial Parliament should raise £2,000,000 as a land-tax, Scotland was to contribute only £48,000 of that sum. For the purpose of reconciling the people of Scotland to the heavier taxation into which they were required to plunge at once, before any commercial benefits could accrue, a sum called the *Equivalent* was to be spent in Scotland, in the payment of arrears and in compensation for losses at Darien and elsewhere.

HOUSE OF BRUNSWICK.



CHAPTER IV.

THE WHIG AND TORY CONTEST.

Nature of the struggle—The Occasional Conformity Bill—The Whig junto
—Abigail Hill—Trial of Sacheverell—Fall of the Whigs—Marlborough
—Accession of George the First.

HALLAM sums up the essential difference between those two great parties in this comprehensive sentence: "Though both admitted a common principle—the maintenance of the constitution—yet this (the Whig) made the privileges of the subject, that (the Tory) the crown's prerogative, his peculiar care." It must not be forgotten, however, that the names have been loosely used at various times in our history.

Anne had undoubtedly strong Tory leanings, and began her reign with a ministry which she and others called a Tory one. Of this Marlborough and Godolphin were the leading members—the former wielding the national sword; the latter, as Lord High Treasurer, controlling the finances. The helm of the state was in reality held by the Duchess of Marlborough. Queen Anne obeyed every beck of "Mrs. Freeman."

From her accession to the year 1708 the ministry of Anne was mixed, being mainly Whiggish, but with some of the Tory leaders in it too. Marlborough and Godolphin veered round in no long time, and showed the Whig colours peeping under a vanishing cloak of Toryism. The splendid success of the war floated them up and gave them for a time the ascendancy over their political opponents. From 1708 to 1710 a pure Whig

ministry held sway, the Tory members being driven out by a combination to be noticed presently. Then came a crash. Whigs went down : Tories stepped into place and power over the ruins of their fall. Marlborough, last of a once omnipotent band, clung to office for a year or two, until, stripped of command and branded with a shameful accusation, he was forced, as we have seen, to hide his diminished head abroad. Faction between rival chiefs broke the strength of the Tory triumph before Anne's death. Such were the leading features in this conflict, probably the fiercest bout in the great struggle which is always going on between the rival forces of order and of change.

Raising a cry of danger to the National Church, the Tories struck a series of heavy blows at the principle of toleration by their repeated efforts to pass the Occasional Conformity Bill. First introduced in 1703, it was three times floated through the Commons, only to be swamped by adverse storms in the Lords. It proposed that all who took the sacrament and test as qualifications for office, and who afterwards went to the meetings of dissenters, or any meeting for religious worship not according with the Liturgy or the practice of the Church of England, were to be heavily fined, and dismissed from their offices. The infidel St. John was the principal promoter of this bill, which did not pass till 1711, after the fall of the Whig ministry.

The most brilliant and powerful pens of the day fought on the Whig side, where we find Addison, Steele, Defoe, and for some time Swift. There was then no newspaper-press to influence the public mind ; but in the pamphlets and lampoons, which poured from the booksellers' shops in great numbers, there was a political engine of which the contending statesmen made the fullest use.

It has been said that the cabinet became purely Whig in 1708. That was owing to the exertions of a junto composed

of five Whig peers—Somers, Halifax, Wharton, Orford, and Sunderland—who, forcing themselves into office, ousted from the cabinet Harley and St. John, the most active and powerful of the Tories. Then for two years Whiggery ruled supreme. But a fall was at hand.

Abigail Hill, the daughter of a bankrupt merchant and a cousin of the Duchess of Marlborough, had crept by cunning and courteous ways into the position of waiting-woman to Queen Anne. She was a thorough Tory, and professed the highest of High Church principles. That endeared her much to Anne, who had never been anything but a Tory at heart. Marrying in 1707 the son of Sir Francis Masham, Abigail broke with the Duchess of Marlborough, of whose imperious temper the queen was heartily tired. The duchess was furious on the discovery of her cousin's private marriage, which the queen had honoured with her presence, and was still more furious when she found that Abigail had supplanted her in Anne's confidence and favour. Through Abigail Hill, Harley, who was her cousin, made interest at court, to be turned to good account in the future. Thus the political destinies of England, with all that hung on them, lay narrowed into the compass of a quarrel between women. Day by day Mrs. Masham's influence increased, and the queen longed for the time when she would be able to snap for ever the Marlborough chains which she had once been used to kiss and fondle. Even the dismissal of Harley, which Marlborough and Godolphin had forced on by staying away from the meetings of council, proved to be only a temporary check to the rising of the Tory star. The Sacheverell prosecution gave them the final victory.

The rector of St. Saviour's, Southwark—Dr. Henry Sacheverell—preached two violent sermons in 1709; the one (August 15th) at the Derby Assizes, the other (November 5th, Guy Fawkes's Day) at St. Paul's, before the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London. On the text, "Perils from false brethren,"

he grounded a series of abusive and libellous statements concerning the government and the prelates. Godolphin was singled out under the nickname of Volpone. The **1709** bishops who wished for toleration were branded as traitors to the church. The Revolution was an unrighteous change and an unpardonable offence. The doctrines of passive obedience and non-resistance should form part of every good man's creed. "The Church of England, the Church of Christ, was in deadly peril, making it necessary for her defenders at once to assume the whole armour of God." Two of the aldermen who listened to this tirade perceived its drift, and called out for the prosecution of the preacher. The Whigs resolved to make an example of the daring demagogue. In vain Somers lifted his calm judicial voice, advising a passionless consideration of the case. Marlborough, Sunderland his son-in-law, and Godolphin pressed angrily on with the preparations for impeachment.

Before the assembled Lords in Westminster Hall the trial opened on the 27th of February 1710. The doctor stood at the bar, attended by two clergymen, Smalridge and Atter-
1710 bury, both, especially the last, of a higher stamp than himself. The proceedings opened with the reading of the charges, which stated the obnoxious points of the sermons. Most notable among the managers of the impeachment, who occupied a raised dais, was Mr. Robert Walpole, who had joined the Whig ministry two years before as Secretary at War, and whose speech was now marked with unusual point and force. After his counsel had spoken, Sacheverell read a well-concocted defence, with which the pen of Francis Atterbury is said to have had something to do. From Westminster Hall to the Temple, where he lodged, the culprit was escorted in his chair every evening by crowds of idle and dissolute fellows, yelling at the top of their voices in his honour. The windows were lined with Tory fashionables, and the

doctor's neck was sorely strained by the numberless bows he lavished as he went. Tired of huzzas, the mob proceeded to action, emptied the dissenting chapels for materials to make bonfires, and lighted up all London with the glare of broken pews and pulpits. So passed the night of the 28th, until the Guards were ordered out, and the riot was quelled. The queen, who had her box, from within the curtains of which she witnessed the trial, could hardly get along the streets for the shouting crowds, hoarsely hoping that she was for the doctor. After three weeks had gone by, the Lords found Sacheverell guilty by sixty-eight votes to fifty-two; and he received sentence at the bar from Lord Chancellor Cowper, who ordered that he should be suspended from preaching for three years, and that his two obnoxious sermons should be burned before the Royal Exchange in presence of the Lord Mayor and sheriffs (March 23). Sacheverell made the most of his triumph, for as such his party looked upon a sentence so slight. Oxford became spasmodic in acknowledgment of her darling son's display of Toryism. Then Sacheverell began to travel and to dine with corporations and other public bodies. At last the hot fire burned itself out. To the doctor himself came, what he chiefly prized, preferment and notoriety: to the Whig ministry, disgrace, and consequent triumph to the Tories.

The new ministry was formed in August. Harley was made Chancellor of the Exchequer, and St. John Secretary of State, while Lord Somers yielded the Presidency of the Council to Rochester, and Cowper the Great Seal to Simon Harcourt. Already Sunderland had retired in favour of Dartmouth, and Godolphin had broken his treasurer's staff. How Marlborough remained, fluttering in an unfriendly gale, like the last rag of one of his own banners—how the Tories flung him finally aside and made the dubious treaty of Utrecht—how Abigail's cousin, Harley, after having escaped the knife of a French assassin, became Earl of Oxford, and the libertine St. John turned into

Viscount Bolingbroke—how jealousy arose between the rival statesmen when they had become rival peers—and how Queen Anne sided with the wilier and abler of the two, need not here be told in detail. The victory for the present rested with the Tory faction.

A short time before the death of Anne, a furious scolding-match took place in her private room between two persons who had helped each other up the ladder of distinction. Lady Masham and the Earl of Oxford bitterly reproached each other; and the dispute ended with a demand from the queen for

Oxford's white staff—the badge of his treasurership.
1714 Anne died of apoplexy on the 1st of August 1714.

The Whigs lost no time before sending off a special messenger for Elector George, and concentrating troops enough around London to meet any Jacobite stir that might arise. When the German prince, who had passed middle age, landed at Greenwich (September 18), he showed unmistakable signs of a preference for the Whigs. Marlborough, Sunderland, Somers, were greeted with smiles, while Ormond and Oxford were snubbed, and Bolingbroke was already bewailing the loss of office. The Earl of Halifax became First Lord of the Treasury; but the real head of the government was Lord Townshend: Marlborough once more commanded the forces. These forces were then receiving their pay from a minister of minor note, who soon became a power in the land. His name was Robert Walpole.

CHAPTER V.

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

Rise of Walpole—The Fifteen—Septennial Act—Swedish difficulty—Alberoni—Byng at Passaro—Glenshiel—The Peerage Bill—South Sea Scheme—Walpole's policy—Atterbury—Death of George the First—Townshend resigns.

THE domineering, illiterate statesman, who by force of will, directed by a penetrating knowledge of mankind, managed to make himself the ruler of England during the greater part of the reigns of the first and the second George, was born in 1676 at the manor of Houghton in Norfolk, where his ancestors had long resided. Massingham, Eton, and King's College, Cambridge, combined to give him the little book-learning he possessed. He could quote Horace a little, but knew almost nothing of history. Knowing men, however, and being prompt in resolve and action, he held his ground marvellously in the face of an opposition which combined strength and brilliance in a very uncommon degree.

In 1700 he got a wife, an estate, and a seat in Parliament—the two latter by his father's death. The member for Castle Rising displayed so much aptitude for business, and became in time so skilful a debater on the Whig side, that Godolphin and Marlborough welcomed him to their ranks as a most important ally. In 1705 he was made one of the council to Prince George, the Lord High Admiral. Three years later, when a Whig government was formed, Walpole was selected to be

Secretary at War—an office in performing the duties of which he was obliged to steer warily among the shifting tempers of an imperious duchess and a sullen queen. Having acted as one of the managers at the trial of Sacheverell, he went out with the falling Whigs, and lifted so powerful a voice in defence of his party that he was marked for vengeance. A charge of corruption and breach of trust as Secretary at War caused his committal to the Tower and his expulsion from the House. Writing in his cell a complete vindication of his conduct, he still sent shot into the enemy's ranks; and when on his release he re-entered the House as member for Lynn, his fire grew hotter still. In this position we find him at the death of Anne.

When George the First formed the Whig ministry on his accession, he selected his two secretaries from the second-rate men of that party. Viscount Townshend, whose wife Dorothy was Walpole's sister, was the one; General James Stanhope, the unsuccessful successor of Peterborough in Spain, was the other secretary. Walpole, beginning his connection with this ministry as Paymaster of the Forces, soon raised himself by his talents in debate to be leader of his party in the Commons.

The new Parliament, meeting March 15th, 1715, proceeded to impeach the three leaders of the fallen party—Bolingbroke, Oxford, and Ormond—for intriguing with the French court and the royal exiles. Bolingbroke, having attended
1715 Drury Lane Theatre and bespoken a play for the following night, fled to Dover in a servant's dress, and crossed to France. Oxford and Ormond resolved to meet the storm; but when the report of the Secret Committee, of which Walpole was chairman, was read in the House, Ormond was so appalled that he secretly followed in the track of Bolingbroke. Visiting Oxford in the Tower before leaving, he tried in vain to move that fallen statesman to attempt an escape. "Farewell, then," said he, "Oxford without a head." To which

unshaken Oxford answered, "Farewell, duke without a duchy." Ormond never returned to live in England.

When the impeachment of Oxford came before the Lords (July 9th, 1715), no decision could be made as to whether the charges amounted to high treason. Oxford, therefore, was remanded to the Tower, where he lay for nearly two years. His public career was over. On his own pressing petition the trial was resumed in 1717; but no prosecutors from the Commons entered Westminster Hall on the day appointed. The Commons dropped the impeachment for ever, and the acquitted earl retired into private life.

The Jacobite spirit, smouldering under the surface of English society, broke out in riot and destruction in several parts of the country. Staffordshire was red-hot with sedition. So menacing and wanton did the mobs become, that an old temporary statute of Mary and Elizabeth was revived and made lasting. This was the Riot Act, which provides, "that if any **1715** twelve persons are unlawfully assembled to the disturbance of the peace, and any one justice shall think proper to command them by proclamation to disperse; if they contemn his orders, and continue together for one hour afterwards, such contempt shall be felony without benefit of clergy."

In the autumn of the year Jacobitism blazed into actual rebellion. That unfortunate series of enterprises, curtly styled "the 'Fifteen" from the year of their occurrence, alarmed the newly-established Hanoverian monarch. Bolingbroke, soon after his arrival at Paris, received the empty honour of being appointed Secretary of State to the Pretender James. Matters were beginning to look somewhat bright on the Jacobite horizon, when Ormond, on whom James had depended mainly for the seizure of the southern English counties, and who had landed in Devonshire, slunk back to France in a little sloop. This and

* From this point onward, the names of the Prime Ministers are given on the right hand pages.

the death of Louis cast heavy clouds on the schemes of invasion. There were two distinct movements, which it is necessary to review separately: first, there was the rising in Scotland under the Earl of Mar; secondly, the rising in the Border counties under Kenmure and Forster.

Sailing from London to Fife, Mar, who had been previously at George's levee, made his way to the deer-forests of Aberdeenshire. On the 6th of September, at Kirkmichael in Braemar, sixty claymores gathered round the uplifted standard of the Stuart, and soon the white cockade blossomed in several thousand bonnets. Aberdeen, Dundee, Perth—nearly every place of note north of the Tay—declared for the rebels. A scheme had been formed for scaling the castle rock of Edinburgh with the help of confederates in the garrison. If the Jacobites had succeeded in that plot, the beacons blazing northward from hill to hill would have brought Mar down like a thunderbolt on the fair city by the Forth. But a lady disclosed the secret to the Lord-Justice-Clerk, and the garrison was warned before the climbers came. The Duke of Argyle then took the command in Scotland, Stanhope directing the general preparations for meeting the dangerous crisis. On the 28th of September, Mar with five thousand claymores entered Perth, and might, had he pushed southward, have swept the scanty forces of the English beyond the Cheviots. But he lingered at Perth, waiting for something to happen in England; while Argyle collected troops from Ireland and other places to swell his army at Stirling.

Mar did not move from Perth until the 10th of November. With nearly ten thousand men, not unlike Falstaff's celebrated corps in appearance though not in spirit, he pushed on through Auchterarder to Ardoch. Argyle marched out to Dunblane.

Nov. 13,
1715 On Sheriffmuir, three miles distant, the armies met in battle on November 13th. Great was the tossing up of bonnets and loud was the Highland cheering in the weary ranks of Mar, when the resolve to fight was announced.

The battle began by a discharge of muskets from the left wing of the rebel army. Argyle, despatching a squadron of cavalry over a frozen swamp on his right, fell on this motley mass of musketeers with a double rush of horse. Ten times did the fragments of the gallant Highland array reunite and strive to stand, as the sweeping flood of dragoons bore them back; but all in vain. The left wing of the rebel army was completely broken. Singularly enough, what a brilliant cavalry charge had thus achieved was repeated in reverse order on the other side of the field. There Mar and his claymores, undismayed by the sharp English fusillade, had scattered the left wing of the royal army. The two victorious right wings reached Sheriffmuir so exhausted by pursuit that they did not renew the fight. While Argyle awaited the attack in a position of some strength, the sound of Mar's bagpipes, growing fainter and fainter, told him that the field was abandoned to him.

The English outburst of Jacobitism was trampled out at Preston on the very day of Sheriffmuir. Vigorous measures on the part of the government had prevented the flame from breaking out anywhere but in the north. Forster, a Protestant member of Parliament, aided by the Earl of Derwentwater, a young Catholic nobleman, collected a few rebels at Greenrigg, on the top of a hill in Northumberland. At Warkworth, Lord Widdrington joined them; and when they reached Morpeth, their numbers had swelled to three hundred, all horsemen. Lord Kenmure meanwhile had risen on the Scot-



tish side of the Border, and had attracted to his ranks the Earls of Nithsdale, Wintoun, and Carnwath. This band of dalesmen, amounting to three hundred horse, passed the Cheviots to join "the handful of Northumbrian fox-hunters" at Rothbury. There soon came a third accession of force. Brigadier Mac-Intosh, sent by Mar over the Firth of Forth to threaten Argyle in the rear, made his way across the Lammermoors to Kelso, where he effected a junction with Forster and Kenmure, who had marched northward to meet him. The united force now amounted to about two thousand men; but it contained varieties of metal that never could amalgamate. The Highlanders would not leave Scotland; the northern English would not stay there. After marching in an aimless way along the north slope of the Cheviots, they lost five hundred Highlanders by desertion near the Solway Firth. The rest entered England and pushed down to Penrith, to Kendal, to Preston, where a mob of people, with scarcely one weapon to a dozen, joined them. But a couple of old soldiers—Peninsular veterans—were in the track of these warlike amateurs. General Carpenter was following them from the north; General Wills was moving up from Manchester. Neglecting the defence of the bridge over the Ribble, Forster merely threw up some barricades in the streets. Wills, attacking these, met a hot fire, which caused him to withdraw at nightfall; but the arrival of Carpenter with some cavalry struck so great a panic into Forster's heart, that he offered to surrender. There was then nothing for the brave chieftains who fought under his command but to succumb. Eight lords—Derwentwater, Widdrington, Nithsdale, Wintoun, Carnwath, Kenmure, Nairn, and Charles Murray—were at the head of the fourteen hundred men taken in this ignominious way. It was the end of the English insurrection.

Mar fell back from Sheriffmuir to Perth, where his Highland army dwindled daily. Argyle, in his old quarters at Stirling, still guarded the line of the Forth, but with forces continu-

ally increasing in number. Such was the state of things, when the Pretender, James Stuart, landed at Peterhead on the 22nd of December with a suite of six officers. Mar, the Earl Marischal, and others met him at Fetteresso, and accompanied him on his public entry into Dundee, where the people crowded to kiss his hand in the market-place. Established at Scone, he gave himself up to the delights of playing at king. He issued six proclamations, and prepared for a splendid coronation. Great was his chagrin when he saw that the scanty files of the clansmen were too thin to risk the exposure of a public review. They, on the other hand, were equally disappointed, having been led to expect a great train of officers and a heavy purse of money. He had brought neither. The look of this pale, leaden-eyed prince did not inspire confidence or hope. When a stir arose, portending the advance of Argyle, the Pretender's council resolved on a retreat. Over the frozen Tay, and along the Carse of Gowrie, a sullen mass of troops defiled towards Dundee. From Dundee the march turned northward to Montrose, and there the Pretender clearly showed his title to this awkward name. With sentinels pacing at his door, and lies of all sorts set afloat regarding his future plans, he stole out by a back door, picked up Mar at his lodgings, and was soon running under full sail in a little French ship out of the harbour of Montrose. Seven days later he reached Gravelines. Straggling northward, the deserted army melted away into the fastnesses of Badenoch* and Lochaber.† In spite of the extraordinary efforts made to procure their pardon, Lords Derwentwater and Kenmure went to the block on Tower Hill, Walpole crying loudly for their rebel blood. Nithsdale, doomed to suffer with them on the 24th of February, managed to escape in his wife's clothes, she staying behind in his stead. Forster, MacIntosh, and Lord Wintoun

Feb. 4,
1716

* *Badenoch*, Upper Strathspey, in south-east Inverness-shire.

† *Lochaber*, a district in Inverness-shire, west of Badenoch.

also escaped. On the whole only six-and-twenty were added to the deaths already noticed.

The passing of the Septennial Act was the great constitutional event of the year. A Triennial Bill had become
1716 law in 1694, but twenty years had proved the device a bad one. The first of the three years allotted to a Parliament went in fighting over the late election, the second in preparing for a little business, the third in looking forward to the coming struggle. So the wheels of the country, always violently revolving, never made much progress, but suffered sadly from friction. The bill passed without much difficulty in the Lords. In the Commons the fight was hotter; but there too it triumphed, being read a third time on the 26th of April. That very day the great Lord Somers died.

Walpole, rising from a sick-bed that had looked at one time like a death-bed, found the Septennial Act an accomplished thing. Townshend and he had to fight against a powerful clique in their management of affairs. Their greatest difficulties arose from the influences within the court which were brought to bear on the facile king. George's love for Hanover being still undiminished, he managed to have that clause in the Act of Settlement relating to foreign trips repealed, and went, hurrying like a great schoolboy uncaged, across the sea.

Clouds began to grow thicker around the administration of Townshend and Walpole. The foreign satellites of the king hated them. The Prince of Wales, going into opposition, disliked them because they advised his father. The foreign politics of Great Britain were so distorted by the king's desire to aggrandize Hanover, that the ministers could not help condemning the movements that embroiled them with Sweden, and that might have embroiled them with Russia. Charles, Earl of
1717 Sunderland, the son of the favourite of James the Second, taking advantage of the king's absence in Hanover, went over there, ostensibly to drink mineral waters, really

to attempt the ousting of Townshend. In this he succeeded, having intrigued with Stanhope and the Hanoverian Junto. Townshend, Walpole, and Pulteney resigned, and Sunderland and Stanhope formed a new ministry. Before retiring, Walpole had projected the first "sinking fund" for the redemption of the national debt. With money borrowed at 4 per cent. he paid off liabilities carrying a higher rate of interest, and applied the profit to the reduction of the debt.

A daring and unscrupulous adventurer was then controlling the destinies of Spain. Born in the cottage of a village gardener in Italy, and entering life in the humble garb of a country curate, Giulio Alberoni climbed by various intrigues to be Prime Minister of Spain. He possessed the whole confidence of Elizabeth Farnese, the queen of Philip the Fifth, since his management had secured for her a seat on the Spanish throne. In hopes of restoring Spain to her old position among European states, he instituted a system of rigid economy and order in the trade, the finances, the army, and the navy of the kingdom. Driven by circumstances into war, he made a bold dash on Sardinia, then belonging to the emperor. England and France interposed; but Alberoni merely grew more active in pushing his secret mines of intrigue into all the principal states of Europe.

The bare rocks and swampy valleys of Sardinia were not what Alberoni chiefly aimed at. It was shrewdly suspected that he had a covetous eye on Sicily, whose position gives it a central command of the Great Sea. Startled by the news that a large fleet was assembling in the Spanish ports, the great powers—Britain, France, the emperor, and afterwards Holland—signed the Quadruple Alliance in August 1718. Be- 1718
fore war was regularly declared, Britain sent Sir George Byng with a fleet into the Mediterranean. The precaution was not useless. A fleet of thirty Spanish war-ships sailed to the northern coast of Sicily, and poured on its fertile

shore a huge army under De Lede, a deformed Fleming. Palermo fell an easy prey to the invaders. Messina was the next object of assault. Trenches were soon opened against its stubborn citadel, and the bombardment began, when Byng sailed into the strait in search of the Spanish fleet. The Spanish admiral stood out to sea, and off Cape Passaro the fleets engaged. There seems to have been on the Spanish side no plan of action. The British line bore down under easy sail, and going right in among the Dons, blew them nearly out of the water, with the loss to themselves of only one ship (August 11). Alberoni furiously plunged into a British war. His scheme of vengeance grew speedily ripe: it was no other than to send a second armada against the British shores.

A sharp conflict took place during this year (1718) in the British Parliament. Two acts, added to the old Test Act—the Occasional Conformity Act of 1711 and the Schism Act of 1714—had been pressing severely on Protestant dissenters. Stanhope set himself to relieve that loyal and important section of the nation. Introducing a bill into the Lords for the repeal of these two statutes, he carried it through both Houses in triumph after a hard fight with Walpole and others. The Test Act remained a blot on the statute-book for more than a century longer.

Alberoni tried to use the Pretender as a means of revenge on Britain. Having collected an armament at Cadiz, he sent off to Italy for James. James sailed over and entered Madrid in triumph; but the waves of Biscay proved too fierce for the fleet bound for the British seas. Off Finisterre a twelve days' storm completely broke the power of the expedition. Two frigates, struggling through the storm, reached Scotland. The Marquis of Tullibardine and the Earls Marischal and Seaforth
1719 were on board with about three hundred Spaniards. Landing (April 10) at Kintail in Ross-shire they gathered around them a few hundred plaids, and lay waiting the turn

of fortune for some weeks. The Pass of Glenshiel* witnessed the fate of this fragment of the expedition. There General Wightman with a thousand men attacked the position of the rebels one evening in June and forced their rocky stronghold. The Highlanders escaped easily. The Spaniards surrendered and went to prison at Edinburgh. The three lords lurked among the Hebrides, until a ship took them to Spain.

The capture of St. Sebastian by Marshal Berwick and his French army, and the fall of Vigo before a British force under Cobham, hastened the ruin of Alberoni, who hid his diminished head in Italy. Spain then made peace with Great Britain and with France.

In the parliamentary proceedings of 1719 there was a struggle of considerable importance. It was the battle of the Peerage Bill, a measure due to the united efforts of Stanhope and Sunderland. The creation of twelve peers by Harley in 1711, in order to form a majority for government in the Upper House, had created a feeling that that branch of the royal prerogative might be abused. Being intended principally as a curb on the Prince of Wales, the Peerage Bill did not displease the king. He consented to its introduction, and it passed the Lords. The bill provided against the increase of the Upper House by more than six peers, not including royal princes. While the bill was passing through the Lords, there was a great pen-war on the subject. Arrayed on rival sides we see those great masters of English prose, and former comrades, Joseph Addison and Richard Steele. Steele attacked the bill; Addison, who had recently withdrawn from Sunderland's ministry on account of ill health, defended it. In the Commons, Walpole sealed its fate by a speech of uncommon power. On the second reading it was lost by 269 to 177 (Dec. 8). In ordinary circumstances so severe a defeat would have proved fatal to the ministry; but the shaking seemed only to establish it more securely. Walpole and Towns-

* *Glenshiel*, a pass between Inverness-shire and Argyllshire.

hend, despairing of making any impression on it, rejoined it early in 1720, the former as Paymaster of the Forces, the latter as Lord President of the Council.

The year 1720 was filled with the great commercial tragedy of the South Sea Scheme. This ill wind, blowing destruction and disgrace to so many, sent Walpole to the pinnacle of power. The scheme originated in the fertile brain of Harley, who, in 1711, had formed the South Sea Company as a means of relieving the public burdens. A floating debt of ten million, borrowed by the government during the late war, was funded, and the proprietors received the privilege of trading with South America. The privilege turned out to be of little value; but the company prospered. In 1719, when it was thought to be desirable to reduce the national debt—then about fifty-two million—Sir John Blunt proposed, on behalf of the South Sea Company, to redeem the debt in twenty-six years, if Parliament would grant them a monopoly of trade. Aislalie, Chancellor of the Exchequer, followed by Secretary Craggs, pressed the proposal strongly on the House. Walpole approved in the main of the proposal, but expressed a feeling in favour of a competition with other companies. Then began a bidding of the Bank of England against the South Sea Company, the latter gaining the job by agreeing to take over annuities amounting to £800,000 a-year, and to pay the government seven and a half million sterling. The government had now to deal with only one creditor—the company—to whom it was to pay only 5 per cent., to be reduced after five years to 4 per cent., instead of the 7 or 8 per cent. payable to the annuitants. The company induced two-thirds of the latter to surrender their government stock and to take the company's stock in exchange. The shares were in great demand and rose enormously in value. At the same time a terrible fever of gambling came upon the people. False reports, cooked statements of income, fraudulent declarations of enormous dividends, rising to 50 per cent., had set

London in a blaze. Hard gold, houses and lands, property of every kind, flowed into the smelting pot in Change Alley to be converted into South Sea stock. In August the £100 shares were eagerly bought at £1,000. Into the crop of minor bubbles springing up around the great one, "like mushrooms 1720 round a rotten tree," most of the leading men of the day dipped pretty deeply. The Prince of Wales became governor of a copper company; but being warned that prosecution and exposure in Parliament would ensue, he withdrew his name, having netted, however, £40,000. A blow which the South Sea directors aimed at these rivals knocked their own company to shivers. By prosecuting some of the illegal companies and getting them suppressed, they caused the deluded public to suspect that perhaps the big tree was rotten too. And so it proved. Down went the stock in three weeks to £400. Merchants, bankers, traders of every sort broke and fled. A temporary palsy fell on the commerce of the nation.

There seemed to be only one man in the kingdom who was able to face the crisis. Walpole looked around on the heaps of ruin and bethought him of a plan to save something from the wreck; but the cry for vengeance was so loud that the House had no ear for anything else. Lord Molesworth declared that the directors should be sewed in sacks and thrown into the Thames. Sir Joseph Jekyll pressed hard for a committee of investigation. The news that Knight the cashier had fled from England with a register called the Green Book threw the House into a panic lest the delinquents might all escape. When the black business was at length dissected, it was found that statesmen and courtiers had accepted large bribes to secure the adoption of the scheme. The names of Sunderland, Aislable, Stanhope (written *Stangape* for concealment), and Craggs were prominent in the distribution of spoil. Stanhope died of a fit of rage, brought on by the Duke of Wharton's attack on him in the House. Craggs died of small-pox, aggravated by

anxiety. Aislabie was expelled from the House of Commons and imprisoned in the Tower. Sunderland underwent a trial, but was acquitted through the skilful manner in which Walpole threw discredit on the evidence. His public life, however, was at an end. Walpole, who had already assumed Aislabie's post at the head of the Exchequer, now became Prime Minister, with Lords Carteret and Townshend as Secretaries of State (March).

The plan which Parliament finally accepted for remedying the national disaster proved Walpole's grasp of financial difficulties. It consisted chiefly in remitting £7,000,000 due by the company to the government; in appropriating the estates of the directors, to the amount of £2,000,000, for the relief of the sufferers; and in dividing what remained of the company's capital—about 33 per cent.—among the proprietors. It may be added, as a qualification to the benefits thus conferred by Walpole on the nation, that he was not free himself from the suspicion of having dealt largely in South Sea stock. An important difference between him and some of his colleagues was, that he sold out when shares were near their highest mark.

For twenty-one years thereafter Walpole continued to direct the government of Great Britain. Love of power was his engrossing passion, and bribery his great engine of government. "He governed, however, by corruption, because in his time it was impossible to govern otherwise." He shone chiefly in debate. No man of his day knew better "what it most concerned him to know, mankind, the English nation, the court, the House of Commons, and the Treasury." His bluff, good-humoured countenance, of the John Bull type, glowed from under his huge periwig with the spirit of coarse and noisy mirth. His power may be best understood by considering the remarkable character of the opposition, against which he fought undauntedly. In addition to the voices of statesmen such as Bolingbroke, Carteret, Chesterfield, Argyle,

Pulteney, and Pitt, he had against him the pens of Pope, Swift, Gay, Arbuthnot, Fielding, Johnson, Thomson, Akenside, and Glover.

Francis Atterbury, the restless and intriguing Bishop of Rochester, who had stood by Sacheverell during the crisis of his trial, entered now into a plot in favour of the Pretender. Always a strong Tory, he had refused on the accession of the Brunswick sovereign to sign the address of the bishops to the crown.

He now took advantage of the confusion caused by the 1722 South Sea scheme to plot for the restoration of the Pretender. The conspirators asked aid from the Regent Orleans, who betrayed their intentions to the British government. Walpole, on receipt of this information, proceeded to take active measures. The Habeas Corpus Act was suspended. A Bill of Pains and Penalties passed through both Houses, sentencing Atterbury to deprivation and exile. Soured and baffled, he retired to Paris, and died there in 1731, in the seventieth year of his age. What he living sought in vain was not denied to his remains, for they crossed the sea to find a tomb in Westminster Abbey.

There was in the cabinet a statesman who never really joined hands with Walpole and Townshend; a man, too, of the greatest learning and eloquence. That was John, Lord Carteret, who had succeeded Sunderland as one of the secretaries of state, and had devoted himself to the maintenance of Sunderland's policy. From Oxford he had brought away, as Swift said, "more Greek, Latin, and philosophy than became a person of his rank." He could talk French, Italian, and Spanish with fluent grace; and he made a point of learning German for use in the council meetings. His knowledge of the last tongue made him a special favourite with George, who could not speak English, and could with difficulty understand the queer Latin of Walpole. It would not have required the gift of prophecy to foretell a rupture between Carteret and Wal-

pole. The one was too accomplished, the other too ambitious, to admit of their pulling together long.

The schemes of Lord Bolingbroke to get back to England put Walpole in a most unpleasant position. Pushed on by the king, who was influenced in his turn by the bribed Duchess of Kendal, the minister lent his name to the reversal of the exile's forfeiture, little dreaming that he was preparing a dagger to wound himself. Throwing himself headlong into the Tory opposition, Bolingbroke, under the name of Humphrey Oldcastle, wrote bitter articles against Walpole in the columns of the *Craftsman*. But Walpole's mail proved too strong for these venomous shafts to pierce. In 1735 Bolingbroke found it advisable again to go abroad, and he did not return till 1742, when he was slighted by his former allies, and finally abandoned politics for philosophy.

During the year 1725 Ireland and Scotland were convulsed by two questions, fanned by demagogues into gigantic dimensions. The Duchess of Kendal, having obtained from Sunderland a patent for supplying Ireland with copper coin, sold it to an iron-master and mine-proprietor named Wood. Under the viceroyalty of the Duke of Grafton, Wood, armed with the patent, proceeded to send his coin across the Channel. Out came the Drapier Letters from the vigorous pen of the Dean of St. Patrick's. Carteret, succeeding Grafton, tried in vain to force into circulation these halfpence, which were not at all so bad as Swift represented them to be. But ultimately peace could be restored only by quashing the patent, and compensating Wood with a pension. The Scottish disturbance, caused by the imposition of sixpence on every barrel of beer or ale, looked alarming enough, when the brewers of Edinburgh leagued together in opposition to the tax. But the firmness of Lord Islay, a keen partisan of Walpole, sufficed to break the power of the disaffected, and to smooth away all symptoms of sedition.

The treaty of Vienna (1725), formed between those quondam

enemies, the emperor and the King of Spain, caused Great Britain and France to unite in concluding the defensive treaty of Hanover. The war which followed was as brief and eventless as any in our history.

A notable domestic event of the later years of George the First was the trial of Lord Chancellor Macclesfield for corruption and extortion in the discharge of his high office. Impeached at the bar of the Lords, and declared guilty, he was fined £30,000, and was sent to the Tower till the fine was paid.

It was the fortune, or the misfortune, of Robert Walpole to estrange from his government and party many of the ablest men of the day. In fact, his ambition could not tolerate anything approaching to equality of power on the part of a colleague. William Pulteney, doubly armed with great riches and great rhetorical power, followed his star consistently and long. But when he found that his devotion was rewarded on Walpole's accession to power merely with the second-rate post of cofferer to the household, he grew cool towards the premier, and in 1725 he flung himself into the ranks of the opposition, where he became the head of the party known as the Patriots, and formed of those Whigs who disliked the policy of Walpole.

The death of George the First, who was seized with apoplexy while travelling in his coach to Osnabrück, in Hanover, caused a seeming hitch in the stability of the Walpole administration. In fact, the premiership was offered to and declined by Sir Spencer Compton. But Walpole found in the new queen, Caroline of Anspach—a witty, accomplished, and handsome woman—a friend and supporter who remained true to him till her death. By her influence over her husband she succeeded in retaining for the country the services of the man who knew the temper of the nation better than any of his contemporaries.

George the Second was forty-five years of age at the date of his accession, and had at least one advantage over his father,

as a king of England, that he could speak the English tongue. With that father he had been nearly always on bad terms, for he sided with his mother, Sophia of Zell, who, for an alleged intrigue, had been shut up for thirty-two years in the castle of Ahlden on the Aller, in Hanover.

The treaty of Seville, concluded on the 29th of November 1729 between Spain on the one hand and Great Britain and France on the other, left Walpole unhampered by a foreign war. A breach between Walpole and Townshend split the cabinet in 1730. Many little disagreements, edged with jealousy on the part of Townshend, gradually swelled into an estrangement. The favour of the queen, the peerage granted in 1724 to his son, the splendour of his establishment at Houghton, and his own remarkable force of character and knowledge of human-kind, gave Walpole decided advantages over his dictatorial and less agreeable brother-in-law. Lady Townshend

1730 kept the peace for a while between her husband and her brother ; but after her death they actually on one occasion, in a friend's house, griped each other by the throat, and a duel would have followed, but for the interference of the company. After this collision Townshend found it necessary to resign his office, and went to spend the quiet evening of his days at Rainham.

CHAPTER VI.

WALPOLE'S DECLINE AND FALL.

The Excise Bill—The Porteous Mob—A quarrel and a death—The Spanish War—Methodism—Sandys' motion—Fall of Walpole—His death.

THE chief battle of Walpole's administration was for his pet scheme of excise—namely, the substitution for the import duty of a tax on the manufactured article. The notion of excise had been, from its earliest mention in the reign of Charles the First, repugnant to the feelings of the people. Loud and fierce, then, was the cry when Sir Robert, undaunted by what he considered mere noise, disclosed his intentions to the House of Commons on the 14th of March **March 14, 1733** 1733. Confining himself to a single commodity, that he might feel the pulse of the nation, he proposed that the duty on tobacco should be reduced from something over sixpence to fourpence three-farthings, and that this sum should not be levied until the tobacco was sold for home consumption. A merchant storing tobacco for exportation would thus have been able to reload his ship without any payment of duty. The grand result of the measure, according to its author, would have been to make London a free port and the market of the world. The debate lasted till two in the morning, and so great was the excitement that even then a furious mob assailed the doors of the House of Commons. While Walpole was going to his coach, rude hands were laid on his cloak, and he might have been hurt, but for his friends. Upon the first reading of

the bill (April 4th) the minister had a majority, but the majority grew less after several divisions on different points. The Common Council of London and the corporations of Nottingham and Coventry petitioned against the bill. Walpole, detecting danger in the political horizon, moved that the second reading be postponed to the 12th of June. When the 12th of June came, the House, not yet ready for vacation, skipped a day, and so there was an end of the Excise Bill. All over the country bonfires and cockades testified the feeling of the people at the defeat of the excise scheme. Walpole did not lightly pass over those traitors in his camp who had opposed his favourite project. Several pens were driven into the ranks of opposition, whither Carteret had already carried his knowledge of many tongues. From the Earl of Chesterfield the white staff of the High Stewardship was taken. By an arbitrary stretch of prerogative, the Duke of Bolton and Lord Cobham were deprived of their commissions in the army. One by one the ablest men of the day were breaking with the sturdy Lord of Houghton, leaving him to fight almost alone.

The choking of the Excise Bill encouraged the opposition next year to attempt the repeal of the Septennial Act; but in this they failed. The dissolution of the Parliament following immediately, the country was plunged into the turmoil of a general election, which is said to have cost Sir Robert £60,000. Yet the muster of his supporters was considerably weaker than in the former House.

The notorious Porteous riots occurred in Edinburgh during the autumn of 1736. Enraged at the execution of a smuggler named Wilson, who had given his accomplice Robertson an extraordinary chance of escape, the mob in the Grassmarket began to pelt the soldiers. Captain Porteous rashly ordered his men to fire, and some of the crowd of onlookers were killed. For this he was tried and condemned, on which the queen sent down a respite for six weeks that the matter might be more

fully investigated. But the lower classes of Edinburgh resolved to make a terrible example of the man. Mustering therefore with drum-beat at ten on the night of the 7th of September, they barricaded the ports, disarmed the city guard, and, having forced the keeper of the Tolbooth to give up his keys by heaping fire against the oaken door, dragged the unhappy captain from his hiding-place in the chimney of his cell. Having hauled him to the Grassmarket, they purchased a rope and hanged him from a dyer's pole. Islay, noted in the beer question, was sent down to Scotland to bring the ringleaders to justice, but he entirely failed.

There was much talk of this affair in Parliament during the next session (1737). A bill was brought in to punish Edinburgh by removing the Lord Provost, Alexander Wilson, from the magistracy of Great Britain, by abolishing the town guard, and by taking away the gates of the Nether Bow. Met by the keenest opposition from the Scottish members, among whom Duncan Forbes the Lord Advocate was prominent, Walpole with his usual prudence agreed to file the sharp points off the bill before it passed. The clause against Wilson remained intact, but a fine of £2,000 for the widow of Porteous was substituted for the other obnoxious parts of the measure.

A quarrel and a death made the year 1737 memorable in the history of Sir Robert Walpole. Frederic, Prince of Wales, who had in the previous year married Augusta of Saxe-Gotha, split with his father on the subject of an increased allowance. His cause was warmly espoused by the opposition. Pulteney in the Commons and Carteret in the Lords made motions to the effect that £100,000 a year should be settled on the prince. Both motions were negatived; but the prince joined the opposition, and henceforth fought bitterly against Walpole. This would have mattered less had Queen Caroline lived, but death removed that amiable and clever woman on the 20th of November, to the intense grief of the king and the great loss

of Walpole. To the latter she said, as she lay dying, "I hope you will never desert the king."

Not very long after she expired, the question of a Spanish war began to agitate the nation. A system of smuggling having been long in existence on the shores of the Spanish Main, the Spaniards claimed the right of searching every British ship found near their American harbours, and accordingly ordered their cruisers to board all vessels. The coast-guards often acted cruelly toward British crews in exercising this pretended right. Merchants at home grumbled at the losses they sustained, and the statesmen of the opposition took up the cry of dishonour to the British flag. Other causes of quarrel aggravated the bad feeling between London and Madrid. Pulteney spoke out, insisting that Spain should not be permitted to trample on Great Britain. The voice of almost the whole nation seconded his demand. Walpole thought that, if an amicable adjustment of the points in dispute could be managed, it would be a better plan than rushing into war.

Oct. 19, 1739 Negotiations were entered into, but they proved fruitless, and war against Spain was formally declared (October 19). Every bell in London tongued out its joy; while the Prince of Wales, going into the city with the heralds in their finery, stopped at the door of the Rose near Temple Bar to drink a toast to the success of the war. Walpole meanwhile said bitterly, as the noisy bells caught his ear, "They may ring their bells now, but they will soon wring their hands."

A rude sailor called Admiral Vernon blurted out one day in the House of Commons, where he sat as member for Portsmouth, that he would undertake to reduce Portobello* on the Spanish Main with six ships. He was taken at his word, and sailing from Spithead on the 23rd of July 1739, he actually

* *Portobello* or *Puerto Velo*, on the northern or Atlantic side of the rocky isthmus of Panama.

succeeded in making good his random boast. Aid was sent out to him without delay. During the year 1740, Commodore Anson set out with a few ships for the South Seas, having received orders to communicate with Vernon across the isthmus. Within the same year a greater expedition was prepared, consisting of a considerable land force under Lord Cathcart and a fleet of twenty-seven first-rates under Sir Chaloner Ogle. They joined Vernon at Jamaica. The united forces made a splendid show: thirty ships of the line, and ninety other vessels, bore 15,000 sailors and 12,000 soldiers. Cathcart having died of fever, General Wentworth took his place. Then the fatal bickering began. Vernon hated Wentworth, who was not slow to respond. Each blamed the other for whatever went wrong. After hovering aimlessly about the Caribbean Sea, Vernon resolved to attack Cartagena,* and, having anchored off its batteries, lay inactive for five days, while the Spaniards added treble strength to their works. The capture of an outwork, when he did begin, completely turned his head. Then he and Wentworth hung back, each waiting till the other should storm the town. Soldiers without powder were landed, to lie on the swampy ground and be shot at. Sailors lounged on the forecastles. Wentworth at last resolved to make an attempt on Fort Lazaro. It was the only dashing thing during the whole affair; but it, too, was unfortunate. Some Spanish guides, either ignorant or treacherous, led the attacking party to the strongest part of the wall. When they arrived there, it was found that their ladders were too short, and in the midst of their perplexity the sun rose with tropical swiftness. Attacked from above, the brave fellows tried to scramble up the wall. The grenadiers, led by Colonel Grant, actually succeeded in gaining the top; but a ball having struck the gallant

April
1741

* *Cartagena*, a seaport of New Granada in South America, seventy miles south-west of the mouth of the Magdalena.

colonel, his followers lost heart and were driven down. So vigorous was the struggle of the British that six hundred men lay dead or wounded before they thought of a retreat. Vernon, it is said, looked coolly on with his hands in his pockets, and sent aid only when aid was useless. Rain and fever made short work of those on shore who had escaped the Spanish bullets. There was no use in staying at Cartagena after this repulse, and the relics of the expedition retreated to Jamaica. The admiral and the general vainly tried to shift the blame of the disaster to the shoulders of each other: history condemns both, especially the former.

Two men arose at this time who did more than any others of their century to breathe a new and earnest life into the religion of the people. They were George Whitefield and John Wesley. The latter, born in 1703, went from the Charterhouse to Oxford, where he joined a little knot of students who met at stated times for religious worship. Whitefield, an inn-keeper's son, who had come to Oxford as a servitor, was one of the set. Out of these meetings in college-rooms grew the great Methodist body, which, like the Puritans of an earlier day, separated from the parent Church, took root by itself, and grew into a fair and stately tree. The preaching of Whitefield was something marvellous. The rush of his eloquence bowed the hearts of the crowds that flocked to hear him like a storm on a field of ripening grain. Wesley, too, preached, wrote hymns, and rode over all the land, scattering fire as he went upon the formalism that held its stony reign every-
1739 where. Whitefield, beginning at Bristol in 1739, preached also at Moorfields, Blackheath, and other places in the neighbourhood of London, drawing huge crowds round the rude, extemporized pulpit. Methodism spread rapidly among the various strata of the middle classes, but took no permanent hold on the aristocracy. Whitefield broke down much sooner than Wesley, who, though they had differed much

in life, spoke tender and affecting words in reference to the great orator's death. That event took place in 1770 near Boston in America. Wesley survived till 1791.

Before the fatal business at Cartagena, the enemies of Walpole opened fire on him in both Houses. Sandys, nicknamed "the motion-maker," stood up in the Commons (February 13), amid a great crowd of members, some of whom had taken their seats at six in the morning, and, after reviewing the entire policy of Walpole at home and abroad, moved, "That a humble address be presented to his majesty that he would be graciously pleased to remove the Right Hon. Sir Robert Walpole from his majesty's presence and counsels for ever." 1741 Pulteney, Pitt, and others supported the motion. Rising to defend himself from this grand assault, the minister went step by step over all his great transactions, flinging out now and then a burst of indignant sarcasm. Patriotism had been much talked of by the attacking band. "A patriot, sir!" said Walpole; "why, patriots spring up like mushrooms. I could raise fifty of them within four-and-twenty hours. I have raised many of them in one night. It is but refusing to gratify an unreasonable or an insolent demand, and up starts a patriot. I have never been afraid of making patriots." This motion was defeated by 290 against 106. The same motion, made in the Upper House by Lord Carteret on the same day, met the same fate, although the fight was keener.

Yet the day of Walpole's fall was not far off. Smaller and smaller grew his majorities in the House, until the session and the Parliament ended. When the new House assembled, its temper was decidedly against the ministry. A vote on the Chippenham election, leaving the ministry in a minority of sixteen, decided the fate of Walpole. This reverse occurred on the 2nd of February 1742; the king 1742 created him Earl of Orford on the 9th, and on the 11th he resigned office. Lord Wilmington (formerly Sir Spen-

cer Compton) became Prime Minister, Lord Carteret acting as Foreign Secretary, and Sandys as Chancellor of the Exchequer. Carteret was the ruling spirit of the new cabinet, which did not hold together long.

A secret committee was appointed by Parliament to examine the case against Walpole. It brought against him charges reducible under three heads :--(1) Undue influence in elections; (2) granting fraudulent contracts; (3) peculation, and profusion in the expenditure of the public money. But the House rejected the accusation. Though stripped of office, Walpole retained the confidence of George, who, passing over Carteret in 1743, raised Henry Pelham to the head of affairs. This arrangement, due partly to the quiet scheming of Walpole, not only undermined Carteret's power, but also struck a heavy blow at the ex-minister's most restless foe Pulteney, now Earl of Bath. Walpole spent the remainder of his life in retirement. He died on March 18th, 1745.

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The Dutch government was to sell a model Ford Mustang Mustang as support. Mustang's success. These, however, are noted by the Dutch, could be more. In the evening of 1944 the king, his son and daughter and his daughter, were taken to the city of Utrecht, not out by the Government.

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CHAPTER VII.

DETTINGEN AND FONTENOY.

The Pragmatic Sanction—Maria Theresa—George in the field—Cumberland—Dettingen—Treaty of Worms—The Pelhams—A lucky storm—Return of Anson—The Broad Bottom Ministry—Fontenoy.

THE Emperor Charles the Sixth published an ordinance called the *Pragmatic Sanction*, in terms of which his daughters were appointed to succeed him in his Austrian dominions, if he left no son. This will was confirmed or guaranteed by all the principal European powers. When Maria Theresa, the eldest of his daughters, proceeded after his death, in 1740, to assume the Austrian crown, a vast coalition arose for the purpose of wresting these possessions from a seemingly weak and defenceless woman. Only to the Hungarians, whose swords were bared at once in her cause, and to the English, whose gold was ready for her service, could she look in that hour of peril. In 1742, the British Parliament voted her a sum of £5,000,000, and a yearly subsidy of £300,000. It was not pure chivalry that prompted Great Britain. France and she naturally took opposite sides. While Great Britain aided Maria, France backed Charles Albert, Elector of Bavaria, who had been elected emperor.

The British government sent 16,000 men under Lord Stair into Flanders to support Maria's cause. These, however, unaided by the Dutch, could do nothing. In the spring of 1743, the king, his soldier-son Cumberland, and his Foreign Secretary Lord Carteret, set out for the Continent.

The Duc de Noailles with a French army, and the Earl of Stair with a force of British and Germans, manœuvred in the basin of the Maine, until the latter was shut into a pass through which the Maine runs from Aschaffenburg to Dettin-gen.* As the French had secured Aschaffenburg, there
June 27,
1743 was no escape for the allies in that direction. Their only possible chance was to return to Hanau, lower down the river, where their chief magazines were. At this juncture the king and his son entered the camp. The allies marched down the right bank of the river. The French marched down the left bank, and reached the entrance to the pass first. To make sure of his prey, De Noailles sent his nephew, the Duc de Grammont, across the Maine with 23,000 men, to hold the entrance of the valley, and thus to cut off the retreat of Stair. De Grammont made the mistake of quitting his strong position and attacking the allied army. King George's horse ran away with him toward the enemy; but he was able to pull up in time. Dismounting and drawing his sword, he put himself at the head of his soldiers. With a rapid rush of infantry he drove back Grammont's horse at the point of the bayonet, winning the battle, as Britons have often since done, with the cold steel. The bridges over the Maine were choked with the flying Frenchmen. The losses were 6,000 on the French side—2,000 on the British. The victors were too hungry to pursue. Pressing on to Hanau, they found consolation for their toils in an abundant meal, regardless entirely of the wounded whom they had left on the battle-ground.

In the autumn, the treaty of Worms, which Carteret induced George to conclude with Austria and Sardinia, strengthened considerably the interest of Maria Theresa (September 13, 1743). The treaty secured the alliance of Great Britain, Hol-

* *Dettingen*, a small village in Bavaria on the Maine, sixteen miles south-east of Frankfort.

land, Austria, and Saxony in support of the Pragmatic Sanction. In the following spring a counter treaty—the league of Frankfort—was formed by France and Prussia.

The death of Wilmington, in July 1743, caused a vacancy in the cabinet, and led to the advancement of two brothers, who soon took the reins and held them long. These were the Pelhams—Henry Pelham, who was made First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Thomas Pelham, Duke of Newcastle, who became Secretary of State. From this time forward the First Lord of the Treasury is usually the Prime Minister.

Meanwhile the great event of the next summer was casting its threatening shadows forward. Seven noble Scottish Jacobites having communicated with the Pretender at Rome, and having stirred up the French to attempt the invasion of Britain, young Charles Edward left Rome in January 1744 and travelled secretly to Paris. A plan had already been arranged : three thousand men were to be landed in Scotland, 1744 while ten thousand, led by the famous Marshal Saxe, and accompanied by the prince, would land near London. Lurking at Gravelines, the young Pretender waited for the sailing of the fleet ; but a great storm shattered it utterly, and nothing could be done that season.

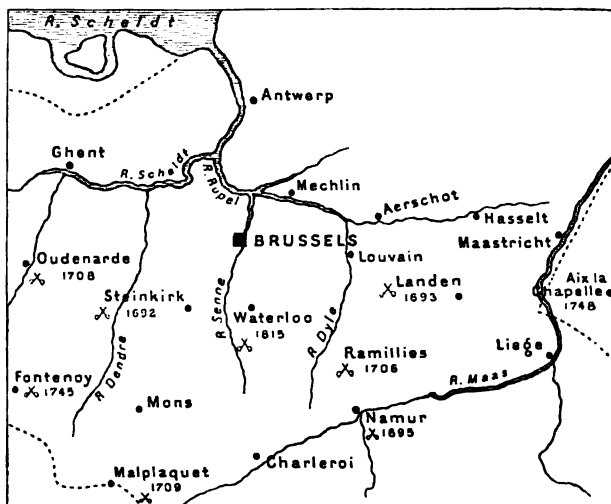
The departure of Anson for the South Seas was mentioned in the last chapter. Storms shattered his little squadron as he struggled round Cape Horn, and it was ultimately reduced to one ship, the *Centurion*, scarcely half manned. Yet he worked steadily out the bold resolve which he had formed when news of the Vernon failure reached him. This was to follow the course of Drake over the Pacific, in the hope of intercepting the great silver-ship which annually sailed from Manilla to Mexico. Fortune favoured the daring enterprise. Battering away at the galleon from the decks of the *Centurion*, which could scarcely bear the recoil of her own guns, he succeeded in

capturing the rich prize. His homeward voyage round the Cape was not free from peril. In the English Channel he passed right through a French fleet under cover of a friendly fog, and his landing at Spithead (June 15, 1744) was celebrated with much rejoicing.

The influence of the Pelhams had now become so great that they bluntly told the king that either Carteret (now Earl Granville by his mother's death) or they must go. The weaker party went, for Orford (old Walpole) urged the king
1744 to force Carteret's resignation. Then was formed the Broad Bottom Ministry, which had the singular good fortune of being for many years almost free from even the shadow of opposition.

The war went on, the Low Countries now taking their turn as the theatre of operations. Marshal Saxe, a brave old soldier, so worn with sickness that he could not sit his horse, commanded a fine army of 76,000 men in Flanders. To him was opposed a motley allied force, containing 28,000 British, and amounting in all to not quite twice that number. When by a sudden movement the French invested Tournay, the allied army under Cumberland advanced to the rescue. Posted on some gentle heights between Fontenoy* and the Scheldt, the army of Saxe stood resolutely blocking up the way to Tournay. A wood guarded his left flank; the Scheldt swept his right. An attempt to penetrate the wood failed, owing to the stupidity of a British officer who mistook some sharpshooters for a vast body of defenders. The Dutch prudently moved
May 11, out of range. The whole brunt of the conflict fell on
1745 the British and the Hanoverian troops. Painfully dragging their cannon up rocky steeps, where cavalry could not act, and pierced by a deadly cross fire from batteries on right and left, they advanced through the wooded gorge

* *Fontenoy*, a Belgian village in the province of Hainault, five miles south-east of Tournay.



with the slow certainty of a gigantic lava stream. If the Dutch had fired a shot at that moment, victory would have been certain; but the last desperate rush of the French broke the advancing column. Four guns blazed death into their very teeth. The household troops of France, and the Irish Brigade, composed of exiled soldiers, dashed on the exhausted and blinded ranks in a fresh and continuous torrent that nothing could withstand. There was no flight, but a steady and masterly retreat began. Cumberland, riding in the rear, brought off the army in comparative safety. Tournay, Ghent, Bruges, Oudenarde, Dendermonde, one after another, fell into the hands of the French, while the allies could merely stand on guard, covering Brussels and Antwerp.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE 'FORTY-FIVE.

The voyage—The red flag—March to Edinburgh—Prestonpans—To Derby
—The retreat—Falkirk—Culloden—Wanderings—Later days—Aix-la-Chapelle.

WE left Charles Edward at Gravelines. Weary of waiting for French aid, he resolved to fling himself and his father's cause on the devotion of the Scottish Highlanders. Having borrowed money from two friends, and having induced his father to pawn his jewels, he secretly collected fifteen hundred muskets, twenty small cannon, eighteen hundred swords, and a quantity of ammunition, which he managed to stow on board an armed privateer called the *Elizabeth*. Embarking himself in the *Doutelle*, a fast brig of eighteen guns, he pushed out of the mouth of the Loire and joined the *Elizabeth* off Belleisle. They sailed on the 13th of July 1745.

A fight of six hours took place between the *Elizabeth* and a British ship, the *Lion*, during which both suffered so severely that they had to return to their respective harbours. The *Doutelle* went on alone, and but for her swift sailing might have been caught by another British cruiser. The islet of Erisca, between Barra and South Uist, was the first Scottish land pressed by the Pretender's foot. An eagle came wheeling out from the shore as they approached, an omen on which Lord Tullibardine congratulated the delighted prince. It was not until the *Doutelle* entered Loch Na-nuagh in Inverness-shire,

between Moidart and Arisaig, that he could persuade the Macdonalds to join him.

Attended by the "seven men of Moidart," among whom Tullibardine was prominent, the prince landed, and took up his quarters at Kinloch Moidart. Alarmed by July 25,
1745 vague rumours of what had happened, the governor of Fort Augustus sent two companies to strengthen the garrison at Fort William. The Highlanders met them at Spean Bridge; and after shooting a few, took the rest prisoners. Small as the triumph was, it fanned the flame of rebellion. Having tasted blood, the clansmen grew wild with the fever of war. On the 19th of August the banner of red silk with a white centre rolled out on the breeze in Glenfinnan. The muster was encouraging enough, for it amounted on the following day to sixteen hundred men.

On that very day Sir John Cope, the commander-in-chief for Scotland, left Edinburgh. Moving northward by way of Stirling and Crieff, he found the rocky steeps of Corry Arrack, leading to Fort Augustus, in the possession of the clansmen. This diverted the general from his intended course. With the prospect of joining the loyal clans of the north, he turned aside toward Inverness, expecting to draw the insurgents after him. It was a false move, leaving the road to the capital open and undefended.

Through wild Badenoch and lovely Athol the gathering band of tartaned men marched toward Perth, fascinated more and more every day with the frank demeanour and Highland enthusiasm of their handsome prince, whose stature overtopped them all. On the 4th of September he entered Perth. Opposition melted before him as he pressed on towards Edinburgh, his great centre of attack. Crossing the Forth at the Fords of Frew, eight miles above Stirling, he marched past that rock-built town, whose guns sent a few ineffective balls after the rebel array. Over the classic sod of Bannockburn he then

proceeded to Falkirk, and next day (15th) took possession of Linlithgow. His vanguard soon reached Kirkliston, eight miles from the capital.

An amusing incident occurred when a body of the invader's horse rode up to reconnoitre Gardiner's dragoons and the Edinburgh town guard, who had taken post at Coltbridge to defend the western approach to the capital. The cavalry fired a few pistol-shots, which struck so violent a terror into the breasts of the dragoons that they galloped away to Edinburgh, dashed past the Castle and Arthur's Seat, never staying spur until they reached Preston. A further alarm sent some of them as far as to Dunbar. The ride has been called "The Canter of Coltbrigg."

A band of Camerons under Lochiel, having surprised the gate of the Nether Bow, secured an entrance to the city. **Sept. 17, 1745** "King James the Eighth" was proclaimed at the Market Cross by the heralds in all their finery. On the same day the prince, dressed in tartan and wearing a white cockade in his blue bonnet, passed through the King's Park to Holyrood, which a ball from the Castle struck as he was about to enter it.

The same day Cope, having sailed southward, was landing his troops at Dunbar with the intention of marching on Edinburgh. Charles resolved to give battle at once. Moving eastward, therefore, with a force of twenty-five hundred men, he had reached the brow of Carberry Hill, when he saw the Royalist army in the narrow plain next the sea. Cope's men were full of ardour; the dragoons especially burned to wipe out the disgrace of Coltbridge. The Highland army, too, longed to rush on the enemy, and with much grumbling lay down among the pease and corn to wait for another dawn. The great difficulty was the passage of a deep morass which spread between the hosts. In the middle of the night, however, a gentleman in the Pretender's army struck a pathway which avoided

the difficult bits of swamp. In the darkness the Highlanders followed this guide, and reached firm ground. When day broke, the armies faced each other on the same firm and level field, undivided by any morass. In about six minutes more the Highlanders had won the battle of Prestonpans, or Glads-muir, as the Jacobites preferred to call it. One rush did all. Maddened by the screaming of the bagpipes, they burst into a yell, flung themselves on the half-dozen cannon Sept. 21,
1745 that grinned in front, frightened the dragoons with their wheeling claymores, and then, unbroken by the murderous fire of the infantry, caught the bayonet points in their targets, and hewed bloody gaps in the red lines. Driven back to the wall of Colonel Gardiner's park, the royal army broke in two. Some dragoons raced off to alarm the High Street of Edinburgh, as they clattered up to the Castle, into which they could not get admission. The bulk of the army fled, with Sir John Cope at their head, to the shelter of Berwick walls. Charles got the military chest, containing £2,500, as his share of the *loot*.

After the victory of Prestonpans, Charles lay forty days at Edinburgh, receiving accessions of force from various quarters, raising supplies of money in various ways, and drilling his irregular host, which lay in tents at Duddingston. The last was no easy task. The jails having been flung open, desperadoes of all kinds mounted the cockade. The prince held councils during the day, rode out to Duddingston to review his increasing force, and danced the evening away in the long oaken gallery of Holyrood. So passed precious time, during which the Royalists were drilling and mustering, and straining every nerve for the defence of the throne. During this interval of comparative inaction, Charles began the blockade of Edinburgh Castle; but he gave it up when General Guest the governor threatened to lay the town in ruins.

At six o'clock in the evening of the last day of October,

Charles left Holyrood for the purpose of invading England.

Oct. 31, He had then mustered nearly six thousand men, of
1745 whom five hundred were cavalry. The first move

was to Kelso, from which he struck along the north slope of the Cheviots, and so through Liddesdale to Carlisle. After the capture of that ancient town, the southward march was resumed in two bodies—the one under the prince himself, the other under Lord George Murray. No sign of the expected English rising greeted the invaders as they passed through Penrith, Kendal, and Lancaster, on to Preston. There the first few recruits were obtained. Manchester broke into joy-bells and illuminations at the Pretender's approach, and so many joined his flag that a Manchester regiment was organized. Then the enemy began to stir. Marshal Wade, whom they had tricked by entering at the Solway side of the Border, was marching down through Yorkshire; Cumberland, lying at Lichfield with eight thousand men, blocked the southward path; while George himself covered London with another force. Crossing the Mersey near Stockport, the prince led his "petticoat-men," as the English called the kilted Highlanders, to Macclesfield. But the hoped-for rising was receding like a mirage. A skilful move of Murray led Cumberland toward Wales, which enabled the prince to march unmolested to Derby.

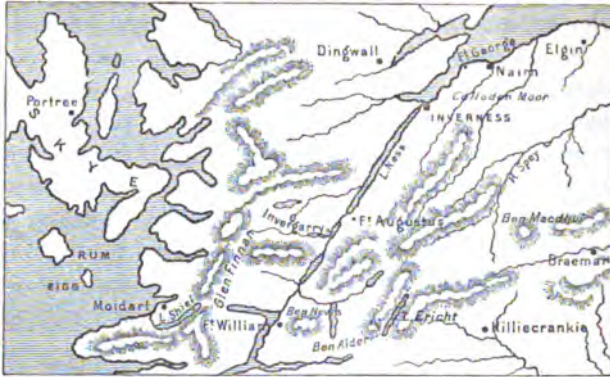
Entering that town on the 4th of December, he thought with exultation how London now lay only one hundred and thirty miles away. His gaiety at supper that night was remarkable; next morning saw all his bright dreams shattered. Murray and the chief officers came then to his quarters to urge an immediate retreat. They had invaded England, they said, in hopes of either an English rising or a French descent: neither had occurred. Three armies, numbering thirty thousand, hemmed in their little force, now dwindled to scarcely five thousand. An army of fresh levies awaited them in Scotland. Let them go back. Raving, reasoning, imploring,

Charles endeavoured to shake their resolve. All would not do. To the great indignation of the clansmen, the retreat to Scotland was begun on the 6th of December. Homeward in straggling and soured groups they pressed by the same route they had so lately followed. Bare-backed horses, led with straw bridles, formed the wretched remains of the cavalry. Cumberland, following hard at their heels, came up with Murray by moonlight on Clifton Moor, near Penrith, where a skirmish took place in which the claymore was victorious. Still following the trail, Cumberland made himself master of Carlisle before the new year had dawned. **Dec. 20.** On the 20th of December, the Highland army struggled arm-in-arm through the swollen current of the Esk, and stood once more on Scottish ground.

After eight days' rest at Glasgow, Charles marched to Stirling, where he was now able to concentrate nearly nine thousand men. General Hawley, a cruel veteran, advanced to raise the siege. A battle took place on Falkirk Moor, in which the English army, blinded by rain driving fiercely in their faces, and broken by the Highland fire and the Highland rush, was ignobly defeated. Again George Murray wielded a secret lever, which he well knew how to work. Meeting with the officers, he induced them to petition the prince to retreat at once into the Highlands. A scene similar to the Derby council was enacted; but it was a case where petition meant command. Spiking their cannon and blowing up their powder, they turned their faces northward and made a rush for the hills. Cumberland—known by the unenviable name of Butcher—had already come to Scotland to conduct the war. A body of Hessians, landed at Leith, enabled him to gather a considerable force for the Highland expedition. Perth became his head-quarters. Meanwhile Charles advanced to Inverness, and captured its castle.

The battle of Culloden decided the fate of this ill-starred

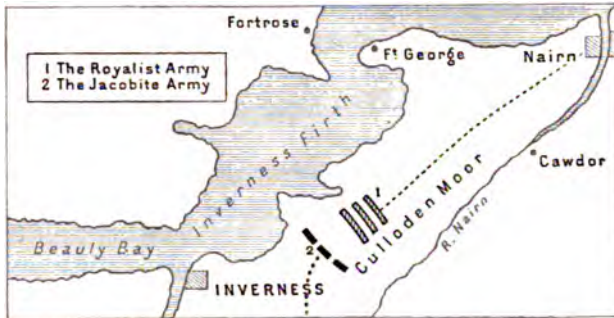
**Jan. 17,
1746**



invasion. Marching along the coast from Aberdeen with eight thousand foot and nine hundred horse, the Duke of Cumberland reached Nairn on the 14th of April. At Culloden House, where the Lord-President Duncan Forbes used to reside, Charles fixed his head-quarters, and there he heard that Cumberland's army at Nairn had given themselves up to revelry in honour of their commander's birth-day. Murray and the prince agreed in suggesting a night-march and a surprise. When the march began, the darkness of the night misled and impeded the starving Highlanders. Two o'clock came, and they were still four miles from the foe, so that the intended surprise could not be managed. Falling back, the poor rebels, to whom a good meal had been long unknown, drew up in line of battle on Drummoissie or Culloden Moor.

The Athol brigade, the Camerons, and the Stewarts formed the main portion of the right wing; the Macdonalds, thus deprived of what they considered the ancestral privilege of their clan, mustered gloomily on the left. At eleven the coming foe began to show in black masses on the horizon. Cumberland had drawn up his men in three lines, with cavalry on each wing and artillery in front. In the opening cannonade the royal army had greatly the advantage.

April 16,
1746



Impatient under the fire, Murray got leave from the prince to make an onset with the right and the centre. Round shot and grape could not stay the whirlwind of their attack. Right through the regiments of the front line the Highlanders went; but beyond the broken array they rushed on a wall of men, which burst into a sheet of flame at their approach, and hurled them scorched and reeling back. Following up the effect of their volley, the royal troops rushed on the spent rebels, and swept them from the scene of their short success. So much for the right and the centre. On the left stood the angry Macdonalds watching with sullen brows the carnage of their countrymen. Refusing to fight, although Macdonald of Keppoch rushed forward in their view, till bullets riddled him with many wounds, they fell back to the fragments of the second line. The battle was over. A faithful adherent, named O'Sullivan, seizing the bridle of the prince's horse, forced him to leave the hopeless scene. One portion of the defeated army surrendered at Inverness; the others melted away into the glens and corries from which their motley materials had come.

At dawn on the 17th, Charles was sleeping in his clothes on the floor of Invergarry Castle, which he had reached in a state of miserable exhaustion. Eight days later he put to sea in a

small boat, which storms buffeted hither and thither, until he made South Uist. It proved a place of danger. From the keen search of two thousand men he was saved by the devotion of Flora Macdonald, who took him over to Skye in the disguise of her servant. Going thence to the mainland, he endured terrible hardships for some months. On one occasion he lived for three weeks in a robbers' cave at the mercy of wild men, who, instead of giving information and securing the offered reward of £30,000, used to bring him gossip, a newspaper, or a cake of gingerbread, when they came back from a visit to Fort Augustus. While living with Cluny and Lochiel in a curious tree-hidden cave on Mount Benalder, called the Cage, he heard that two French ships had arrived in Loch Na-nuagh, and were waiting there to take him off. Travelling only in the dark, he reached the shore in safety, and on the 20th of September—more than five months after Culloden, and not quite fourteen months since he had sprung ashore at the same place with the Men of Moidart—he gladly re-embarked for France.

Chief of those who suffered for a share in the rebellion were the Earl of Kilmarnock, Lord Balmerino, and Lord Lovat. Kilmarnock repented of his folly, but to the last Balmerino cried "God save King James." Tried at Perth, they underwent their doom on Tower Hill (August 18th, 1746). Lord Lovat, who had played a strange double part, was not tried till the following year. Convicted then on the evidence of Murray, the Pretender's secretary, who had turned approver, he followed the other "martyrs" to the block.

It remains to sketch in few words the later days of Charles. The treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle flung him homeless upon Europe. Neither France nor Spain would give him shelter. For many years he moved about like a cloud, finding his way oftener than once, it is thought, across the sea to England, and drinking himself ever deeper into the red and bloated figure he presented

at Rouen in 1770. Paralysis smote him with a mortal blow at Rome in January 1788. His brother Henry, Cardinal of York, who claimed the English crown after the death of Charles, outlived him nineteen years.

Here we may most conveniently wind up the story of the war in which the 'Forty-Five was a romantic episode. In the autumn of 1746 the accomplished Earl of Chesterfield became Secretary of State with a view of effecting a peace. Two years passed, however, during which the war dragged its slow length along, before a treaty was concluded, and **October 1748** by that time Chesterfield had left the ministry. The treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle was agreed to in October 1748.

The articles of this treaty which most concerned Britain were :—

1. The mutual restitution of conquests in every part of the world.
2. The sea-fortifications of Dunkirk to be demolished.
3. The articles in the treaty of 1718, about the guarantee of the Protestant succession, and the exclusion from France of the Pretender and his family, to be confirmed and executed.
4. The emperor to be acknowledged by France in his imperial dignity, and the guarantee of the Pragmatic Sanction to be renewed.

Thus had Europe a little time for rest after the toil and bloodshed of an arduous conflict which left matters almost precisely where they were at the drawing of the sword.

CHAPTER IX.

LONDON LIFE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

Signs—The streets—Mohocks—Hoop—Fan—Patches—Snuff-box and wig—
The coffee-house—Promenades—The theatre—Cards and dice—Duels—
At church—The watering-places—Literary life—Citizen life.

OUT of almost every window and door in the London of the eighteenth century jutted a pole, from which hung creaking in the breeze a painted sign. These signs were used instead of numbers or names to distinguish the houses from one another. Instead of addressing a man at "No. 49, The Strand," you addressed him "At the sign of the Blue Boar," or of the "Golden Keys," or of "the Saracen's Head." Down the centre of the causeway and in the kennels on each side an unsavoury puddle flowed, thick with vegetable and other refuse. A row of wooden posts separated the sidewalks from the street, along which the heavy hackney-coach rumbled at the heels of its starveling horses. Swinging along with their scented fare, a couple of brawny chairmen now and again bore past the cheaper sedan. The streets swarmed with hawkers of both sexes, whose varied cries rang through the roar of traffic. During the early years of the century Soho Square and Bloomsbury were fashionable localities. Lincoln's Inn Fields, alive with beggars by day and footpads by night, had a very bad name after dark. Rows of oil-lamps twinkled feebly in the principal streets until midnight in winter; on summer nights the city lay in darkness. To aid those whom business or pleasure

took abroad after nightfall, there was a class of street-prowlers, called link-boys; on whose honesty, however, complete dependence could not be placed. Enticing their employer into some lonely corner, they would often suddenly put out the light and leave the poor man to be plundered by a gang of thieves. But thieves were not the only terrors of the night. From the coffee-houses and other resorts darkness brought a flood of desperadoes upon the streets, who varied their devotions to the dice-box and the bottle with a raid on weak and inoffensive wayfarers. Known by many names at various times, they became objects of especial dread under the name of Mohocks, which they borrowed from the savages of America.

A belle in the days of the *Spectator* of Addison and Steele was distinguished especially by her hoop, her fan, and her patches, points in her portrait which lasted with slight variation until the century was well spent. When fully rigged with all her colours up, each fair craft sailed to conquest with a skirt which covered several square yards. One of the papers of the *Spectator* gives an amusing account of an academy supposed to be set up for teaching ladies the use of the fan. Armed with this "little modish machine," a girl might show off all her graces and express most of her feelings in the most fascinating and effective way. Black patches, coquettishly placed everywhere, as Goldsmith's Chinaman slyly observes, except upon the tip of the nose, formed a very important part of the female equipment. At one time, when the Whig and Tory fight was raging hotly, and the ladies took sides in these political questions, the Whigs patched on the right temple, the Tories on the left. When hoods of various colours—pink, pale green, yellow, blue, and so forth—came into fashion in 1711, the hue of this head-dress also became significant of political leanings.

What the fan was to the belle of this time, the snuff-box was to the beau. Armed with this toy, full of perfumed snuff,

he rapped its lid, adorned with a picture or a jewelled design, and inserting his thumb and forefinger in the most elegant manner, he could run through all the gamut of feeling as he conveyed the grains to his nose. The periwig also during some decades of the century elevated its bush of borrowed hair on the crania of the beaux. The queue, tied with an enormous bow of ribbon, by-and-by superseded the great flood of false hair which had formerly rolled down on well-dressed shoulders. But the century had not grown very old when some men of sense rested content with their natural locks, over which they sprinkled a little powder to avoid the appearance of singularity. The velvet coat of many colours—claret and sky blue being the favourite—with its broad buckram skirts and heavy bordering of gold or silver lace—the vest of flowered silk—the little cocked hat, carried under the arm as long as periwigs towered on high—the knee-breeches, silk stockings, and buckled shoes—the clouded cane and tasselled gloves—the amber snuff-box, and silver-hilted small-sword, made up the elements external of the beau.

The coffee and chocolate houses were the especial resort of the men, where they discussed news and circulated gossip. The earliest of them was started in 1652 by a Greek, who opened shop in George Yard, Lombard Street. At the beginning of the eighteenth century these places of meeting had come to enter very largely into the everyday life of London. John Dryden, sitting pipe in hand at Will's, in the chimney corner or on the balcony, according to the season, and laying down the literary law to a crowd of admiring visitors, has made the coffee-house classic ground. As in our modern clubs, which are indeed the lineal descendants of the coffee-house, politics and professions made considerable differences in the frequenters of these places. The Tories sipped their chocolate and praised Sacheverell within the bar of the Cocoa Tree; the Whigs planned their Anti-Jacobite movements at the St. James's. The citizens too had

their coffee-houses; and for the artisans and lower orders there sprang up a crop of mug-houses, where ale flowed instead of the fragrant Eastern drink. Clubs of more or less celebrity flourished during this century; the most celebrated being the Kit-Kat, of which Addison, Steele, and Garth were distinguished members, and which took its name from a cook, Master Christopher Kat, who used to make pies for the members.

After dinner, which was generally taken between two and five, the fashionable evening began. In fine weather the open air had preference. The Mall in St. James's Park—Spring Gardens, afterwards turned into Vauxhall—and the Mulberry Garden, standing on the site now occupied by Buckingham Palace, were crowded with masks in the soft twilight of spring and summer. Facilities for intrigue were afforded by the fashion of wearing masks, and by the free and easy way in which acquaintance was begun. No ceremony of introduction was necessary. Everybody spoke to everybody else, and a constant fire of repartee sparkled through the scented dusk.

Ranelagh proved a formidable rival of Vauxhall in the latter half of the century. A great Rotunda for the dance, cascades and fountains glittering in the sun, shady alleys and bowers, and at night fireworks and trees hung with coloured lamps, drew crowds of the quality in summer time, when the *ridottos* and *drums* of Soho and Bloomsbury did not hold out superior attractions. If the Round House of Ranelagh and the music of Vauxhall ceased to charm, there were the theatres, of which four flourished—Drury Lane, Covent Garden, the Haymarket, and the Italian Opera House. With all of these, especially with the first, the names of several great actors are associated; for example, Cibber, Garrick, Sheridan, Siddons, and Kemble.

The theatre began to fill soon after four o'clock. The actors did not dress in character, but wore fashionable clothes of the same kind as the audience. The tragic hero sported a towering

plume, which in the wildest bursts of passion he was obliged to balance carefully on his head; the princess drew a sweeping train behind to mark her rank, and it was well if her majestic grace of motion did not end in a trip and a tumble. The difficulty, which still exists, of representing armies or body-guards upon the stage, troubled the managers of this past time. A few scene-shifters, candle-snuffers, and porters in red, carrying halberds and axes, represented a mighty host.

During this century gambling was the great vice of English society. Under various names—bassett, ombre, tic-tac, crimp, quadrille—cards slew time, happiness, character, and fortune. Forests of timber, acres of rich plough-land, chests full of guineas melted into nothing in the hands of poor wretches fascinated by the deadly rattle of the dice-box.

Gambling, especially at the infamous "Midnight Masks," was fruitful in duels. Every morning saw steel glitter and blood flow behind Montague House, in Hyde Park Ring, or away at Barn's Elms. The pistol had not yet come into vogue as the instrument of honourable murder. A man was then obliged to fence his way to success with the slender small-sword, always hanging at his side, and whipt fiercely out on the smallest possible pretext.

Fashionable persons—"persons of quality," as they then called themselves—went to church of course; but devotion was far from their thoughts on any Sunday in the year. A lady came to stare about her, to make grand courtesies to all her acquaintances, to let her knowledge of the opera show itself in the melodious excursions she made from the solemn music of the Psalms, to flirt her fan and wink at some intimate friend. A beau would saunter in, when prayers were half over, bow to every one he knew, and then refresh himself with a pinch of snuff before settling down into a nap. The loud "Hum-m-m," with which a congregation expressed its pleasure when the preacher concluded an eloquent passage, or made

some good political hit, was still in vogue during the opening decade of the century.

The great world went out of town, when drums and theatres palled upon the jaded appetite; but it did not then, as now, sprinkle itself in brilliant fragments on the banks of the Rhine, the Tiber, and other Continental streams. War and the difficulties of travel caused the Continent to remain a sealed book to the majority of Britons. Shut up within the circle of the sea, the persons of quality went off to drink the mineral waters of Bath, Epsom, or Tunbridge Wells, there to rehearse in fresher air the frolics and follies of the life they had left behind.

In the literary life of the period there was no medium between splendour and grinding want. An author was either a secretary of state, or a miserable hack, with a lodging in the attic of a Grub Street den. The great engine of the newspaper press was only in its infancy, and the demand for books had not yet set in.

In citizen life there was less change than in the idle world above. Dressed in clothes which were a sombre reflection of those lately described, the worthy shopkeeper did his honest day's work, dined at two, went off at six to the club to smoke and to drink spiced beer, and turned in regularly and soberly at ten o'clock. The *Supplement* and *Daily Courant* supplied food for his grave political speculations about the doings of the Grand Vizier and the price of stocks. His clergyman was often the leader of his opinion, and the unfailing oracle to be consulted in every domestic difficulty.

CHAPTER X.

THE GREAT COMMONER.

Early life—Climbing—Paymaster of Forces—Eight quiet years—Pitt and Fox—The New Style—Henry Pelham dies—Pitt dismissed—Clouds of war—The Devonshire Cabinet—Minorca and Byng—Clive and Plassey—Pitt Secretary of State—The War—Minden and Quiberon—The Heights of Abraham—Death of George II.—Jackboot—Temple and Pitt resign—Popular rage.

WILLIAM PITT the elder owes his title of the Great Commoner to the strenuous manner in which he upheld the authority of the lower House of Parliament during the greater part of his career. He was born at Boconnoc in Cornwall, on November 15th, 1708, and was educated at Eton and at Oxford. After enjoying a glimpse of foreign life during a tour in France and Italy, he entered the army as a cornet in the Blues. His grandfather, Thomas Pitt, the Governor of Madras, had made a fortune by selling a remarkable diamond to the French government. Racked even in boyhood with the gout, he was forced to leave college without a degree. But drill and stable-duty, with an occasional review, did not satisfy the aspirations of the youth, and in 1735 he found an entry into political life as member for Old Sarum, a family borough of questionable fame.

Eleven years elapsed between the taking of his seat and his admission into office. Joining the Boys, as Walpole jeeringly called the brilliant constellation of young talent which sparkled

in the ranks of the opposition, he sat, voting dumbly, for a session. His maiden speech, seconding Pulteney's motion of congratulation on the marriage of Frederick, Prince of Wales (April 29th, 1736), sealed his political destiny, for it cost him his commission in the army, but gained for him a groomship of the chambers in Frederick's household. Having found the power of his tongue, he took a lead in the movement against Walpole, during the course of which conflict he rebuked the elder Horace, brother of the minister, in that famous speech whose antithetical sting, however, is probably due to his reporter, Samuel Johnson. The style of his oratory was not of the highest, but it was certainly of the most telling kind. A ready debater he was not; an affected and often pompous declaimer he certainly was; but there were times when the inner fire of the man thawed the ice of his delivery, and carried his whole audience with him in a blaze of sympathetic ardour. The Walpole affair does not much redound to Pitt's credit, since we find him playing fast and loose with that statesman, at first offering to avert the impending prosecution, if he would secure an entry into office, then inveighing bitterly against him, and urging the appointment of the Secret Committee. Carteret, too, came in for a share of Pitt's invective, his favourite theme being the undue fondness for Hanover which disfigured the British policy of that time.

An unexpected legacy changed the direction of his efforts. The old Duchess of Marlborough—Sarah Jennings, since 1722 the widow of the great duke—died in 1744, and left him £10,000. He then set himself to eradicate a great dislike which had been growing in the king's mind towards him, in consequence of his anti-Hanoverian speeches. It took considerable time to effect this, for George had much German obstinacy. After the great Jacobite rebellion, the Pelhams resolved to force this leading commoner into the cabinet; but the king held sturdily out against his admission. Secure in

their own strength, they resigned with nearly all their colleagues. Aghast at the daring move, George summoned Lord Bath, the Pulteney of old ; but he could do nothing to form a new administration. There was nothing for it but to recall the Pelhams and to accept Pitt. A minor post—Vice-Treasurer for Ireland—was at first conferred on him, but he soon afterwards received the office of Paymaster of the Forces, in which any man but one of extremely delicate honesty might enrich himself rapidly ; and here there was room for Pitt to display a feature of character then extremely rare. Rejecting all the perquisites of his post and all presents from subsidized sovereigns, he rested content with the small salary attached to the office he administered.

The eight years which followed are very barren of incident—no bad sign of the quiet working of the political machine. Sitting as member for Seaford, one of the Cinque Ports, Pitt began to undo a good deal of his former work. Opposition vanished completely when Prince Frederick died in 1751. The debates on the Regency Bill, following this event, brought Pitt and Henry Fox, Secretary at War, into direct collision. The fathers rehearsed in this generation a rivalry which their eminent sons inherited and increased. The coarse exterior and ungainly address of Fox did not prevent him from excelling as a debater, in which he decidedly surpassed Pitt ; but the genius of the latter triumphed. The Princess-Dowager of Wales was appointed regent, in case George the Second should die before the heir reached eighteen.

The adoption of the Gregorian Calendar came into operation in 1752 under the name of the New Style. Astronomers found that by reckoning the year at 365 days, 6 hours, they had made it eleven minutes too long. As the error, since the beginning of the Christian era, amounted to eleven days, that number of days was dropped out of the year 1752—September 3rd was called September 14th. There were

many ignorant people in the country who could not see the necessity of any change. Newcastle was one of them. Silliest of all the silly cries ever got up against a ministry was that of the mobs, heard soon after—"Give us back our eleven days."*

The death, in 1754, of Henry Pelham, an able man, gave a fatal shock to the interest of that great family; for Newcastle, his brother and successor, was a mere trifle in comparison. The rise of the duke to the head of the Treasury plunged the king into great perplexity, there being no **1754** man of talent disposed to lead the Commons on the terms offered by the Premier. Sir Thomas Robinson was at last selected. "The duke might as well send his jackboot to lead us," said Pitt to Fox. Fox, however, was induced to help the Jackboot.

When the Parliament met in November 1755, a debate on the Address took place, which resulted in the dismissal of Pitt from office, and also of Legge, the Chancellor of the Exchequer. There was no man more popular in En- **1755** gland than William Pitt, and deep in the heart of the nation burned a feeling that the only man fit to steer the country in a time of peril had been driven from the wheel.

The Seven Years' War (1756-1763) opened under Newcastle's ministry. It was caused by the feeling of uneasiness in Europe excited by the ambition of Frederick the Great, who still held Silesia. Maria-Theresa obtained the aid of **1756** France, Russia, and Poland; while Britain formed an alliance with Prussia. In June, the British flag received a great and humiliating stain. The Duke of Richelieu, having made a swoop with 16,000 men upon the island of Minorca,

* To prevent further irregularity, it was resolved that, as the error amounts to 3 days in 4 centuries, three out of every four century years should not be leap years,—thus, 1500, 1900 are not leap years; 2000 is: 2100, 2200, 2300 are not leap years; 2400 is. Pope Gregory first made the change in Italy in 1582. It was at this time also that the first day of January was reckoned the beginning of the year, instead of March 25th.

blockaded Blakeney in the fortress of St. Philip. Admiral Byng was despatched with ten ships, not in the best order, to the relief of the British garrison. A French fleet also cruised off Port Mahon, and to beat this formed another part of the admiral's duty. He neither fought the fleet nor succoured the garrison, owing probably to want of trust in his ships or in himself. After a few aimless shots the French fleet got off to Toulon, and Byng went back to Gibraltar. Blakeney was forced to surrender, being fairly starved out. A cry so great and angry broke from the British people when the news of these things came that it was evident some victim would be needed to appease the popular fury. The Newcastle Government fell to pieces; and Pitt having pointedly refused to act in concert with Fox, it became necessary to apply to the Duke of Devonshire to form a cabinet. In this short-lived administration Pitt became Secretary of State, and Legge, Chancellor of the Exchequer; Temple and the Grenvilles, George and James, all three brothers-in-law of Pitt, receiving office in the Admiralty and the Treasury.

Lasting not quite five months, this Devonshire Ministry, in which Pitt really directed affairs, signalized itself by shooting Admiral John Byng. A want of decision rather than a lack of courage seems to have been this officer's greatest crime. It is said that Pitt protested against the death of Byng, yet he did not seem inclined to risk his popularity by forcing his objections to the extreme. On the 14th of March 1757, on the quarter-deck of the *Monarque* at Spithead, Byng sat down on a chair to be shot. Blindfolded with a white cloth, he flung up his hat, and next instant received the fire of two files of marines.

The war with France was carried on not only in Europe, but also in India and America. On the peninsula of Hindustan there were trading colonies of English, French, Dutch, and Portuguese. Of these the British settlements were the chief.

Dupleix, the Governor of Pondicherry,* the central station of the French, formed the gigantic scheme of conquering all India, and resolutely set himself, with the aid of native princes, to uproot the English settlements. Holding Madras, which had been lately captured by the French, he soon overran the whole Carnatic.† But the tide of conquest was turned by Robert Clive, who, having entered the East India Company's service as a clerk, joined the army in 1746, and soon distinguished himself by the capture of Arcot.‡ By the seizure of Fort St. David, near Madras, he obtained complete command of the Carnatic. The conquest of Bengal was his most remarkable achievement. Surajah-Dowlah, the boyish Nabob of Bengal, attacked the English settlements by the Ganges in 1756. Fort William, abandoned by its governor and the commander of the troops in garrison, speedily became his prey (June 19th, 1756). The outrage that has made the Black Hole of Calcutta tragic in the annals of the East then occurred. One hundred and forty-six English prisoners were packed into a chamber twenty feet square, with only two little gratings to admit the air. Next morning twenty-three ghastly figures staggered or were lifted, barely living, from the fetid den. All the rest were dead.

Landing at Fultah§ in December, Clive captured the fortress of Budge-budge, ten miles below Calcutta, and then forced his way through an intervening army to that town. The fort of Hooghly also fell. Early in 1757, Surajah-Dowlah made a determined attack on Calcutta with 40,000 men. Clive had only 2,400 men, most of them Sepoys.|| Yet he kept the Nabob at bay, and forced him to come to terms. Clive then turned upon

* *Pondicherry*, on the Coromandel coast (on the south-east of Hindustan); 86 miles south-west of Madras.

† *The Carnatic*, a division of Southern India extending along the east coast; about 90 miles broad.

‡ *Arcot*, formerly the capital of the Carnatic; 64 miles south-west of Madras.

§ *Fultah*, twenty miles south-west of Calcutta.

|| *Sepoys*, Hindu soldiers employed in the British army.

the French settlement of Chandernagore,* which he took in May. Meer Jaffier, the Vizier, was the most prominent in the band of traitors around the Nabob, and on his aid or opposition hinged the success of an expedition led by Clive, which left Chandernagore on the 13th of June 1757. When the little army, amounting in all to only 3,100 men, and containing not 800 British troops, approached the village of Plassey,† Clive

June 23, saw huge masses of horse and foot, to the number of
1757 fully 60,000 men, encamped among the trees! Undis-

mayed by the fire of fifty cannons, which were drawn by white oxen and pushed from behind by butting elephants,



the British, protected by a wood and a steep bank, replied briskly with their field-pieces. The action, beginning at six in the morning, was confined to a double cannonade all day. Clive, whose sleep the night before had been disturbed by the drums and cymbals in the native camp, snatched an hour's rest even with the roar of cannon around him. Many officers of the Surajah's force fell under the fire. Towards evening

the forces of Meer Jaffier began to move toward the British lines, evidently with no hostile intention. Clive gladly saw his opportunity, hurled his whole force upon the camp, and swept the vast mob in rout before him. The Nabob headed the flight on a swift camel. And, when Clive came to count his loss, he found that only twenty white men and about fifty Sepoys had perished in the fight which secured for Great Britain the Empire of India!

* Chandernagore, sixteen miles north of Calcutta. It is still a French settlement.

† Plassey, ninety miles north of Calcutta.

In the meantime, the Devonshire Ministry had been broken up. In the end of March, the Duke of Cumberland persuaded the king to dismiss Pitt, and the ministry could not go on without him. Newcastle then tried his hand again at Cabinet-making; but the temper of the people showed itself so plainly in the presentation of addresses and the voting of gold boxes to Pitt, that it was evident he must form a component part, and that the chief, in any new administration. From April to June negotiations went on, until they resulted in a coalition between Newcastle and Pitt. Newcastle became First Lord of the Treasury, but only nominally Prime Minister. Pitt, as Secretary of State and leader in the Commons, undertook the conduct of the war and the general business of the Foreign Office. During this administration of four years, more was done to establish the foundations of the British Empire than had been done in all the centuries before.

June 29,
1757

At first, indeed, the war seemed full of blunders. At Kloster-Seven, Cumberland was forced into a corner and a capitulation by the able strategy of his French adversary. A blunder also marked the opening of the war in 1758. Admiral Howe led to the coast of France a great fleet, which spent almost the whole season in attempts on St. Malo and the capture of a few brass cannon at Cherbourg. Across the Atlantic, however, Cape Breton became ours, and some French islands in the West Indies—Guadaloupe among them—were also taken. Even on the African coast victory crowned our flag at Goree and the forts by the Senegal. Hanover, too, was saved by Ferdinand of Brunswick, who drove the French over the Rhine and defeated them at Crevell.*

Great but costly glory gilds the year 1759. First in order of time came the battle of Minden,† won by Prince Ferdinand of

* *Crevell* or *Crefeld*, in Rhenish Prussia, lies ten miles north-west of Dusseldorf.

† *Minden*, a town in Prussian Germany, on the left bank of the Weser.

Brunswick over the French, then again threatening Hanover. From dawn to noon—July 31st—the battle roared, British guns and bayonets contributing much to the defeat of the enemy. On the 18th of August Admiral Boscawen shattered the Toulon fleet in a naval action off Cape Lagos,* as it was trying to effect a union with the Brest squadron under Conflans. The crowning victory of the year was that sealed with the blood of Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham. Then, to close a heroic season, came the wild daring of that tempestuous November 20. When Sir Edward Hawke, who had been watching the Brest fleet, swooped upon Conflans at Quiberon Bay, and with only a dozen of his ships so mauled the French vessels that but a remnant of the fleet found refuge in the neighbouring rivers.

Things had been looking gloomy for British rule in America before the Great Commoner came to power, but then a magic change began (1758). While General Amherst was driving the French before him from the forts of Ticonderoga and Crown Point, and Johnson was investing Fort Niagara, a fleet under Saunders, bearing an army of eight thousand men under General James Wolfe, a young red-haired Kent man, who had already displayed power at the siege of Louisburg, was on its way from England, bound for Quebec. The Marquis of Montcalm, the French general, with twelve thousand men lay resolute within the city. Having placed his cannon on Point Levi, opposite Quebec, and also on the island of Orleans, where his troops landed (June 27th, 1759), Wolfe began the siege. Bombardment and assault, however, did little or nothing for nearly two months. At length stratagem was tried. Sailing up stream past the beleaguered town to *Cap Rouge*, the ships seemed to draw after them the soldiers, who marched along the south shore until they came opposite the anchored fleet. This

* *Cape Lagos*, a cape and port in the south of Portugal, forty-five miles north-west of Faro.



puzzled and misled Montcalm. But in the dead of night a crowd of flat-bottomed boats swept silently with muffled oars down the deep current to the foot of the bush-clad precipice which forms the base of the Plains of Abraham—a position of eminence commanding the city of Quebec. Boat after boat landed its freight at the foot of the rocks. Highlanders and light infantry leading the perilous way, the whole army, now wasted to five thousand men, clambered up the crags to the level ground above. Montcalm, scarcely able to believe his eyes next day, rushed madly with little preparation on the British lines. In his hurry he forgot his artillery, and thus lost a decided advantage, for the British, unable to drag guns up the heights, had scarcely anything of the kind. In the battle that ensued the British musket was victorious. Three balls struck Wolfe, the last inflicting a mortal wound. Montcalm too died on that fatal field. On the 18th Quebec capitulated; and on the 8th of September 1760 Vaudreuil, the last French governor of Canada, being hemmed in at Montreal by sixteen thousand foes, signed a document transferring Canada to Great Britain.

Sept. 13,
1759

Before the blaze of these glories had grown dim, George the Second died suddenly of heart disease. His grandson
1760 George then ascended the throne. The people rejoiced in the accession of a young prince of English birth, and speech, and associations. All looked fair and promising, when signs of coming change began to show themselves on the political horizon. It soon became evident that the Princess-Dowager of Wales and the Groom of the Stole, Lord Bute, had complete ascendancy over the young king's mind. A petticoat and a *jackboot* symbolized this worthy pair in the rough masqueradings of the London mob, the latter forming a rude pun on Bute's name and title. John Stuart, third Earl of Bute, born in 1713, distinguished himself more in private theatricals than in any other sphere. He had many accomplishments, and a smattering of several sciences. As head tutor to the prince, he directed the machinery of Leicester House entirely to the satisfaction of the princess, who consulted him in everything.

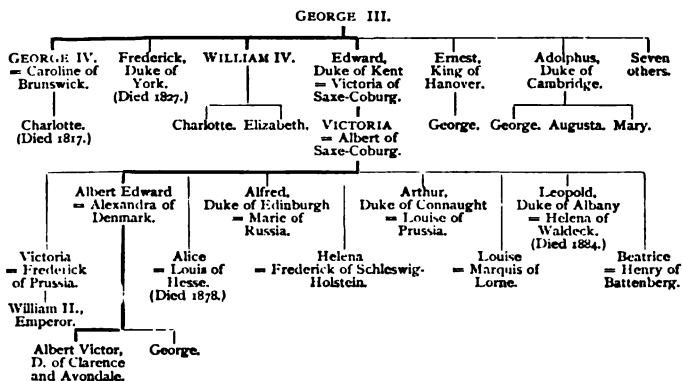
An accommodating Secretary of State resigned in order to give Bute a seat in the Cabinet, and he began at once to sap its stability. Indeed, a split in the camp was already visible. Pitt the orator and Grenville the financier, though allied by marriage, had come to look on public questions with different eyes. As Macaulay puts it, in relation to the war, "Pitt could see nothing but the trophies; Grenville could see nothing but the bill." So Bute's influence grew daily stronger. Then arose the question of a new war. That remarkable secret treaty, the Family Compact, made between the Bourbon monarchies of France and Spain, had become known to Pitt, in its drift at least. Foreseeing an inevitable war, he boldly proposed to strike the first blow against the colonies of
1761 Spain. Bute, and of course the king, refused to follow his advice; and then (Oct. 6) Pitt resigned his seals, Temple following suit at once. The young king spoke so kindly in the closet that Pitt's eyes filled. The statesman

would accept nothing for himself, but gladly received a peerage for his wife and a pension of £3,000 a year for three lives.

The people took a public opportunity of showing their feeling in the matter. Scarcely casting a look at George and his young bride as they went in state to dine at Guildhall on Lord Mayor's Day, they overwhelmed the Great Commoner with acclamations. Bute could find safety only by surrounding his coach with a crowd of prize-fighters, whose fists, however, could not save him from a storm of howls and jeers.

HOUSE OF BRUNSWICK

(Continued from p. 544.)



CHAPTER XI.

PITT IN OPPOSITION.

The Spanish War—Treaty of Paris—The Grenville Cabinet—John Wilkes—Stamp Act—The regency—The Rockingham Cabinet—The “Mosaic” Ministry—Great Commoner no more—Eclipse.

AS Pitt had foretold, Spain declared war in terms of the Family Compact. In the short war that followed, Britain had many brilliant successes, but they were all due **1762** to Pitt, though he had left the ministry. Everything he had proposed was undertaken and accomplished. Martinique, Havannah, Manilla fell ; but the American bullion, talked of by Pitt with a view to capture, slipped through the feeble fingers of Bute safe into the coffers of Cadiz. Bute did not rest content with Pitt's removal. Newcastle also must go. Ignored and insulted, the old man was forced at last to resign. Bute remained master of the field, and the Tory flag waved high above the lowered colours of the Whigs.

The treaty of Paris closed and crowned the war. Britain obtained from France an acknowledgment of her right **1763** to Canada, Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, and part of Louisiana. She kept also the islands of Tobago, Dominica, St. Vincent, and Grenada, the settlement of Senegal, and the island of Minorca ; but gave up to her powerful neighbour Martinique, Guadaloupe, Goree, Belleisle, and other islands. From Spain she received Florida, and the settlements between it and the Mississippi ; but she gave back to that power

Havannah and the Philippines. The treaty was not obtained without a struggle. Bute secured the sanction of Parliament, chiefly by bribery on a scale at which Walpole would have blushed. Pitt, though suffering from gout, spoke vigorously for more than three hours against the peace. In spite of his heroic disregard of self, the treaty was approved. Then came an absurd Budget, in which a proposal to tax cider was laid before the House. It provoked a storm of opposition, especially in the apple counties. In speaking against the expense of the war and the need of raising a tax, George Grenville cried, "Where will gentlemen have a tax laid? tell me where!" Pitt answered with a snatch of song. Chanting out, "Gentle shepherd, tell me where!" he made a low bow, and hobbled off with the victory.

At last Bute took fright at his own unpopularity, and resigned. George Grenville then (April 8) became Prime Minister, and plunged at once into the prosecution of John Wilkes, member for the borough of Aylesbury. Having **1763** started a paper called *The North Briton* in opposition to Lord Bute's organ *The Briton*, Wilkes persistently reviled the Scottish nation; but he took a more daring flight in No. 45, in which he charged the king with having told a lie while speaking from the throne at the prorogation of Parliament. A general warrant, *i.e.*, a warrant naming nobody, was issued against the authors, printers, and publishers of this libel, and in virtue of this warrant Wilkes was arrested and sent to the Tower. His papers, too, were seized. When a writ of *Habeas Corpus* led to his appearance at the bar of the Common Pleas, Chief-Justice Pratt declared him free, because a member of Parliament could be arrested only for treason, felony, or a breach of the peace. An action for libel, founded on No. 45, was then begun against him, and he was deprived of his colonel's commission in the Bucks Militia. When Parliament met (Nov. 15), a licentious poem by Wilkes, of which a few copies

had been printed, was laid before the House. At this crisis he received a bullet in the side while fighting a duel with Martin, a hanger-on of Bute whom he had assailed in his paper. The mob roared in favour of Wilkes; but the Commons condemned No. 45 as a wicked libel, and expelled its author from his seat. He was soon afterwards declared by the King's Bench guilty of libel; but this was balanced by the Chief-Justice's decision against general warrants as illegal.

About this time Pitt received a legacy of £3,000 a-year from a veteran baronet of Somersetshire who wished to console the statesman for his fall. But wealth could not bring rest to the victim of disease. During the session which began in January 1765, Pitt appeared only once in Parliament. Shut up in his bedroom at Hayes, he heard the sounds of the political sea only as a dull murmur. During this withdrawal of the great man from active life, his kinsman George Grenville took that fatal step which led to the loss of the American colonies. A bill for laying on the transatlantic settlements the same stamp duties as prevailed in England passed into law (March 22).

Benjamin Franklin, once a printer's apprentice, but
1765 now the agent for Pennsylvania and a politician of no mean mark, warned the government that the colonists would never submit to bear the burden.

The battle of the regency, though of infinitely less importance, excited more interest. A slight attack of that mental malady which afterwards prostrated the king, made it necessary that this matter should be arranged. The chief quarrel was about the insertion of the name of the king's mother. The government had actually induced the king to consent to her exclusion, when a reaction, brought about by Bute and his friends, caused her name to be placed on the list. The king then sought to be delivered from the bondage of Grenville's cabinet. His uncle Cumberland, coming to the rescue, tried thrice to coax Pitt out of seclusion into office; but in vain. A

new ministry of leading Whigs was formed under the Premiership of the Marquis of Rockingham, an able, rich, and influential member of the Upper House. General Conway and the Duke of Grafton became Secretaries of State, while the veteran Newcastle got the Privy Seal.

The Stamp Act, fruitful in discontents, surged up to the surface of debate at once. There were three opinions prevailing on this celebrated question. Grenville and the king, although a gulf now severed them in other things, thought force the true way of dealing with the refractory colonists. Pitt thought the Act a flagrant breach of the Constitution. Rockingham held that while Parliament had an undoubted right to tax the colonies, this Act was "unjust and impolitic, sterile of revenue, and fertile in discontents." The private secretary of Rockingham, who had lately entered Parliament for Wendover in Bucks, adopted the last view and enforced it with striking eloquence. He was an Irishman of thirty-five, named Edmund Burke, who had studied law for a while in the Temple, and had afterwards devoted himself to a literary life. Macaulay has drawn attention to the fact that this session of 1766 witnessed the opening of Burke's career in the Commons, and the close of Pitt's. "It was indeed a splendid sunset and a splendid dawn."

The Stamp Act was ultimately repealed. The Commons were also led by Rockingham's cabinet to condemn general warrants as illegal, and to forbid the seizure of papers in cases of libel. But the ministry was certainly weak, though it was exceptionally free from corrupt practices. Rockingham's honesty, indeed, hastened his fall; for all the jobbers and place-hunters united with his conscientious opponents in pushing him out of office. Pitt then undertook the formation of that "Mosaic" Ministry, which Edmund Burke has so graphically painted. The Duke of Grafton became First Lord of the Treasury; witty Charles Townshend

July
1766

took the Exchequer; General Conway and Lord Shelburne acted as Secretaries of State. The Great Commoner surrendered that title, and to every one's surprise accepted a peerage—or, to quote Chesterfield's apt words, "he fell upstairs" into the House of Lords. As Earl of Chatham he received the minor office of Privy Seal. The truth is, the great orator's mind became unhinged about this time. Gout and the excitement of public life had done an evil work on him, and he sank into a long eclipse which darkened the next three years. He could bear no noise. Houses all around his villa at Hayes were bought up that he might be muffled in silence. He took odd fancies. Trees were sent down from London to be planted by torchlight. The cooks in his kitchen needed always to keep the spits going, for they did not know the second when a dinner might be called for. From such fantastic humours and the deep gloom which followed them, a sharp fit of gout set him free. But he had then (1768) resigned the Privy Seal.

During Pitt's mysterious retirement, and presumably without his approval, Townshend had recourse to the dangerous precedent of taxing the American colonies. He laid import duties on tea, lead, glass, paper, and painters' colours. The discontent in the colonies was revived. The whole amount to be raised was only £40,000; but the colonists objected to the principle, not to the amount. They formed defence associations and held colonial congresses.

The affairs of John Wilkes now came again to the surface. Taking advantage of a general election in 1768, he came over from France and stood for London. Rejected there, he carried the election for Middlesex. Riots followed. Wilkes was seized as an outlaw and thrown into prison. After he had spent two months there, the Court of King's Bench decided on reversing his sentence. For publishing a letter against Lord Weymouth, one of the Secretaries of State, he was expelled from the House

of Commons. He was again returned for Middlesex almost unanimously. As often as the Commons expelled him, the electors of Middlesex returned him. At last a Colonel Luttrell was put up to oppose him, and the Commons decided that the colonel, although he had received fewer votes, was the member for the shire. Then every tongue and pen, from Chatham in the Peers down to Junius * in the *Public Advertiser*, fought for the freedom of election. Wilkes became the most popular man in England. Before he came out of jail in 1770 he had obtained damages in the Common Pleas for £4,000 against Lord Halifax for false imprisonment and illegal seizure of papers. As Alderman, Sheriff, and Lord Mayor of London, he ran the round of civic splendour, and continued to represent Middlesex in the Commons for many years.

* *Junius*. The letters signed "Junius" began to appear in the *Public Advertiser* on January 21, 1769, and continued till 1772. It is still uncertain who was the writer of them; but the name supported by the best evidence is that of Sir Philip Francis, then an official in the War Office, and afterwards a member of Council in Bengal. Woodfall, the publisher, was prosecuted. His acquittal showed that the freedom of the press had been completely established.

CHAPTER XII.

HEROES OF THE COTTON MILL.

Wool deposed—James Kay—Hargreaves—The Spinning-jenny—Arkwright's water-frame—Crompton's mill—Parson Cartwright—The power-loom—Results.

THE old English staple, Wool, gave way in the course of the last century to a foreign intruder, called Cotton. Instead of the snowy fleece so long associated with our national wealth, the down of a tropical pod came to be the leading material of our insular manufacture. It took little hold at first, since cotton thread could not be made strong enough to form the entire fabric of a stuff. Calicoes were therefore made, in which linen and cotton threads were combined. When Sir Robert Walpole was fighting for excise, the spinning and weaving practised in Britain were of the simplest kind—the finger and thumb or the spinning-wheel rolling the thread, and a loom and hand-shuttle combining these clumsy threads into cloth. The men to whom we owe the mighty change since accomplished well deserve the title of “Heroes of the Cotton Mill,” because of the fortitude they displayed in fronting the calumny and loss which descended on them all in the ungrateful generation they adorned. These “heroes” merit also a place in the story of our nation, because to the wealth they created we may certainly in great measure ascribe that national strength and depth of resources which kept Great Britain afloat during the Napoleonic storm, and which have since enabled her to bear her enormous load of debt.

A *fly-shuttle* worked by a spring, and devised by James Kay, a loom-maker of Colchester, formed the first in a series of mighty inventions, all met on their first appearance with a whirlwind of rage among those who lived by the labour of the hand. Kay was bullied by weavers, cheated by masters who wanted to use his ideas without paying for them, and ground in the slow torture of expensive lawsuits. Glad at last to leave his ungrateful country, he found a wretched grave in Paris.

James Hargreaves, a weaver of Standhill near Blackburn, was sitting idle for want of cotton weft one day, when his wife Jenny's spinning-wheel capsized, and the wheel, lying on its side, continued to revolve. A bright idea struck him, resulting in a spinning-frame with eight spindles and a horizontal wheel. The *spinning-jenny*, as he named it after his wife, raised a tumult in the place. A crowd of spinners smashed the machine and drove the inventor to Nottingham. In vain he struggled there; rich men combined to crush the penniless genius, and soon his death gratified their malicious wish. So perished the leaders of the forlorn hope in this unequal strife.

The names of Richard Arkwright, Samuel Crompton, and Edmund Cartwright mark the victories by which the present magnificence of the cotton manufacture was achieved. Few lives present nobler lessons of endurance and upward striving than that of Richard Arkwright. The want of cotton weft—that is, yarn to be woven into cloth—pressed heavily on all the weavers of the country side, who were often obliged to spend precious time gathering weft from house to house. Arkwright thought of this, and shaped out a plan which a working clock-maker called Kay enabled him to put into the form of a model. His angry wife broke the models that pinched their meals. She then left him; his clothes went to rags, his money melted into a few halfpence, before the proud day came when the

completed model of the spinning-machine stood before him.

Shaking off the dust of Preston, his native town, he
1768 travelled to Nottingham, where he secured a partnership in the firm of Need and Strutt, stocking-weavers. The taking of a patent in 1769 plunged him into a sea of law-suits, for his right of patenting was contested. The perfect form of his invention, which is called the *water-frame*, may be assigned to the year 1771, when the firm to which he belonged built a spinning mill, worked by water, at Cromford in Derbyshire. For five years little or no profit resulted from the working of the water-frame; but then the tide turned in spite of renewed attacks and multitudinous lawsuits, and wealth began to flow in upon Arkwright. He was knighted in 1786, became High Sheriff of Derbyshire, and died at Cromford in 1792, aged sixty. His fortune of more than half a million was trebled by his son.

We turn now to a man who was less successful, if we measure success by money-making. A struggling widow, named Crompton, living in a farm-house at Bolton, had a son Samuel, whom she kept tightly to the loom. Sam, who loved fiddle-playing, was vexed by the breaking threads which often kept him from his music. The idea of doing something to expedite his
1779 work led him to stay up whole nights in his little room, working with wood and iron. He worked away until he had completed the *mule*, a machine improving on those of Hargreaves and Arkwright. Ill luck pursued him to the last. The £5,000 which Crompton got from the government in course of time scarcely paid his debts. Dying in 1827, aged seventy-four, he added another to the long list of men who have suffered martyrdom in the cause of art.

A very different man from any of these now rises as the inventor of the *power-loom*. Edmund Cartwright, born in 1743, went from Wakefield School to Oxford, where he studied at University College and became a Fellow of Magdalene.

The duties of his cure as a clergyman at Goadby-Marwood in Leicestershire and other places did not prevent him from cultivating his poetic talent and contributing to the *Monthly Review*. Nothing certainly was farther from his thoughts than that he should enrol his name in the list of great mechanical inventors. The talk at a dinner-party at Matlock, at which he was present, turned upon spinning-machines, which were then creating considerable wonder and disgust. It suggested to Cartwright that there was no reason why weaving as well as spinning should not be done by machinery. The result of his ponderings and plannings appeared six months **1784** later in a clumsy piece of carpentry and smith-work, which contained the germ of the power-loom. All old pursuits were then abandoned. Having established some mills at Doncaster, he endeavoured to give England the benefit of his invention. But all the spite and malevolence of the weaving fraternity—alike men and masters—arose against him. They burned his mill; they infringed his patent; they damaged his goods. The brave heart, the teeming brain never failed. He bore his narrowed circumstances without a murmur, and went on inventing until the day he died. A grant of £10,000, made by Parliament in 1808, saved him from want or the need of toil during the evening of his life, which closed in 1827.

Many inventors and improvers added to the works of these great men. Then steam began to roll the spindles and work the reeds at a surprising rate, which multiplied the produce of the mills beyond all anticipation, enabling the country to bear its gigantic burdens with the greatest ease. From being a wild moorland tract, Lancashire became full of industry and wealth, the parent cities presiding over a host of independent and very thriving towns of minor note.

CHAPTER XIII.

AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

The North Ministry—Freedom of the Press—Dismissal of Fox—The Tea Tax—Boston Harbour—Lexington—Bunker Hill—George Washington—Declaration of Independence—Saratoga—Valley Forge—Death of Chatham—Yorktown—Siege of Gibraltar—Peace.

THE Grafton Ministry could not long survive Pitt's retirement. In 1770 the Duke of Grafton gave place to Frederick, Lord North, a shambling, thick-tongued nobleman, in face remarkably like the king. Fox took office as a junior Lord of the Admiralty, and Edward Thurlow became Solicitor-General. The cabinet contained almost the same men as had served under Grafton ; but the change of head made it more distinctly Tory. It was under this ministry chiefly that the American war was carried on. One of its first acts was to remove all the duties on imports in America except the tax on tea. That was a useless and ill-considered concession, because it left the principle untouched.

A dispute of no small importance raged during the early part of 1771, between the House of Commons and the London printers, who had begun to publish the speeches and debates of the House. Many a literary man had earned his dinner by casting the substance of speeches into a popular form. The reputation of certain orators rests thus on uncertain ground, since even in the case of Chatham we can trace the evident work of Samuel Johnson's pen. A Colonel Onslow, stung by

certain nicknames, called the attention of the House to the reporting of debates, which had been already (1728) declared a punishable offence. Burke, looking with a larger view, told the House that such things were natural and must go on. The sergeant-at-arms was nevertheless sent into the city to seize the printers. When one of them named Wheble was carried before Alderman Wilkes, he dismissed the charge. Alderman Oliver and the Lord Mayor followed this audacious example; but the wrath of the Commons was roused, and the two last were sent to the Tower with Wilkes. The government was afraid to meddle. Finally, the Commons beat an ignominious retreat, and the right of publishing the proceedings of Parliament has stood unquestioned ever since. Woodfall, the publisher of Junius, turned his surprising memory to good account in the *Diary*, by going to listen from the Strangers' Gallery, and then writing out all that he had heard.

Out of this disturbance grew a rupture between Fox and North. Owing to previous disagreement between the colleagues, Pitt had resigned his post at the Admiralty, but was again received into the ministry as one of the Lords of the Treasury. Stung, however, at the weak dealings of the 1774 Premier with the printers, Fox proposed that Woodfall should be sent to Newgate. North, resenting this interference, sent Fox a note of dismissal. The death of his father, Lord Holland, in this year, served still further to cut Fox loose from the ministry.

Nearer and blacker grew the cloud which at last burst into the American war. While the entire horizon gloomed under its shadow, Edmund Burke, who had since 1771 been agent for the state of New York, uttered the thunders of his eloquence against the taxation of tea in the American colonies. A further indiscretion on the part of the government hastened the crisis. In 1773, by an arrangement with the East India Company, it allowed a large consignment of tea to be sent to

America with a drawback of the whole of the English duty. This made the tea actually cheaper in America than it had been before the duty was imposed. That the colonists regarded as an attempt to bribe them into a concession of the principle for which they contended. Another circumstance imbittered their feelings against Britain. Benjamin Franklin was still in England. Certain letters which the British Colonial Under-Secretary had received from Hutchinson and Oliver, the governor and the deputy of Massachusetts, came into Franklin's hands after the death of the under-secretary, from whose desk they had been stolen. These letters Franklin sent to Boston, under cover. As they distinctly advised the use of force to crush out the embers of rebellion, they revived the somewhat sinking fire.

One December night in 1773 "Boston harbour grew black with unexpected tea" (as Carlyle phrases it), several of the colonists in the dress of Mohawks having boarded the vessels just newly anchored there, and flung the contents of the obnoxious chests overboard. This daring act brought on Massachusetts, and especially on Boston, heavy retaliation. The charter of the state was taken away; the custom-house was removed from Boston to Salem, the port being actually closed. In vain Franklin strove to effect a reconciliation.

The American states, now all on fire, met, with the
1774 exception of Georgia, in solemn congress at Philadelphia, to confirm with their approval the course taken by Massachusetts, to frame a *declaration of rights*, and to forward to King George the Third a document stating their case and pleading for redress. The petition was slighted. Chatham told the Lords that it was folly to force the taxes in the face of a continent in arms. Edmund Burke, who now sat in Parliament as member for Bristol, bade the Commons beware lest they severed those ties of similar privilege and kindred blood, which, light as air though strong as iron, bound the colonies to the mother-land. The ministers were deaf to these

eloquent warnings and blind to the coming storm. General Gage occupied Boston with five thousand British troops.

Actual war began in 1775. The first collision took place between Boston and Concord, chiefly at Lexington, fifteen miles from the former city. General Gage sent a detachment from Boston to seize some military stores collected by the Americans at Concord. Bells rang and guns fired April 19, 1775 around the startled soldiers during their night march to the place, and a few shots were exchanged between them and



a body of colonial militia. Reaching the town, they destroyed the stores, and then turned towards Boston. Every hedge and bush, rock, tree, and wall, as they passed, sent out its spirits of deadly flame and smoke from the rifles of the American marksmen. If a detachment with two cannon had not met the returning force at Lexington, every man would have fallen. As it was, sixty killed and one hundred and thirty-six wounded did not complete the tale of the British loss.

In May the American militia, to the number of twenty thousand, blockaded Boston. Gage received succours from home in the shape of three generals—Howe, Burgoyne, and Clinton—and five thousand men. But he had no foresight, no energy. Right in front of him across the River Charles lay the eminence of Bunker Hill, commanding all Boston. The buildings of Charlestown lay at its foot, on a peninsula easily approachable by land; yet it did not occur to him till too late to secure this important position. The American militia, centred at Cambridge, resolved to seize the hill. This they accomplished without let or noise during the night of the 16th

June. At daybreak a British vessel, noticing the works **June 17.** which had sprung up like mushrooms in the summer night, began to fire on the hill. Gage awoke to the fact that he had been caught napping. Something must be done at once. A few cannons accordingly began to blaze across the stream. But until noon no men crossed. When the attack began at last, the column moved up the hill in the face of the intrenched Americans—to be received with a murderous fire at scarcely barrel-length. The arrival of Clinton enabled the British to sweep the works clean with the bayonet, and to drive the Americans, whose ammunition was exhausted, down the hill. After all, the British lost one thousand and fifty men in opposition to an American loss of four hundred and fifty. What the event showed was that, with the help of some slight field-works, it was possible for undisciplined patriots to meet on equal terms the best troops Britain could send against them. Henceforth the success of the revolution was assured. "Thank God," said Washington, when he heard of the battle; "the liberties of the country are safe."

The hero of the war came prominently on the scene soon after the affair of Bunker Hill. George Washington was born in 1732 at Bridge's Creek, Westmoreland, Virginia. He had already seen service in the war which resulted in the con-

quest of Canada. Assuming the command at Cambridge (July 2), he began the difficult task of organizing the American army, in which, by dint of industry and firmness, he succeeded admirably. When he reached Cambridge, he found not enough powder in camp to give nine cartridges to each man. Having put his raw forces into shape, Washington established the blockade of Boston, within whose forts Howe now commanded in room of Gage, recalled. This was the situation at the end of the first year.

In the following year Washington gradually pushed his approaches towards Boston. But the officers hardly cared yet to face the hazard of an assault. Howe, following the bad example of his predecessor, had left unguarded Dorchester Height, which commanded the shipping and the town. This Washington took one night in March under cover of a bombardment, and thus forced Howe to evacuate the city. For the time Howe retired to Halifax in Nova Scotia, while Washington hurried to New York, where he had reason to expect the next attack.

A decided step was taken by the colonists when they issued their celebrated *Declaration of Independence*, a document drawn up by Thomas Jefferson, a young lawyer of Virginia, and revised by John Adams of Massachusetts and Benjamin Franklin of Pennsylvania. When the vote was taken, New York alone of the thirteen states refused her assent.

July 4,
1776

It was the 29th of June before General Howe appeared off Sandy Hook, at the entrance to New York harbour. Lord Howe having joined his brother with a fleet and an army from England, an attack was made on Long Island. Washington poured his forces into the island, but was out-manceuvred, and but for a kindly fog would scarcely have been able to ferry his men over to New York (Aug. 29). The evacuation of that city was the almost necessary consequence of this disaster.

Washington crossed the Hudson, and fell back behind the line of the Delaware.

General Howe, tardy as usual, did not open the third campaign till June. Having landed his troops at Elk Head
1777 on the shore of Chesapeake, he moved at last on Philadelphia. The Americans had had ample time to fortify the forks and wooded banks of the Brandywine, a river which crossed his line of march. Howe attacked their position
Sept. 11. on the stream, while Lord Cornwallis, slipping higher up, crossed and took Washington in flank. A sudden flight ensued, but there was no pursuit. The American army, all loaded as it was with baggage-waggons and cannon, got clear away. Lord Cornwallis took possession of Philadelphia on the 27th of September.

In October a very severe humiliation befell the British troops. General Burgoyne, moving in June from the Canadian frontier, caused the Americans to evacuate the important lake-fortresses of Crown Point and Ticonderoga, and then exultingly pressed forward to the Hudson. He asked too late for a co-operative movement from New York, whence Howe had sailed for the Delaware. Instead of falling back on Lakes George and Champlain, Burgoyne rashly advanced to Saratoga, within four miles of an American redoubt held by General Gates. Skirmishing and waiting there from September 20th to October 7th, he consumed time, strength, and food in the vague hope that help would come from New York. The Americans cut off his retreat; the Indians deserted him in crowds.
Oct. 16. Vainly he attempted to reach Fort George by forcing his way up the right bank of the Hudson. At last he was forced to surrender with his army of five thousand seven hundred and ninety-one men, on condition that the troops, marching out with the honours of war, should not again take part in the conflict.

The following winter found the two armies in very different

conditions. Within the lines of Philadelphia, the men of Howe's army plunged into the wildest excesses, enervating their strength and utterly losing their discipline. Twenty miles off, in huts at Valley Forge, lay the army of Washington—the men shoeless and almost coatless; their legs often frozen black, so that amputation was necessary; their food of the scantiest and poorest kind. Washington, too, had his own trials to bear. Goaded by murmurs that he ought to have beaten Howe ere this, stung by the knowledge that Gates and others were plotting to cut him off from his high command, harassed by yet a hundred other worries incidental to his position, he held resolutely and calmly to the path of duty. Having remodelled his army, and obtained some promise of future pay from Congress, he prepared for the 1778 opening of a campaign. There was proof that the Americans had made some progress, in the ratification of a treaty with France acknowledging the independence of the colonies (May 6). The campaign opened ignobly on the British side (June 18th), when Sir Henry Clinton, the successor of Howe, abandoned Philadelphia and moved toward New York. Washington followed with caution. At Monmouth there was a fight, resulting in favour of Clinton, who managed to reach New York safely on the 5th of July. Washington having resolved to stand on the defensive, fortified the heights of the Hudson, and drew a line of cantonments around New York. So he spent the winter.

This year saw the last of the great Chatham. Though from the first he had declared that it was impossible to subdue the Americans, he protested vehemently against the dismemberment of the empire. The alliance of France with the Americans also changed his view of affairs. He spent his last strength in a speech opposing the Duke of Richmond's motion, that the king should be asked to break off the war. The old man came down to the House, carefully dressed in velvet. Aided by his

floated slowly up to the British batteries, attended by shoals of gunboats, frigates, and other craft.

At nine on the eventful morning (September 13), the "constructions" received a warm British welcome of red-hot iron as they moved to the attack. All day the cannons roared.

Towards evening ominous smoke-jets issuing from the
1782 sides of the monsters, whose bellowing had ceased, excited alarm, and when flames burst out from them the hopes of the besiegers withered away. Two of the sand-and-hide engines blew up; the rest were burned either by the British fire or by their own crews.

This repulse, however, did not relieve Gibraltar; for it was known that food and powder were running low within the walls: the blockade therefore continued, fifty sail of the line, with other vessels, occupying the bay. The final relief of the garrison was accomplished by Admiral Lord Howe on the 14th of October. Having stretched a chain of ships across the mouth of the bay, Howe spent the four following days in directing the unlading of the store-ships. The raising of the siege soon followed this third and greatest relief.

Preliminaries of peace were signed at Paris on the 20th of January 1783. Lord North had resigned the year before, on the occasion of an address to stop the war being carried, and Lord Rookingham had taken office a second time. Great

Sept. 3, Britain acknowledged the complete independence of the
1783 thirteen revolted states, and granted them leave to fish at Newfoundland and other privileges. Both nations were equally to enjoy the right of navigating the Mississippi. The separation was a clear gain to both sides, although Britain paid dearly for the privilege of acknowledging American freedom. The war cost £100,000,000 sterling.

CHAPTER XIV.

INDIA.

Return of Clive—Warren Hastings first Governor-General—Death of Clive—Captain Cook—Gordon riots—Economical Reform—Second Rockingham Cabinet—Grattan's Parliament—Shelburne Cabinet—William Pitt the younger—Coalition Ministry—Pitt Prime Minister—The Board of Control—Trial of Hastings—Death of Tippoo.

WHEN ill-health compelled Clive to leave India for England in 1760, that which he had found as a group of commercial settlements had become virtually an empire. Not long after Clive's departure, Sir Eyre Coote gained several victories which secured the Carnatic for Britain. By-and-by the absence of Clive's vigorous hand and watchful eye at headquarters was felt. The East India Company's servants practised shameful extortion, and the service became disorganized. The native princes began to assume an independent tone, and to throw off their allegiance. The Company was threatened with ruin. In these circumstances Clive, now Lord Clive of Plassey, was induced to return to India in 1765, as Governor of Bengal. He set himself vigorously to reform the service, and he concluded a favourable treaty with the Mogul emperor. But his health again gave way, and he finally left India in 1767.

Clive's departure was followed by a long succession of disasters. Hyder Ali, King of Mysore,* in Southern India, formed

* *Mysore*, a district in the south of the Deccan, of which Seringapatam was capital. It is in the angle formed by the east and west Ghats.

an alliance with the Mahratta chiefs. The Company's trade fell off to an alarming extent. A terrible famine ravaged the land. Lord North, who had come into power in 1770, passed in 1773 the Regulating Act, by which the Governor of Bengal was made superior to the Governors of Madras and Bombay. Warren Hastings, who had already filled the office of member of council both at Calcutta and at Madras, was appointed first Governor-general of India. In the same year General Burgoyne—afterwards the ignoble hero of Saratoga—led an attack on Clive's character in the House of Commons. It was prompted by those whom his reforms had made his enemies. The House admitted that he had been guilty of certain irregularities, but added to its resolution "That Robert, Lord Clive, did, at the same time, render great and meritorious services to his country." Though thus actually acquitted, the stain cast on his good name preyed on his mind and drove him to lay violent hands on himself, November 1774. He was only forty-eight years of age.

Hastings was not over-scrupulous in the means he adopted for filling his treasury, both to satisfy the shareholders of the Company and to carry on his wars. From the first, however, his administration was marked by the greatest vigour. When France joined the Americans in 1778, Hastings lost no time ere he had captured Chandernagore and Pondicherry, and had all but ruined French influence in India. In 1780 Hyder Ali overran the Carnatic and threatened Madras. Hastings made peace with the Mahrattas,* and hurled against Hyder the whole of his available forces under Sir Eyre Coote. Coote gained two brilliant victories over him in 1781, and finally crushed him at Arnee † in 1782. Hyder died before the end of that year, and in 1783 his son Tippoo Saib made peace with the British.

* *Mahrattas*. They originally belonged to the north-west of the Deccan (India, south of the Vindhya Mountains). They were finally subdued by Britain in 1818.

† *Arnee*, eighty miles west-south-west of Madras.

While Hastings had thus been building up the British power in India, the discoveries of Captain James Cook had been adding largely to the empire in another quarter of the globe. This celebrated sailor, who may well be called the founder of the great Australian colonies, was born in Yorkshire in 1728. Between the years 1767 and 1779 he made three voyages round the world, exploring especially the South Seas and the coast of Australia. He was killed in 1779 at Hawaii * by the spear of a treacherous native.

Great changes, meanwhile, had taken place at home. In 1780 London was convulsed by the Gordon riots. Two years earlier some heavy penal laws against Roman Catholics had been repealed. In June, Lord George Gordon, escorted by an immense mob, went to the House of Commons 1780 to present a petition against the reversal of these laws. The petition was rejected, and the riots began. For a week the mob held London streets, nor did they yield to the soldiery until more than four hundred had been killed. Lord George was sent to the Tower, and tried, but he was acquitted. It is said that he afterwards embraced Judaism.

In the spring of the following year Edmund Burke, the great orator, laid before the House of Commons his celebrated scheme for the reform of the public economy. 1781 Every department of the public service fell under his searching scrutiny, and in all—Ordnance, Mint, Exchequer, Army, Navy, Pensions, Household, and so forth—he found something that might be pruned away without injuring the system of government. Fox lent his friendly aid and great forensic talent to the support of this measure, which, however, broke down in the higher stages. Before long, many of Burke's ideas on this important subject worked their way into accomplished facts.

* *Hawaii* (or *Owhyhee*), the largest and southernmost of the Sandwich Islands, in the Pacific Ocean.

The general election of 1780 turned on the continuance of the American war. A majority was returned against the ministry; but the king was so unwilling to abandon his policy of coercing the colonies, that he kept Lord North in power till the beginning of 1782. In February of that year Lord North was forced to resign, an address to the king praying for the discontinuance of the war having been carried by a small majority. A second Rockingham Ministry then sprang into being, in which Charles James Fox was Foreign Secretary and Burke was Paymaster of the Forces. The latter, however, was not admitted to the Cabinet. Burke swept away the perquisites of his office, thus effecting a considerable saving to the nation, but condemning future paymasters to live on a much smaller income.

The Rockingham Ministry granted to Ireland legislative independence. As the result of an agitation headed by the eloquent Henry Grattan, freedom of trade had been granted to it by Lord North's Government in 1779. The success of the American colonies emboldened the Irish leader to push his claims further. He proposed a Declaration of Right, demanding the repeal of the Law of Poynings (or Statute of Drogheda, 1494), by which the British Privy Council had power to amend or to suppress Irish bills; and of the statute of 1719 (6 George the First), which enabled the British Parliament to legislate

for Ireland. Grattan's resolutions having been carried
1782 unanimously in both Houses of the Irish Parliament,
both of these statutes were repealed in London with
the help of the government. The free Parliament which continued from 1782 till the Union (1801) is known as Grattan's Parliament.

When Rockingham died—only four months after taking office—the Cabinet dissolved, and the Shelburne Ministry took its place (July 10, 1782), William Pitt the younger being called to fill the onerous post of Chancellor of the Exchequer. Little

more at that time than twenty-three years of age, he had already been sitting in Parliament for eighteen months. He was born at Hayes, in Kent, May 28th, 1759. After enjoying a careful training at home, he went to Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, where his precocious scholarship excited much wonder. A short stay in France was followed by a course of legal study, which qualified him for admission to the bar in 1780. In less than a year he took his seat in the Commons for the borough of Appleby, and displayed an eloquence that awed and dazzled even that distinguished assembly.

Pitt had very early identified himself with the subject of parliamentary reform, a subject which began at this time to engage attention. His maiden speech (February 1781) had been made in support of Burke's motion for "economical reform." In May of next year he moved for a committee of inquiry into the system of electing members of Parliament. His motion was lost, but only by twenty votes; and resolutions were passed by which revenue officers were disfranchised, and contractors under government were excluded from the House of Commons.

On the Shelburne Ministry devolved the task of completing the treaty with the United States. Though the country was pledged to peace, the treaty was everywhere unpopular. Fox and the moderate Whigs joined the Tories and drove the ministry from office. The Coalition Ministry was then formed by the Duke of Portland. It included North and Fox, formerly bitter opponents, as well as Burke and Sheridan. The chief subject that engaged the attention of this ministry was the government of India. When Parliament assembled in the following November, Fox brought in two Bills on the subject. In the one Bill he proposed to vest the territorial government of India in the hands of seven directors, to be appointed at first by the Parliament, but afterwards at intervals of four years by the Crown, and to place the commercial

April
1783

government of that golden dependency in the hands of nine assistant-directors. The other Bill aimed at the suppression of tyranny, and the regulation of the powers exercised by the Governor-General and Council. Burke supported the measures with all the might of his magic eloquence; while Pitt opposed them with all the energy of youth and the vigour of aspiration. Long the battle raged. Fox carried the first Bill through the Commons in triumph, but it was lost on the second reading in the Lords, the king having conceived or received the idea that the passing of the measure into law would place all Indian power in the hands of the ministry. Thus the coalition broke down. At twelve one night (Dec. 18), a royal messenger demanded the seals of office from North and Fox, and
Dec. 19,
1783 on the next day Pitt was appointed First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer. Fox naturally became leader of the opposition, which assumed a portentous contrast to the handful thinly scattered on the ministerial benches. The coalition did not die without a struggle. But Pitt, backed by the king, won his way inch by inch against the majorities dwindling every night, until the dissolution of Parliament completed the ruin of Fox's party. One hundred and sixty of his retainers lost their seats in the election scramble that ensued, retiring with the poor consolation of living in history as "Fox's Martyrs." Pitt's overwhelming majority secured his supremacy during the remainder of his life.

One of the first uses Pitt made of his majority was to settle the government of India. This he did in 1784 by a Bill erecting the Board of Control, which consisted of six
1784 privy councillors appointed by the Crown, the principal Secretaries of State, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer. This board, which continued till the Company was abolished in 1858, was an Indian commission sitting in London which had supreme authority over the government of India and the affairs of the Company. In the following year Pitt intro-

duced a Bill for parliamentary reform, but it was rejected by a large majority. With his measures of financial reform he was more successful. In 1787 he concluded a commercial treaty with France.

Warren Hastings finally quitted India in 1785, and he left it in a state of unexampled peace. At first he was received at home with marked favour; but by-and-by murmurs of detraction began to be heard, and eventually he was im- **1785**
peached before the House of Lords. The chief charges against him were, that he had hired out British troops to crush certain free native states; that he had extorted large sums of money from native princes—in particular from the rajah of Benares and the princesses of Oudh; that, to this end, he had used oppression, and even torture; and that he had supported his authority by other unlawful means. The impeachment was moved in the House of Commons by Burke in a magnificent speech. Fox and Sheridan expended their most brilliant eloquence in assailing him. Pitt could not deny that he had acted tyrannically. The impeachment was accordingly voted. The trial commenced in 1788. It lasted seven years, and in the end Hastings was acquitted. But the trial had ruined him, and he received a pension from the East India Company which enabled him to pass the close of his life in comfort. He lived till 1818.

Hastings was succeeded as governor-general by Lord Cornwallis, under whom the war against Tippoo Saib was so vigorously prosecuted that in 1792 he was forced to submit. A few years later, however, a change in the government encouraged the rajah to resume hostilities. In 1799 a powerful army was despatched to Mysore under General Harris. Seringapatam was stormed by Sir David Baird, and Tippoo was slain. Colonel Arthur Wellesley (afterwards the great Duke of Wellington), who had taken a prominent part in the campaign, was then appointed Governor of Mysore.

CHAPTER XV.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Causes of the Revolution—Effect in England—The regency—Canada—Quarrel of Burke with Fox—War with France—Threatened invasion—St. Vincent—Nelson—The Mutiny—Camperdown—Irish Rebellion—Vinegar Hill—The Nile—Acre—Abercromby—The Irish Union—The Addington Cabinet.

THE French Revolution, which began in 1789, was the greatest event of the eighteenth century. During its continuance, the history of Britain is to a great extent merged in the general history of Europe. In France, a long course of tyrannical oppression and of reckless extravagance on **1789** the part of the Court, ending in serious national embarrassment and an intolerable weight of taxation, had resulted in rankling discontent. Minister after minister tried to grapple with the financial difficulties, and failed. The States-General were then called (1789). The Commons members, or Third Estate ("Tiers État"), constituted themselves a National Assembly. Then the Paris mob stormed the Bastille, and the Revolution began. The ancient Bourbon monarchy was overturned; the king and the queen—Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette—were guillotined; the Christian faith was trampled under foot, and a goddess of Reason was set up for worship: all France was drenched in blood.

The ferment quickly spread to Britain; but the great concessions made to the Parliament and the people at the Revo-

lution of 1688 rendered it comparatively harmless there. Yet it imbittered party feeling, all the more that the claims of the people to larger and more direct representation in the House of Commons were beginning to be urged. Many even of the friends of reform were alarmed by the proceedings in France, and became opponents of change. Fox and the Whigs sympathized with the demands of the French people for liberty. Burke, however, denounced the excesses in France, and foretold the overturn of law and order. Pitt's policy during the earlier scenes of the Revolution was that of strict neutrality. Ultimately, its excesses impressed him with the danger of increasing the power of the people.

Another question which had led to a keen conflict between Pitt and Fox on the eve of the Revolution was that of the regency. In the autumn of 1788, it became known that the mind of the king was deranged, and it was necessary to think of appointing a regent. Pitt contended that Parliament alone had the right of settling the regency, while Fox stood up for the right of the Prince of Wales to govern during his father's incapacity. The fortunate recovery of the king prevented the question from coming to an issue then, but Pitt had decidedly the best of the struggle (Feb. 1789).

The effects of the Revolution were seen in the discussions raised by the Canada Bill of Lord Grenville* in 1791. Ever since the conquest of Canada, its government **1791** had been beset with difficulties arising from the differences in nationality and in religion which separated the inhabitants—the French being Roman Catholic, and the English generally Protestant. The Quebec Act of 1774 had attempted to cure the evils, but it had been found wanting. That Act, in reality, had constituted Quebec a French province. It had established the Roman Catholic religion, and introduced the

* *Lord Grenville*, third son of the Hon. George Grenville, brother-in-law of the elder Pitt. He was Foreign Secretary in Pitt's Ministry, and became Premier in the "All the Talents" Ministry of 1806.

whole body of the French civil law. The English population felt much aggrieved by these changes; and the French themselves were not satisfied with the Act, as the majority of the members of the council were of English birth.

These controversies were suspended during the revolutionary war in the States. The southern colonists made great efforts to induce the Canadians to join them, but they were attended with very partial success. At the peace (1783), several thousands of the United Empire Loyalists, as the adherents of the king in the States were called, migrated to Canada. A large party of them, from New York, settled in Nova Scotia, west of the Bay of Fundy. In 1784 this district was constituted a separate province, styled New Brunswick, with Fredericton as capital.

The object of the Bill of 1791 was to divide Canada into two provinces, Upper and Lower, with a separate provincial government in each. Though a government measure, it was heartily supported by Fox. Burke, on the contrary, denounced it in a violent philippic against republican principles and the Revolution in France, and declared that he would hold no intercourse with those who defended them. Fox, who had been his life-long friend, whispered, "There is no loss of friendship, I hope." "Yes," replied Burke, "there is loss of friendship. I know the price of my conduct: our friendship is at an end." The Bill passed, and is known as the Canada Constitutional Act. It established a Representative Assembly, a Legislative Council, and a Governor in each province. It did not, however, put an end to the evils which afflicted the colonies.

The republic was established in France in 1792, and one of its first acts was to offer help to the British people against their "tyrannical" government. When the blood of **1793** Louis stained the scaffold in the following year, the cry for war became general in Britain. Pitt saw that war was inevitable. Burke and William Windham (afterwards

Secretary at War) took the same view. It was, therefore, with something like welcome that the ministry received a declaration of war from the French republic on February 1. Pitt at once formed with Austria, Prussia, Spain, and Holland the *First Coalition* against France. The strife thus kindled continued with little interruption for twenty-two years. It was soon manifest that the energies of France had been braced rather than exhausted by the hurricane of revolution. Toulon, a strong fortress on the Mediterranean shore, having surrendered to a British fleet under Lord Hood, was retaken by the cannon of the republic, directed chiefly by a little Corsican officer of artillery named Napoleon Bonaparte, who had been much distinguished for mathematics in the military schools.

In Britain, the admirers of the Revolution became bolder. They joined in the cry for a reform of Parliament. The government became alarmed, and suspended the *Habeas Corpus* Act, besides passing an Act against seditious 1794 assemblies. Horne Tooke,* a clergyman and a member of the Constitution Society, was, with two associates, tried for high treason at the Old Bailey, but was acquitted. Abroad, the British arms were generally successful. Lord Hood took Corsica. At the siege of Calvi, Captain Horatio Nelson greatly distinguished himself; but he lost the sight of his right eye in the action. Lord Howe gained a brilliant victory over the French fleet in the Channel (June 1st): he took seven ships, and sank one during the action. Most of the French settlements in the East and the West Indies were taken. The French, however, had become masters of Flanders, and in 1795 Holland submitted to them. In the same year Prussia made a separate treaty with France, and Spain also 1795 became her ally. Nevertheless Pitt resolved to prosecute the war with vigour, and succeeded in securing the

* *Horne Tooke*. He is well known as the author of the "*Diversions of Purley*," one of the earliest books on English etymology.

alliance of Russia as an offset to the loss of Prussia, Holland, and Spain. A naval victory (June 22) gained by Lord Bridport off L'Orient, the capture of the Cape of Good Hope and some of the finest of the Antilles, crippled severely the power of the French and their newly-gained Dutch allies.

The French Directory sought to wound Britain through Ireland. A fleet, collected at Brest, really sailed in December 1796 with an army under General Hoche; but a storm prevented the invasion, by driving the ships far and wide from the appointed meeting-place in Bantry Bay. The *Légion Noire*—a band of blackguards dressed in black, the scum of the French galleys—made descents on Ilfracombe and Fishguard Bay, preparatory to their purpose of setting Bristol in a blaze; but, cowed by the sight of the red cloaks worn by the Welsh peasant girls, they yielded ignobly to Lord Cawdor. Notwithstanding Pitt's determination to spare no effort while the war lasted, there can be no doubt of his genuine desire for peace. Negotiations with that view were opened with France in 1796, but they failed. The proposal had Fox's hearty approval; Burke, on the contrary, denounced it as "a regicide peace."

The French Directory, intoxicated by the splendid successes of Napoleon in Italy, burned to make a descent on England. In order to accomplish this, it was arranged that the Dutch and Spanish fleets should effect a junction at Brest with the collected navy of France. The Spanish fleet, under Cordova, had passed the Strait of Gibraltar on its way to the place of meeting, when happily it was met by a British squadron emerging from the Tagus under Sir John Jervis. The news that the Spaniards were under sail near Cape St. Vincent* had been brought to the British admiral by Commodore Nelson, who came opportunely with some ships from Elba. The Spaniards mustered twenty-five sail; Jervis commanded only fifteen. A daring dash of the British ships through the hostile fleet, cutting off

* Cape St. Vincent, the south-western extremity of Portugal.

six vessels from the main body, reduced the fighting numbers to something like equality. Commodore Nelson covered himself with glory in the action that ensued. Aided by Colling-wood, he boarded, first the *San Nicolas*, through whose cabin window he sprang, and then the *San Josef*, a vessel of eighty guns, lying beyond. As he jumped on the deck of the latter, his famous cry, "Victory or Westminster Abbey," rang clear above the din of war. Four Spanish ships struck in this battle of St. Vincent; several could hardly crawl away. A peerage and a pension rewarded Jervis, while Nelson received knighthood and the Order of the Bath. The victory put a stop to the intended invasion of Great Britain by the French and the Spaniards.

Feb. 14,
1797

The bright gleam of St. Vincent was succeeded by a gloomy time. The Bank of England had advanced so much money to the government that it could no longer supply the demands of the public in specie. It therefore stopped cash payments, and issued notes of £1 and £2; and Pitt introduced and passed his Bank Restriction Act, prohibiting the bank from paying in cash sums over twenty shillings (February). Mutiny in the fleet added much to the depression of the time. Through April, May, and June, the fleets at Portsmouth and the Nore* were in the hands of the seamen, who appointed delegates to make known to the government their grievances and demands. Insufficient pay, unfair distribution of prize-money, and tyrannical treatment by their officers formed the groundwork of their complaints. The crews at Portsmouth, softened by concession, soon returned to their duty; but the mutiny in the Thames assumed a more formidable shape, owing to the levelling tendencies of its ringleader, Richard Parker, a broken-down tradesman, who had taken to the sea as a last resource. Some idea of this man's spirit may be gathered from his device of hanging images of Pitt and Dundas on the yards of the vessels as targets for ball-

* *The Nore*, a roadstead in the Thames, opposite Sheerness.

practice. Lasting for about a month, this second and more dangerous mutiny melted away owing to various causes, of which the chief were the introduction of two severe Mutiny Bills by Pitt, the revival of loyal feelings on the king's birthday (June 4th), the tyranny of the upstart delegates, and the want of fresh water and food. Parker was hanged at the yard-arm of the *Sandwich* on the 30th of June.

As St. Vincent had flung a sudden ray of gladness over the opening months of the year, so Camperdown* tinged its autumn with a hopeful light. Fears of an invasion of Ireland from the Low Countries had been rife in Britain, and Admiral Duncan had been watching the mouth of the Texel most vigilantly. While he was refitting at Yarmouth Roads, De Winter, the Dutch admiral, incited by the French Directory, slipped out to make a sudden dash at the few ships on guard. Duncan came down with swelling canvas before the Dutchmen had lost sight of the low shore between Camperdown and
Oct. 11, Egmont. Onslow led the British van; Duncan in
1797 the *Venerable*, 74 guns, sailed at the head of the second line. From noon to four the cannon roared. Then the Dutch gave way and fled, leaving eleven prizes in the victors' hands. Duncan and De Winter took a hand at whist that night in the cabin of the *Venerable*, and the latter suffered a second beating of a different kind. The game is worthy to be classed with the famous match at bowls on the Hoe at Plymouth when the Armada was in sight. Admiral Sir Horatio Nelson lost his right arm about this time in an unsuccessful attack upon Santa Cruz in Teneriffe. On the Continent, Napoleon and Massena broke the power of Austria in a series of brilliant victories, and she had to submit to the humiliating treaty of Campo Formio.† This broke up the coalition.

The Irish rebellion of 1798 was an indirect consequence of

* *Camperdown*, on the coast of Holland, 27 miles north-west of Amsterdam. Duncan was rewarded with the title Viscount Duncan of Camperdown.

† *Campo Formio*, a village 66 miles north-east of Venice.

the French Revolution. The evils of Ireland were by no means cured by the concession of legislative independence in 1782. The Home Rule then granted was Protestant Home Rule. The masses of the Irish people were excluded from all participation in it, and their discontent continued. The French Revolution was hailed by them with delight. They saw in it, as they had seen in the revolt of the American colonists, an example to be followed and an opportunity to be utilized. On the one hand, the Catholics formed themselves into rebel societies under the name of "Defenders;" on the other hand the Protestants, about 1790, organized the "Orange Lodges." The Protestants, however, were not all loyalists. Some of them were republicans in politics as they were Presbyterians in religion. To Wolfe Tone, a reckless young barrister, occurred the happy idea of forming a coalition between the National Roman Catholics and the Republican Protestants; and the powerful society of "United Irishmen" was the result. In 1793 the government granted to Catholics the parliamentary franchise, but not the right to sit in Parliament—an illogical concession which encouraged the Irish to continue their agitation. Outrages increased, and gave the government an excuse for repressive measures. That brought about a change in the division of parties. The Protestant Orangemen (Presbyterians as well as Churchmen) supported the government against the Catholic Nationalists. The first conflict between these parties, called "the Battle of the Diamond," took place at the village of Diamond in Armagh, September 21, 1795.

The rebels then looked to France for help. They were wofully disappointed when in 1798 they saw the sails of Napoleon's armament set for the shores of Egypt. Many of their leaders were pounced on by the government—five at Margate on their way to France; several in Dublin at a secret meeting; the noblest, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, a son of the Duke of Leinster, while lurking in a feather-dealer's house in

Thomas Street in the same city. Lord Edward died of the wounds received at his capture. Connaught remained quiet; Ulster, in which the great preliminary noise had been made, was agitated only slightly. In the county of Wexford the green flag triumphed for awhile. A mob, led by a priest, burned the episcopal palace at Ferns, and drove the royalist garrison out of Enniscorthy. Clustering to the number of fifteen thousand on the slopes of Vinegar Hill, on the opposite bank of the Slaney, they began to show some rough semblance of military discipline. General Lake, seconded

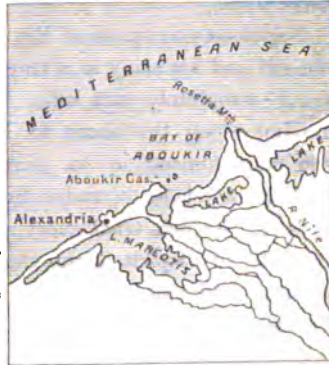
June 21,
1798

by General Moore, attacked the camp on Vinegar Hill with a body of thirteen thousand men. Scarcely a shot was fired or a pike levelled by the rabble that streamed away in flight from the slopes of the hill. Lake had only one man killed. The insurrection gradually yielded to the conciliatory spirit displayed by the new viceroy Lord Cornwallis, who was seconded faithfully by young Lord Castlereagh, the chief secretary. Several of the leaders were executed; and Henry Grattan, the greatest Irishman of his age, although he had no share in the rising, was struck off the list of the Irish Privy Council.

This outbreak was seconded too late by a French force under General Humbert, which landed (Aug. 22) at Killala in Mayo. Lake tried vainly to check Humbert's march at Castlebar. A scandalous flight, wittily styled "the Castlebar Races," left the field open to the invaders; but Cornwallis, appearing with a large force, obliged Humbert to surrender at Ballynamuck. A French fleet, which entered Killala Bay on the 11th of October, was driven off by a squadron under Commodore Warren.

Napoleon's secret expedition to Egypt started from Toulon on the 19th of May. The capture of Malta delayed the voyage for a time; but he poured his troops on the shore of Alexandria on the last day of June. After a skirmish with the

Mamelukes, vaingloriously styled "the Battle of the Pyramids" (July 21st), the victorious French occupied Cairo without delay. Nelson, restlessly seeking the foe, whose destination he guessed but did not know, sailed up and down the Mediterranean between Sicily and Egypt, little dreaming at the time that once a fog-bank off Candia alone separated him from the object of his eager hunt. At the Morea he caught distinct intelligence, and three days later (Aug. 1) he sighted the French masts bristling like a pine wood in the Bay of Aboukir. The French had thirteen ships of the line, four frigates, and some gunboats, the British had the same number of first-rates, and



but one fifty-gun ship in addition. Anchoring his vessels inside the French line of battle, he opened fire a little after six o'clock, and through the summer dusk, deep into the midnight and on the summer dawn, the flashes of the cannon lighted up the curving shore. Hugest of all the ships was the *Orient*, which bore the flag of Admiral Brueys and carried a hundred and twenty guns. Engaged during the action with two of the British vessels, it took fire owing to some oil-jars which the painters had left about. At ten o'clock the flames reached the powder-magazine, and a terrific explosion hurled the great vessel into burning fragments, which fell in a hissing shower over all the bay. Ten minutes of death-like stillness passed before a gun dared to break the awful pause. Nelson, whose forehead had been cut with a splinter, directed the British boats in their merciful attempt to save the scorched swimmers that dotted the surface of the sea. At dawn a few guns were fired, and the battle was

Aug. 1,
1798

over. The French fleet then consisted of two runaway ships. The *Orient* was in pieces; eight had struck their flag; two were helpless on the shore. Unbounded joy filled Britain when the great news came. Nelson was created Baron Nelson of the Nile, receiving in addition a pension of £2,000 a-year for three lives.

Napoleon's conquest of Egypt thus ended in the capture of himself and his army in a trap, his communication with France being completely cut off. The spring of 1799 saw him moving along the shore to Palestine, where Djezzar Pasha had shut himself up in Acre and secured the aid of some British blue-jackets under Sir Sidney Smith. For sixty-one days the French tried every way of reducing this stronghold. Baffled and dispirited, the Corsican returned to Egypt, where he soon had the satisfaction of scattering a badly organized Turkish army at Aboukir. He panted, however, for France, and stole away at midnight in one of his frigates (Aug. 22). Having cleared out the effete and unpopular Directory at the point of the bayonet, he then lifted himself to the post of First

Consul. Menou, becoming leader of the French army, continued to hold the Delta until 1801, when a British force under Sir Ralph Abercromby and Sir Sidney Smith made a descent on the shore of Aboukir Bay and won the battle of Alexandria (March 21st, 1801). A wound from a musket-ball in the thigh caused the death of the veteran Sir Ralph a few days later. The capitulation of Cairo completed the restoration of Egypt to the Turks.

Before the close of 1798, Pitt had struck out the rough draft of an Act of Legislative Union for Ireland, and had desired Cornwallis, the lord-lieutenant, to prepare the way for its becoming law. To the same session is due Pitt's scheme of income tax, which passed both Houses very smoothly. Beginning with small rates on incomes of £65, it imposed on those of £200 and upwards a charge of ten per cent.

The Irish Union question received its final shape during the year 1800. It was bitterly opposed in the Irish Parliament. Henry Grattan, who was carried to the House from a sick-bed, spoke with more than his wonted fire against the measure. Isaac Corry, Chancellor of the Exchequer, replied to him ; the debate of eighteen hours ended with a division in favour of union. The majority was secured by wholesale bribery, in the shape both of money and of titles. In the British Parliament the opposition to the measure was very slight. Fox objected to it, but did not take the trouble to record an opposing vote. The act came into force on the 1st of January 1801, after which the king met a threefold legislature, entitled the Imperial Parliament.

Jan. 1,
1801

In that Parliament Ireland was represented by one hundred Commons (now one hundred and three), and by twenty-eight peers elected for life by the peers of Ireland. The Episcopal Church of Ireland was united to the Church of England by agreement in doctrine, worship, and discipline. The privileges of trade and navigation enjoyed by British subjects were extended to Irish merchants. The taxation and expenditure were henceforward to be levied and defrayed according to a certain regular proportion. All laws and courts were to remain as before in both kingdoms, subject to any alteration which Parliament might enact.

It was at this time that Pitt renounced his early views on the reform of the representation. He thought, however, that the Union with Ireland would be more complete and lasting if the Roman Catholics were "emancipated;" that is to say, if they were allowed to sit in Parliament and to hold public offices like their fellow-citizens. As the king refused to listen to these proposals, Pitt resigned, after 1801 having held office for upwards of seventeen years. He was succeeded as Prime Minister by Henry Addington, afterwards Lord Sidmouth (February).

CHAPTER XVI.

THE CONTINENTAL WARS.

A new coalition—Malta—The Northern League—Copenhagen—Treaty of Amiens—Robert Emmett—Threatened invasion—Pitt again in office—Trafalgar—Death of Nelson—Death of Pitt—Grenville cabinet—Death of Fox—The Berlin Decree—The Orders in Council—The Portland ministry—Arthur Wellesley—Destruction of the Danish fleet.

NELSON'S great victory at the Nile (1798) had enabled Pitt to form a *Second Coalition* against France (1799), in which Great Britain was joined by Russia, Austria, Portugal, Turkey, and Naples. Three months after that arrangement was completed, Bonaparte suddenly returned from the East, as has been mentioned already, overthrew the Directory, and established the Consulate. He was made First Consul for ten years, and wishing to consolidate his government, he wrote to King George proposing peace. Pitt rejected his overtures, and the war continued. Bonaparte then hurled his legions once more against Austria. With thirty-six thousand men **1800** he crossed the Great St. Bernard,* and poured his army like an avalanche on the plains of Lombardy. Austria, humbled on the fields of Marengo† (June) and Hohenlinden‡ (December), was constrained to accept of terms of peace at Luneville§ early in 1801.

* *Great St. Bernard*, a pass in the Alps leading from Switzerland to Italy.

† *Marengo*, near Alessandria, forty-eight miles south-east of Turin.

‡ *Hohenlinden*, in Bavaria.

§ *Luneville*, in France, fifteen miles south-east of Nancy.

Meanwhile Bonaparte had succeeded in detaching Russia from the coalition. Malta, which had been captured by Bonaparte on his way to Egypt, surrendered to Great Britain in September 1800. The island had been in the possession of the Knights of St. John for two centuries and a half. The Czar Paul, as titular Grand Master of the Order, thought himself entitled to it, and was much annoyed that the British retained it. He also objected to the right claimed by Britain to search neutral ships. On these pretexts the czar revived, with Prussia, Sweden, and Denmark, the Armed Neutrality League of the Northern Powers. Britain was thus left almost alone in the struggle with France. The occasion brought forth the man fit to deal with it. A fleet of eighteen sail under Sir Hyde Parker and Admiral Nelson left Yarmouth Roads for the Sound on the 12th of March. Sir Hyde was a nervous, undecided man; but his colleague was made of sterner stuff. Nelson undertook to reduce the batteries of Copenhagen with ten ships, and, having got twelve, proceeded to take soundings and lay down buoys in the winding channel which led up to the Danish position. In the thick of the cannonade a signal fluttered on the topmast of Parker's ship, commanding Nelson to "cease firing." The hero turned his telescope toward the flag, but held it to his sightless eye, and went on with the attack, desiring his own signal for "closer action" to be nailed to the mast. At about two in the afternoon the Danish fire slackened and then ceased. Some of the ships that had struck fired on boats pulling to take possession of them; on which Nelson wrote as follows to the Crown Prince :—"Vice-Admiral Lord Nelson has been commanded to spare Denmark when she no longer resists. The line of defence which covered her shores has struck to the British flag; but if the firing is continued on the part of Denmark, he must set on fire all the prizes that he has taken, without having the power of saving the men who have so nobly defended them. The brave Danes

April 2,
1801

are the brothers, and should never be the enemies, of the English." This humane and dignified remonstrance had its effect. A flag of truce came off the shore, and next day the victor landed to tell the Crown Prince why the battle had been fought. This "glorious disobedience" was rewarded with promotion to the rank of viscount.

A second and fatal blow to the Northern League was the death of its originator, the Czar Paul, who was assassinated by the governor of St. Petersburg and other malcontents. His successor, Alexander, formed a treaty with Great Britain, to which Denmark and Sweden acceded. The way being thus smoothed

for a general peace, Amiens* was appointed as the
Mar. 27, place for its discussion. After some wrangling about
1802

Malta, the treaty of Amiens was concluded and signed on the 27th of March 1802. The parties to it were Britain, France, Spain, and Holland. France gained unduly, both in Flanders and in the East. Yet it was well known that the peace was a shallow pretence on the part of Bonaparte, and every one regarded it as merely an armed truce. The war had raised the British National Debt to £520,000,000 sterling.

The peace was of short duration. The British Government knew well that Bonaparte (now First Consul for life) continued his preparations for war. He did his utmost, by slights and insults, to provoke Britain to a declaration of hostility. On one thing Britain was resolved—that Malta should not be evacuated until it was certain that Bonaparte would not seize

it for himself. The government proposed to hold it
1803 for ten years, and then restore it to the natives. This

ultimatum being rejected, war with France was declared by the king on the 18th of May 1803. Four days later a decree of the First Consul threw into prison several thousand British tourists, whom the peace had induced to cross the Channel.

* Amiens, on the Somme, seventy-one miles north of Paris.

In Ireland an outbreak, which might have been serious had it not been premature, took place on the 23rd of July. Its leader was Robert Emmett, a Protestant, around whose unhappy fate a love-story,* celebrated in poetry and romance, has thrown a pathetic light. A store of gunpowder having exploded, the rebels were forced into unripe action, and, breaking into various bands in the streets which branch from the Castle of Dublin, were dispersed by the fire of the military and the police. The murder of Chief-Justice Kilwarden degraded their pseudo-patriotic enterprise. Seized in his lurking-place amongst the hills of Wicklow, Emmett was brought to trial, condemned and executed—a doom which was shared by seventeen of his accomplices.

The great terror of a French invasion, which had been looming on the opposite shore of the Channel since the Revolution, took a very distinct shape in the summer of 1803. One hundred thousand men lay encamped at Boulogne, and the wings of this great central body spread to the number of fifty thousand more from Brest on the one hand to Antwerp on the other. The building of boats to carry the troops over was carried on ceaselessly along the whole line of coast. Quietly and resolutely Britain collected her energies for the conflict. Money, soldiers, sailors, ships, were forthcoming; but above all, a force of volunteers begirt her with a ring of defence. Civilians to the number of three hundred thousand went to drill and learned the use of arms. Gunboats also clustered along the line of the Cinque Ports, ancient enemies of France. The watchfulness of Collingwood and Nelson prevented the invasion. Suddenly "the army of England" was marched to the Danube to oppose Austria.

When the Addington ministry broke down in 1804, the king commissioned Pitt to form a new cabinet, under the special

* It is the subject of Moore's Irish melody beginning—

"She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps."

condition that Fox was to have no place in it. Pitt further agreed to postpone the question of the Roman Catholic disabilities. Henry Dundas, now Viscount Melville, was First Lord of the Admiralty, and Castlereagh President of the Board of Control, while Pitt took the Exchequer for himself. The treasurership of the navy was given to George Canning, a young statesman of rare wit and eloquence, who, as under-secretary, had been a valuable member of Pitt's earlier administration. Fox led the opposition in the Commons and Grenville in the Lords. About the same time Bonaparte was proclaimed Emperor of the French, with the title of Napoleon the First.

Pitt then formed—with Russia, Austria, and Sweden—his *Third Coalition* against France. France was joined by Spain. Napoleon once more meditated an invasion of England, before marching against Austria. His great difficulty was that he could not get command of the Channel, so watchful were Nelson and the other British admirals. To decoy Nelson from his post, Napoleon ordered his admiral (Villeneuve) across the Atlantic, to threaten the West Indies. Nelson followed him. Villeneuve, escaping Nelson's notice, suddenly returned to Spanish waters. Nelson returned to England. Sir Robert Calder, with an inferior fleet, encountered Villeneuve and Gravina near Cape Finisterre (July 22), and after a day's fighting took two Spanish ships. Villeneuve edged off next day, and then, instead of obeying the orders he got from headquarters, which required him to join the Brest fleet and enter the English Channel, he turned in the opposite direction and packed his ships into Cadiz harbour. There Collingwood kept him trembling by a simple trick, which consisted in making continual signals to an imaginary fleet, supposed to lie within sight of a vessel stationed in the offing. The retreat of Villeneuve to Cadiz enraged the Emperor Napoleon, who had spent long August days in pacing the Boulogne sands and sweeping

the sea with an anxious glass. His long-cherished project of an invasion, which seemed just on the verge of accomplishment, had slipped again into the uncertain distance; and soon the annihilation of his navy extinguished it for ever.

The news that had brought rage to Napoleon's breast shot a sudden thrill of exultation through the heart of Nelson, who had landed to repose his weary body for a week or two at Merton. Hastening to Pitt, he announced his intention of destroying the allied fleet. On the 14th of September his flag ran to the topmast of the *Victory* in Portsmouth Roads, and fluttered out its signal that the admiral was again on board. A fortnight later he was within reach of Cadiz, with his old ships patched up for action, and his whole spirit strung with a resolve to strike a blow which should reward him for his two years' hunting after the fugitive fleet. Hiding behind Cape St. Mary, twenty leagues west of Cadiz, he watched the foe by means of a few frigates, as eagerly, to use his own phrase, "as a cat watches mice." Not until the 19th of October did Villeneuve steal out with the hope of passing the Strait and getting ultimately into Toulon. At first Nelson feared that his prey had escaped him. But when the autumn daylight shone gray upon the sea on Monday the 21st of October, the low dark headland of Trafalgar* breaking the south-eastern horizon twenty miles away, a huge line of vessels was seen riding on the heavy waves six miles off to the east.

The combined fleets of France and Spain amounted to thirty-three sail of the line, five frigates, and two brigs. Nelson had twenty-seven first-rates, four frigates, one schooner, and one cutter. A presentiment of death clouded the spirit of the hero as he neared the foe; and one of the first things he did, after giving the signal for action, was to write in his diary a short prayer, and a request that Lady Hamilton and her

* *Trafalgar* (*Promontorium Junonis*) is a low sandy ridge stretching toward Tarifa, on the coast half-way between Cadiz and the Strait of Gibraltar. (See map, p. 665.)

daughter might be provided for by the nation in whose cause he was about to die. In two columns, the one led by Nelson in the *Victory*, the other by Collingwood in the *Royal Sovereign*, each ship carrying one hundred guns, the British line of battle

Oct. 21, bore down on the enemy, whose ships had drifted out
1805 of a straight line into the form of an irregular crescent.

Words were then signalled from the mast-head of the *Victory* which have ever since stirred the heart like a peal of national music: *England expects every man to do his duty*. The French opened the action by firing single shots to try the range. At the cannon's boom every one of the allied admirals hoisted his flag, with the remarkable exception of Villeneuve. There was no skulking on the part of Nelson, who paced the quarter-deck of the *Victory* in his well-worn frock-coat, displaying on the left breast the decoration of the Bath. At ten minutes past twelve Collingwood reached the centre of the enemy's line, and engaged in a double duel the *Santa Anna* and the *Fougueux*, pouring into each, as he passed between, a broadside of double-shotted guns. For a quarter of an hour the *Royal Sovereign* was surrounded by five of the enemy's vessels, which fired at her, and of course at one another, in the most reckless style. Tiring soon of this, and pressed by other British ships that followed their leader into the heart of action, four of these foreigners turned to defend themselves. The line of Villeneuve, though yet unbroken, was bent by this attack in a very confusing way. Nelson then directed the *Victory* against that horn of the enemy's crescent that pointed toward Cadiz. The *Santissima Trinidad* was the goal at which he aimed his course; and as he bore steadily down a most galling fire tore his rigging and raked his deck. Like Collingwood, he bore the brunt of a cannonade from several of the foe at once. Yet not a match was laid to touch-hole in the *Victory*, until she reached the *Bucentaur*, in which Villeneuve was thought to be. Then out burst from every port in the side of Nelson's ship a

roar and a jet of fire, hurling double and treble shot into the devoted hull, which in two minutes swung a mere log on the rolling sea.

The interest deepened when the rigging of the *Victory* got entangled with that of the *Redoubtable*. The latter shut her lower ports, lest boarders might leap through them; and the ships, their guns lying almost mouth to mouth, continued to crush each other's oaken sides with solid shot. Every stage or cradle on the masts of the *Redoubtable* was filled with French riflemen, who shot down at the officers and men on the decks of the *Victory*. The figure of a one-armed officer with stars on his breast, walking on the quarter-deck of the English ship, attracted the eye of a musketeer in the mizzen-top of the French vessel. He fired; and Nelson fell, shot through epaulet, shoulder, and spine. It was a quarter past one. Carried to the cockpit, he died about three hours after the fatal bullet struck him, having breathed into the ear of Captain Hardy his last words: "Thank God, I have done my duty." Before his spirit fled he was cheered with the news of a complete victory. Ere the battle ceased, nineteen ships of the line had struck their flags. Nelson was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, the whole nation mourning for its "darling hero." His brother was made an earl, to whom and to his sister large grants of money were made.

While Britain thus triumphed at sea, Napoleon, as usual, was successful on land. In October he caught General Mack at Ulm,* and forced him to surrender with 1805 twenty-eight thousand Austrians. Napoleon then occupied Vienna. In December he defeated the Emperors of Austria and Russia at Austerlitz.† This broke up the coalition. At the same time Prussia renounced her alliance with Britain, and joined France, having acquired Hanover by the treaty of

* Ulm, in Würtemberg, on the Danube; forty-five miles south-east of Stuttgart.

† Austerlitz, in Moravia; seventy miles north-east of Vienna. The battle-field is two miles west of the town.

Schönbrunn (Dec. 15). A few days later, the treaty of Presburg* made Austria the slave of France, and brought the famous Holy Roman Empire to an end.

In January 1806 Pitt succumbed to the toils of statesmanship. It was said of him, with equal truth and humour, that "he died of *old age* at forty-six." A magnificent public **1806** funeral, a tomb in Westminster Abbey, and a grant of £40,000 to pay those debts which his carelessness rather than his self-indulgence had caused to accumulate, attested the respect and the affection with which his generation regarded him. For nearly nineteen years Pitt had held the helm of government: they were years of peril, gloom, and change. Yet he had steered boldly and skilfully on the whole; nor is Canning's affectionate lyric, "Here's to the pilot that weathered the storm," an unmerited tribute to the achievements of the illustrious statesman.

On the 4th of February the list of the Grenville ministry was complete. Lord Grenville† took the Treasury, Fox was Foreign Secretary, and Lord Sidmouth (Henry Addington) Privy Seal. To this ministry the nickname of "All the Talents" was applied, because it contained the leaders of nearly all the factions in the Parliament. Fox directed the energies of the last year of his life toward the accomplishment of two objects—the suppression of slavery and the conclusion of peace. Wilberforce, whose whole soul was absorbed in the benevolent enterprise, had the satisfaction this year of seeing Fox in the Commons, and Grenville in the Lords, carry a resolution agreeing to take measures for the abolition of slavery.

The impeachment of Lord Melville, which Pitt could not prevent, resulted in the trial of that noble Scot before the Lords and Commons in Westminster Hall (April 29). The substance of the ten charges laid against him was that he had permitted

* Presburg, thirty-five miles east of Vienna.

† Lord Grenville, son of the Hon. George Grenville, who was Premier from 1763 till 1765, and who died in 1770.

his paymaster, Trotter, to appropriate large sums of public money, and that he had derived private emolument from these speculations. Whitbread led the impeachment; Fox and Sheridan, though ranked among the managers, hardly spoke a word. The result of sixteen days' uninteresting investigation was the complete acquittal of the viscount. This terminated the official career of Henry Dundas, who spent most of his remaining days in Scotland, where he died in 1811.

The summer of 1806 brought symptoms of the end to Fox. Dropsy of the most obstinate kind setting in, he tried to reach the house he loved at St. Ann's Hill, but could get no further than the Duke of Devonshire's house at Chiswick. Surrounded by kind friends, and but rarely visited by any of his colleagues, he breathed his last on the 13th of September, being then in his fifty-eighth year. Scarcely seven months had elapsed since he spoke words of sorrowful tribute over the early grave of Pitt, whose policy he had combated with all his might, but whose genius his own noble soul forced him to admire. And now the roof of Westminster shadowed the sleeping dust of these two great Englishmen.

" Drop upon Fox's grave a tear,
It trickles to his rival's bier."

Fox's place as Foreign Secretary was taken by Lord Howick (afterwards Earl Grey), who succeeded in forming a *Fourth Coalition* against France. It was joined by Russia, Prussia, and Saxony. The conduct of Prussia not unnaturally excited Napoleon's wrath. She had occupied Hanover in April, and though then at peace with Britain, had accepted it from Napoleon. But the formation of the Confederation of the Rhine* in July excited her jealousy, and in October she declared war against France. At Prussia, therefore, Napoleon resolved to

* *Confederation of the Rhine*, a league of the principal states of Southern Germany (except Austria), with Napoleon as its head or protector.

strike the first blow. Within a week of the declaration of war, he inflicted on her the irretrievable defeat of Jena ;* **1807** and on the same day another division of his army overthrew the King of Prussia at Auerstadt, ten miles farther north. Napoleon then marched to Berlin, where he issued his famous Berlin Decree against British commerce. It declared the British Islands to be in a state of blockade, and ordered all British subjects in countries occupied by the French to be seized as prisoners of war. The British Government retaliated by issuing Orders in Council prohibiting trade with France and her allies (1807).

Meantime the ministry of "All the Talents" had fallen. Grenville proposed to admit Roman Catholics into the army and the navy. This excited the alarm of the king on the point on which he was most nervous. Not content with the withdrawal of the bill by the ministry, he dismissed the ministers (March). The new Prime Minister was the Duke of Portland, but the administration was really directed by Spencer Perceval, a man of the sternest intolerance. Canning took the Foreign Office ; and to Ireland as Chief Secretary went the man who stands out as the hero of his time—Sir Arthur Wellesley.

The Hon. Arthur Wellesley was born in Ireland in 1769. He was the third son of the first Earl of Mornington. Having received his education at Eton, Brighton, and a military school at Angers, in France, he entered the 73rd infantry as an ensign (March 7th, 1787). Rapidly, during the next seven years, running up the intermediate steps to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, he entered on active service in 1794–95, when he commanded the 33rd in that useless expedition which the Duke of York conducted in the Low Countries. In 1797 he went to join his regiment in India, whither next year his brother, the Earl of Mornington, proceeded as governor-general.

He spent eight years in India, where he took part in the siege

* Jena, in Saxe-Weimar ; fifty miles south-west of Leipzig.

of Seringapatam, the capital of Tippoo Saib ; and when the stormers had succeeded in capturing the citadel, he was mainly instrumental in stopping the horrors of the sack (May 1799). For about four years he ruled Mysore with almost the power of a viceroy. Having been promoted to the rank of major-general, he won yet brighter laurels in the Mahratta War, overcoming Scindia in the two great battles of Assaye and Argaum (Sept. 23rd and Nov. 29th, 1803). Having landed in England in September 1805, he went to Hanover, two months later, in charge of an English brigade, and spent the winter there. Although he had formerly held a seat in the Irish Parliament for Trim, his entrance on political life may be more accurately dated from 1806, when he entered the British House of Commons as member for the borough of Rye. His acceptance of the Irish chief-secretaryship in the Portland ministry followed.

Canning, the Foreign Secretary, saw with alarm the union of Napoleon and the czar, who, meeting upon a raft in the river Niemen, concluded the treaty of Tilsit. He knew that Napoleon meant to seize the fleets of Denmark and Portugal, and use them in his designs on Britain. With all speed and secrecy, therefore, he sent out an expedition to Denmark, under Admiral Gambier and Lord Cathcart, who was assisted by General Wellesley. Caution was necessary, **1807** as a French army lay ready for action close to the Danish frontier. On the refusal of the Danes to surrender their fleet, shot and shell began to fall on Copenhagen with such devastating fury that the whole city seemed wrapped in flames. Opening on the 2nd of September 1807, the fire continued to roar till the evening of the 5th, when the Danes agreed to surrender the ships. Napoleon's rage, when he learned how Canning had outwitted him, knew no bounds.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE PENINSULA AND WATERLOO.

Affairs of Portugal—Position of Spain—Origin of the war—Wellesley in Portugal—Recall of Dalrymple—Corunna—Return of Wellesley—Talavera—The Walcheren expedition—The Perceval ministry—Busaco—Lines of Torres Vedras—The Burdett riots—The regency—Almeida—The Luddites—Ciudad Rodrigo—Badajoz—Salamanca—War with the United States—Death of Perceval—Vittoria—Toulouse—Fall of Napoleon—An ocean duel—Vienna Congress—Return of Napoleon—Quatre Bras and Ligny—Waterloo—Second treaty of Paris—The National Debt.

PORTUGAL, which had always been the faithful ally of Britain, was reluctant to accept the Berlin Decree. Napoleon, annoyed by this show of spirit, resolved to crush the little country by a single blow. He formed a secret treaty with Spain, by which he obtained leave to send his troops through that country to the frontier of Portugal. He published a proclamation that "the House of Braganza* had ceased to reign in Europe;" and sent General Junot **1807** with thirty thousand men to take possession of Lisbon.

On his approach the prince-regent† and the royal family of Portugal sailed to Brazil. Junot then occupied Portugal in the name of the French emperor.

* *House of Braganza.* Philip II. of Spain seized Portugal in 1580. In 1640 the Spaniards were driven out by John, Duke of Braganza, who was proclaimed king as John IV. The House of Braganza still holds the Portuguese throne.

† *Prince-regent.* His mother, Queen Maria I., had fallen into a state of melancholy and derangement in 1792. On her death in 1816, he succeeded her as John VI., and returned to Lisbon in 1821.

Meanwhile a quarrel was disturbing the royal family of Spain. Ferdinand, the heir-apparent to the crown, was annoyed by the ascendancy possessed by Godoy,* the Minister of State of Charles the Fourth, and the favourite of the queen. The prince intrigued against Godoy, and therefore quarrelled with his father. An insurrection in Madrid in March 1808 led to the abdication of Charles and the proclamation of Ferdinand. **1808** Within a week of this event, General Murat entered Madrid with a French army. First Ferdinand and then Charles was lured to Bayonne, to hold an interview with the French emperor. Partly by artifice and partly by menace, both father and son were induced to resign all their rights to the Spanish throne into the hands of Napoleon. He then made his brother Joseph, who had for some time held the throne of Naples, King of Spain. The national party in Spain rose in arms against this usurpation, and appealed to Britain for help. Hence arose the Peninsular War, in which Napoleon's ambition received its first serious check. The real struggle was not for the possession of Spain and Portugal. It was a conflict between the despotism which Napoleon was trying to establish all over Europe, and free institutions represented by Great Britain.

Sir Hew Dalrymple, governor of Gibraltar, deserves credit for his efforts in behalf of the patriotic Spaniards. Scarcely had Joseph got his mind composed to the nature of the change he had made, when the surrender of the French army under Dupont at Baylen† obliged him to leave the capital in haste; and Castanos, the leader of the popular party in Spain, entered Madrid. The defence of Saragossa on the Ebro, maintained under Palafox for two months (June 16–August 13), until the French retired defeated and disheartened, displayed to the

* *Godoy* (Don Manuel). He was of humble birth, and began life as a private in the Royal Guards. He owed his promotion to the favour of the queen, Maria Louisa. Having in 1795 concluded with Bonaparte the treaty of Basle between Spain and France, he was afterwards known as "the Prince of the Peace."

† *Baylen*, a town of Andalusia in Spain, near the upper Guadalquivir, and twenty-two miles north of Jaen.

admiring eyes of all Europe tokens that Spanish chivalry was not extinct.

Canning selected Sir Arthur Wellesley to command the British forces destined for the Peninsula. Sailing from the Cove of Cork, July 12th, 1808, that general called at Corunna to confer with the Spanish authorities, but on their advice proceeded southward to effect a landing in Portugal. The bay into which the Mondego* flows was selected as the place for disembarking his troops, which he did in safety on the 1st of August. When Spencer arrived with the Cadiz division, the British army numbered thirteen thousand infantry, but not five hundred horse. Moving southward parallel to the shore, Wellesley encountered at Roliça† a French general called Delaborde, whom Junot had sent forward to check his progress. In three columns the British force went to battle, the central line bearing the brunt of the attack. The French fell back, dismayed at the cool precision of the British fire and the dauntless order of their upward march.

A ship was already off the Spanish coast with Sir Harry Burrard, who had been appointed to act as second in command under Sir Hew Dalrymple. Sir John Moore was also on his way to the Peninsula, so that the victor of Roliça had already sunk to be only fourth in command—a mere general of division. Having posted his men, now swelled to the number of nearly nineteen thousand, on the hills around Vimiera,‡ Wellesley was attacked there by Junot's force on the 21st of August, and had the satisfaction of beating his opponents after a sharp struggle, before the baton of command had actually passed from his hand. Burrard stepped in just in

* *Mondego*, a miniature copy of the Tagus, flows through the Portuguese province of Beira; Coimbra is on its banks.

† *Roliça*, a village of Portugal among the spurs of Sierra d'Estrella, about ten miles from Caldas.

‡ *Vimiera*, thirty-five miles north of Lisbon.



time to prevent the British troops, who were straining like grayhounds in the slip, from rushing past the scattered foe and seizing the heights of Torres Vedras, towards which the flight was streaming in disorder. Sir Hew arrived next day from Gibraltar, and took the chief command.

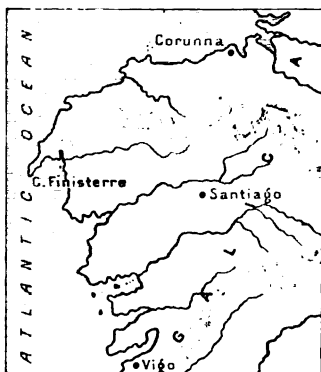
Then there was concluded with Junot the *Convention of Torres Vedras*,* commonly called the *Convention of Cintra*,† and actually signed at Lisbon, by which the French were allowed to evacuate Portugal with all their arms and warlike stores, including all the booty they had heaped together during the ten months of their invasion. For this foolish lenience Sir Hew was recalled and censured, and Sir John Moore took his

* *Torres Vedras*, a mountain village twenty-four miles north of Lisbon, celebrated for the "Lines" of 1810.

† *Cintra*, fourteen miles north-west of Lisbon.

place. Wellesley was also recalled, but was freed from blame. Deceived by promises of aid which the Spanish Junta* could not fulfil, Moore led his army into the heart of Leon; but there he received the alarming news that, notwithstanding the gallant defence of Saragossa† by the Spaniards, Napoleon was master of Madrid (Dec. 4). There was no course open to the English leader but a retreat towards the shore of Galicia.‡ The sufferings of the army during that backward march were past description. It was mid-winter: food was scarcely to be had; and Soult pressed constantly on the rear. Napoleon himself left the Peninsula, called away by an ominous stir on the part of Austria.

Moore offered battle before he reached the shore, but Soult



would not fight. If the transports, which lay wind-bound at Vigo, had been ready to receive the crowd of weary spectral figures that massed into the town of Corunna§ on the 10th of January, that name would not wear the lustre that it has. The ships arrived too late to prevent a battle, and it took place on the 16th. About noon of that day the French made their

attack in three columns. The British troops, fourteen thousand five hundred strong, were armed with new muskets from the stores in Corunna, and had plenty of fresh ammunition. The enemy numbered twenty thousand men. The battle raged most fiercely around the village of Elvina. Near that important position, while Moore was watching the advance of the

* *Junta*, Council of State.

† *Saragossa*, or *Zaragoza*, one hundred and seventy-six miles north-east of Madrid.

‡ *Galicia*, the north-western corner of Spain.

§ *Corunna*, a seaport of Galicia in Spain, with a fine harbour and bay.

42nd Highlanders, and waiting eagerly for the Guards coming up to their support, a cannon-ball dashed his left shoulder to pieces, and crushed the splintered ribs in upon his heart. It was a mortal wound; but he lived to know that the French were completely beaten. Their loss was between two and three thousand. The British lost only eight hundred. Moore's body, wrapped in his cloak, was buried in the gray light of the next morning on the ramparts of the old citadel, where a sculptured obelisk marks his "soldier's grave." The army, thus sadly bereft of its gallant chief, embarked in the ships, which had now arrived, and bore away to England.

Jan. 16,
1809

Sir Arthur Wellesley was reinstated in his Peninsular command early in this year, and reached Lisbon on the 22nd of April. The French had overrun all the north of Portugal since the battle of Corunna. Wellesley made it his first business to drive them out. Having captured Oporto (May 12th), he forced Soult to fall back, and recovered the northern frontier. He entered Spain in July, and effected a junction with the Spanish general Cuesta. That did not add much to his strength, for the Spanish soldiers hampered the British movements and consumed the British provisions. At length Wellesley took up a strong position at Talavera,* on the Tagus.

There the great conflict of the campaign took place. In drawing out his line of battle, Wellesley placed the Spaniards on the right, next the river and before the town, in a position defended by olive-yards, ditches, felled trees, and such things as broke the ground and protected them from cavalry. A hill crowned with British infantry terminated the line of battle on the left. Upon this hill Marshal Victor, opening his attack on the evening of the 27th of July, exhausted his utmost force in vain. Column after column was hurled to the foot at the point of the bayonet, under the cool and steady command of

* *Talavera de la Reyna*, a town on the northern bank of the Tagus; forty-five miles west of Toledo.

General Hill. So passed the summer evening. Next morning Victor again tried the British hill in vain. At its sodden base two thousand five hundred of the attacking divisions had fallen under lead or steel, before he desisted from the fruitless attempt to carry the position. Hurling all his force against the splendid phalanx of Guards and Germans in the British centre, Victor had the mortification of seeing the fragments of his strongest column recoil from the unbroken edge. The French retreated in the night, placing the river Alberche between themselves and their foes.

For this victory Wellesley was created Viscount Wellington. The approaches to Madrid being covered by three French armies, under Soult, Ney, and Mortier, he was obliged to fall back on the frontiers of Portugal. Austria during this year made a desperate effort to retrieve the glory of her arms; but on the field of Wagram* her power was again shattered by Napoleon, who dictated terms of peace to the Emperor Francis in his summer palace of Schönbrunn.

To aid Austria in her struggle against Napoleon, the ill-fated Walcheren† expedition was sent to the coast of July. the Netherlands. One hundred thousand men were placed under the command of the Earl of Chatham, elder brother of Pitt. The object of the movement was to seize the French batteries on the Scheldt, and destroy the naval works at Antwerp; but on the marshy island of Walcheren disease swept off the troops in thousands, and only a wreck of the splendid force returned to Britain in December. Canning had objected to the Walcheren expedition long before it sailed. Acting as Foreign Secretary, he insisted on the unfitness of Viscount Castlereagh to hold the war secretaryship, and told the Duke of Portland that unless a change were

* *Wagram*, eleven miles north-east of Vienna. *Schönbrunn* is a suburb of Vienna, two miles south-west of the city. It has beautiful gardens.

† *Walcheren*, an island in the province of Zeeland (Holland), between the east and the west Scheldt. It is eleven miles long and ten broad.

made he would resign. Castlereagh sent a challenge to the Foreign Secretary. They met on Putney Heath, and Canning got a slight flesh-wound. Both ministers resigned office, and soon afterwards the Portland ministry broke up. Spencer Perceval then became Premier, with the Marquis Wellesley as Foreign Secretary. Lord Palmerston and Mr. (afterwards Sir Robert) Peel held subordinate posts in this ministry.

An inquiry into the conduct of the Duke of York, who as commander-in-chief had greatly reformed the army, and had won the title of the "soldier's friend," was set on foot early in this year by a colonel of militia named Wardle. The charge was that he derived a profit from a corrupt sale of commissions and exchanges, carried on by Mrs. Clark, a favourite of the duke's. Although acquitted on this charge, the duke thought fit to resign. The discovery, made soon afterwards, that Colonel Wardle was in league with the same woman, turned popular sympathy in favour of the duke, and he was restored to office.

The French, who mustered to the number of seventy-two thousand men, employed the following spring in preparing to invade Portugal. The Spanish fortress of Ciudad Rodrigo* was the first point of their attack. Wellington, who had only fifty-four thousand men, of whom more than 1810 a half were raw and stubborn Portuguese, could do nothing to save the place, which surrendered on the 10th of July. Marshal Massena laid siege to a Portuguese frontier stronghold called Almeida† An explosion of gunpowder within the city blew a breach in the walls, which left the place defenceless. Having thus effected an entrance into Portugal, Massena pushed down the valley of the Mondego towards Coimbra. Wellington, firmly posted on the Sierra de Busaco,‡ fronted

* *Ciudad Rodrigo*, in Leon, fifty-five miles south-west of Salamanca.

† *Almeida*, in the east of Beira in Portugal.

‡ *Busaco*, a spur of the Sierra d'Estrella, running north-west from Coimbra on the Mondego. The battle was fought about seventeen miles from Coimbra.

the foe. A battle took place on the 27th of September. The musket did almost all the work. With bullet and bayonet, British and Portuguese defended the iron ramparts of the curving sierra, till Massena was forced to retreat with the loss of five thousand men. While fighting here, Wellington had been hurrying on in his rear those magnificent lines of defence at Torres Vedras where he from the first had intended to waste Massena's strength. He retreated within these "laboured rampart-lines" early in October, when the heavy autumn rains were just darkening the sky. Two lines of stone, bristling with guns, ran in zigzag over and among the hills from the Tagus to the sea. There his position was impregnable. Reinforcements had swelled the British army to sixty thousand men, and a fleet lay in the Tagus mouth, so that Wellington had little ground for fear. Massena came up to look at the lines, shook his head, and retired into winter quarters at Santarem.

This was a gloomy year at home. During the greater part of it, the citizens of London were kept in a ferment by the Burdett riots; in connection with which the conduct of the war was mixed up with the character of the government and the need for parliamentary reform. In January the unfortunate Walcheren expedition was again discussed in the House of Commons. This was followed by the city of London presenting an address to the king, calling for an inquiry into "the national misfortunes" at home and abroad. The address was rejected; whereupon the citizens declared this to be proof of the "shameful inadequacy of the representation of the people in the Commons' House," and voted thanks to Sir Francis Burdett, who had revived the question in 1809. Burdett then published a violent speech, in which he spoke contemptuously of the House of Commons. For this he was arrested amid great excitement, his house in London having to be stormed by constables before he could be captured. During all the time that

Burdett was confined in the Tower (from April till June) public meetings were held in the chief towns. The prevailing discontent was increased by great commercial distress. Ireland contributed its share to the general confusion, Daniel O'Connell having this year commenced an agitation for the repeal of the Union.

Before the end of the year an important constitutional question was settled by Parliament. The king's mind, long tottering, had given way ; blindness, too, had come upon him. The appointment of a regent became necessary. The question of the exclusive right of the Prince of Wales to the regency had been keenly discussed on the occasion of the king's illness in 1788. Pitt had then maintained, in opposition to Fox, that the appointment lay with Parliament ; and a bill for the prince's regency was in progress, when the king recovered. On this occasion the right of Parliament to settle the matter was assumed ; and before the year closed, the Prince of Wales was appointed regent, under certain restrictions as to the granting of peerages and pensions. The Prince of Wales was accordingly installed with due pomp and ceremony on the 5th February 1811.

Feb. 5,
1811

The surrender of Badajoz * to Soult by the Spanish general Imaz was a heavy blow to Wellington. Five days earlier, however (March 5), old General Graham (afterwards Lord Lynedoch) had defeated Marshal Victor on the ridge of Barosa. † Having sailed from Cadiz with a view of attacking the blockaders of that city in the rear, that veteran had landed in the Bay of Gibraltar, and had struggled over mountain paths to this point, where he was met by the French ; March 5. but he was unable to follow up his victory.

Almeida then became the stake between Wellington and Massena. On the evening of the 3rd of May the French made

* *Badajoz*, a fortress of Spanish Estremadura, only five miles from the Portuguese frontier. It is on the south side of the Guadiana.

† *Barosa*, a knoll, clad with aromatic pines, in the extreme south of Andalusia.

an attack on the village of Fuentes d'Onoro, which lay on the right of the British line, but they were bayoneted out of the narrow streets. The real battle took place on the 5th May 5. of May. During the day, Wellington, finding his line of battle too long, was obliged to change his front and assume a new position. Nothing but the finest skill on the part of the general, aided by the greatest steadiness on the part of the troops, could have brought this difficult manœuvre to a successful end. There was a time when all was seeming chaos in the British force. The low table-land on which the fight took place was covered with a flying crowd of camp-followers, who had been lurking in the British rear. But these straggling masses soon ebbed away, leaving the British squares standing unshaken, like rocks of granite, along the face of the new and stronger line. Again the crag-built village of Fuentes d'Onoro became the scene of a bloody strife; but the Highlanders, shouting their *slogan*, cleared its steep lanes of the foe, and completed the victory of Wellington.

Beresford, acting under Wellington's orders, began on the 4th of May to besiege Badajoz, although he had miserable materials for such an undertaking. The hopeless work of trenching rock was interrupted by the rapid advance of Soult from Seville. Beresford drew off from the town, and formed in line of battle on the ridge of Albuera.* When the French, making a feint at the centre where the British stood, directed their real attack upon the right, held by Blake and his Spaniards, Beresford ordered the Spanish commander to change his front and meet the approaching torrent. Blake, May 16. presumptuously refusing at first to execute the order, began to do so when the French had almost turned his end of the line, and produced the direst confusion. Nothing but the most desperate efforts of the British troops could have repaired this awful blunder. Whole regiments were destroyed.

* *Albuera*, a small town fourteen miles south-east of Badajoz.

The ridge seemed utterly lost to us, when the Fusiliers of Cole pressed up its slope in the face of a murderous shower of grape, and drove the dark columns of Frenchmen from the position they had thought their own.

The long war had now begun to tell heavily on British commerce, and there were many bankruptcies in London and other cities. An ignorant prejudice against the use of machinery in the cotton manufacture also led to much distress. The Luddites * began their destruction of factories at Nottingham in November. The mania soon spread to other manufacturing towns, the rioters supposing that machinery would keep them out of employment. These fanatical outbreaks continued during the next six or seven years, and they were not suppressed until some of the rioters had been brought to the scaffold.

To take Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz, at any cost and with the least possible delay, was the one idea in Wellington's mind during the winter. He collected ladders **1812** and everything necessary for a siege, prepared a trestle-bridge and many hundred waggons, and made ready for a sudden spring. Having launched his army across the Agueda, while Marmont lay unsuspecting at Valladolid, he stormed one of the redoubts of Ciudad Rodrigo on the evening of the 8th of January. He opened fire on the city on the 16th, and took the place by storm on the 19th of the same month. His loss was severe, a thousand having been killed or wounded in the attack. For this success Wellington received from the Spanish Cortes the title of Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo ; and from **Jan. 19.** the government at home a step in the peerage and an annuity of £2,000.

Then for Badajoz. Sending his cannon by sea from Lisbon to the mouth of the Setubal, he had them boated up that stream, and then drawn overland to the Guadiana. The march from the Agueda was accomplished with marvellous rapidity,

* *Luddites*, so called from Ned Lud, an imbecile, who broke some frames.

and on March 26th his batteries opened fire. Soult and Marmont were stirring with all their might to save the place ; but Wellington was not the man to lose the advantage which his swiftness had given him. By the 6th of April his guns had made three sufficient breaches in the works ; and **April 6.** he named the hour of ten that night for the assault.

Never in any war has there been a scene more terrible than that midnight struggle. To ascend the breach was to walk into the mouth of a yawning furnace, belching death in every dreadful shape of shot and shell, grenade and mine. When the few survivors of the forlorn hope reached the lip of the broken wall, they found their way obstructed by a bristling hedge of spikes and blades, fixed in solid beams. Wave after wave of gallant Britons flowed on to this place of horror. Not until Wellington had heard that Picton and Walker had climbed the defences at other points and were already in the town, did he see his way to victory. Then he knew the place was his. For the last time the stormers faced the breach, now more weakly defended, and poured into the devoted town. The loss of life in the assault amounted to more than a thousand of the allied force in men and officers : nearly four thousand were wounded.

Holding these two important frontier fortresses, Wellington advanced into Spain. The learned town of Salamanca * received him with the greatest joy, Marmont having retired before his advance. Near it a great victory was gained, **July 22.** which made Wellington a marquis, and won for him a splendid national gift of £100,000.

On the 12th of August Wellington entered Madrid, from which King Joseph had retreated into Murcia. But the time was not ripe for holding the capital, since it was threatened by armies on the south, the east, and the north. On the 1st of September, Wellington pushed northward by Valladolid to

* *Salamanca*, one hundred and thirty miles west-north-west of Madrid.

Burgos,* whose castle baffled his attack. The movements of the French armies now obliged him to retreat upon his base of operations. Being joined by General Hill from Madrid, he fixed himself first at Salamanca and then at Ciudad Rodrigo, but no action occurred at either place. Bad weather and insufficient food made the retreat from Burgos tell severely on the men. Here, as through all the war, the Spaniards did everything that pride and malice could devise to injure and obstruct the operations of the British forces.

As if this great struggle were not enough, Britain now took another war in hand. The Orders in Council with which Britain had met the Berlin and Milan decrees of Napoleon led to difficulties with the United States. In 1808 America had replied both to the Berlin Decree and to the Orders in Council by passing the Non-Intercourse Act, which put an end to the American trade both of Britain and of France. The right claimed by Britain of searching American vessels for deserters widened the breach and led to actual collision. President Madison declared war against Britain on the 18th June 18. of June 1812. General Hull invaded Canada in less than a month afterwards, but was soon obliged to retire to Detroit, where he was forced to surrender with his entire army to the British general Brock (Aug. 16). Another attempt to push an army across the Niagara River was gallantly met and foiled at Queenston by the Canadians, whose victory, however, cost them the life of the gallant Brock.

A pistol-shot, fired in the lobby of the House of Commons on the 11th of May 1812, by Bellingham, a bankrupt ship-broker of Liverpool, killed Mr. Perceval, the Prime Minister. The man, a decided lunatic, considered the Premier his enemy, because he would not make some compensation for losses in a Russian speculation. The Earl of Liverpool succeeded Perceval as First Lord of the Treasury; Castlereagh still directed

* *Burgos*, the capital of Old Castile, one hundred and forty miles north of Madrid.

Foreign Affairs; Mr. Robert Peel was Chief Secretary for Ireland, and in that capacity organized the new police, which received after him the name of "Peelers."

Meanwhile the empire of Napoleon had received a heavy blow in the utter failure of his Russian campaign. With an army of nearly half a million, he had penetrated the vast territory of the czars to its very heart. But the flames of Moscow, kindled in self-defence by the Russians themselves, drove him back. In all history there is nothing more appalling than the story of his retreat. When the winter snow melted, the bodies of four hundred thousand men lay between Moscow and the Niemen.

Having at last wrung from the Spanish Cortes the sole command of the Spanish forces engaged in this war, Wellington resolved upon a bold and decisive movement. Dividing his army into three parts, he gradually forced the French
1813 back towards their own frontier. King Joseph and the central battalions, in dread of being severed by the march of Wellington from their friends in Northern Spain, hurried away to Burgos, whence the whole French force fell back across the Ebro upon Vittoria.* Wellington followed, to fight the crowning and conclusive battle of the Peninsular War.

The battle of Vittoria was fought on the 21st of June 1813. The army on each side numbered more than seventy thousand men. General Hill began the battle by a successful attack on the heights of La Puebla, which covered the enemy's left wing. Then passing the river Zadorra, he took a village the commanding position of which secured him against the most desperate charges of the French. Marshal Jourdan, the French commander, soon found that he could not maintain the
June 21. heights by the Zadorra, and concentrated his lines upon Vittoria. Meanwhile General Graham had turned the

* *Vittoria*, a Spanish town in the Basque Provinces, on a hill near the Zadorra, one hundred and ninety miles north-north-east of Madrid

right wing of the French by the Bilbao road, dislodging them from all their positions on that side. Right, left, and centre of the French army, all broken up and mixed, began to flow in flight away toward Bilbao. Even here a check occurred, for Graham occupied the road along which they fled. Flinging everything aside, they turned to rush towards Pamplona. Artillerymen



cut their traces, and left their guns behind. Joseph left his pictures, his wine, and his plate. There has seldom been such a rout, and such a scattering of finery in the summer dust. The allies lost seven hundred and forty killed and four thousand one hundred and seventy-four wounded, while the French acknowledged the loss of eight thousand. When Wellington sent home the baton of Marshal Jourdan, taken among the spoil, he received in return the baton of a British field-marshal.

The battle of Vittoria decided the Peninsular War. It remained for the British to follow the expelled invaders across the great Pyrenean wall. Napoleon sent Soult in hot haste to try what could be done in this extremity ; but Soult could not save St. Sebastian and Pamplona, nor could he stay the con-

quering march of Wellington "past the Pyrenean pines" and across the current of the Bidassoa.*

Meanwhile misfortune had overtaken the French in Central Europe. Napoleon found it impossible to resist the powerful coalition formed against him by Russia, Prussia, Austria, and Sweden. His victory in the great battle of Dresden (Aug. 24, 1813) inspired him with hope; but in the still greater battle of Leipzig—"the Battle of the Nations"—he was after three days' fighting completely and irretrievably defeated (Oct. 16, 18, 19). With the fragments of his vast army he retreated toward France, followed closely by the victorious allies.

Having in the battle of Orthez† (Feb. 27) defeated Soult and driven him across the Adour, Wellington sent troops to occupy the city of Bordeaux. The greater battle of **1814** Toulouse,‡ which raged along the steep banks of the Garonne during all the 10th of April, led to the evacuation of the place by the French marshal. Six days before that, Napoleon had abdicated the throne of France. The Bourbons returned to Paris and Madrid. On the 30th of May 1814 the first Peace of Paris§ was signed; while the fallen emperor retired to the island of Elba.||

The American war, mentioned above, resolved itself into three distinct sets of operations: the attack on Canada, the duels by sea, and the movements of the British in the southern and central states. Having collected a considerable flotilla on Lakes Ontario and Erie, the Americans took the city of York, and under Dearborn, before whom the British general Vincent retreated to Burlington Heights, gained a precarious footing on the Canadian shore, close to the Falls of Niagara; but the

* *Bidassoa* separates Spain and France, and falls into the Bay of Biscay.

† *Orthez* is in Basses Pyrenees, twenty-five miles north-west of Pau.

‡ *Toulouse* is the capital of Haute-Garonne, and stands on the Garonne.

§ *Peace of Paris*. By this treaty the boundaries of France were to be the same as at January 1, 1792. England retained Malta, Tobago, St. Lucia, and the Isle of France (Mauritius).

|| *Elba*, in the Mediterranean, off the coast of Italy, between Corsica and Tuscany.

ultimate result of all their efforts was failure, though incompetence on the side of the British gave them many chances.

By sea (June 1, 1813) the British frigate *Shannon* challenged the American frigate *Chesapeake* to come out of Boston harbour and have a fight. The *Chesapeake* complied; the fire opened; in fifteen minutes there was a rush of British tars on board, and up ran the Union Jack to the American mast-head. It is only fair, however, to add that in that and other sea-fights the American sailors displayed fully as much valour and skill as the British. The British soldiers meanwhile made a dash on Washington, put to flight a swarm of American militia, and burned the chief public buildings in the American capital (Aug. 1814). This piece of wanton mischief met its retribution at New Orleans the next Christmas, where all the science of Pakenham availed nothing in the attempt to break the American lines. Before this disaster to the British arms a treaty had been signed at Ghent (Dec. 1814).

For his great services in the Peninsula, Wellington was made a duke, was publicly thanked by the Houses of Parliament, and received a grant of £400,000. The 1814 allied sovereigns visited England in June. Toward the close of the year, a congress met at Vienna to settle the affairs of Europe, which were in great disorder after a war so long and costly.

The deliberations of the Vienna Congress were suddenly interrupted in March 1815. News arrived that Napoleon had quitted Elba. He landed on the 1st of March on the coast of Provence, and marched rapidly on Paris. His marshals hastened to his side. The French soldiers, disgusted with the government of the Bourbons, flocked in thousands around his banner. In twenty days after his landing, he once more held the capital and the throne of France. All Europe was alarmed and enraged at his daring disregard of treaties and of oaths. The British Parliament voted a budget of £90,000,000 for his

overthrow. The Duke of Wellington took the command of eighty thousand troops. Blucher marshalled one hundred and ten thousand Prussians for the campaign. Austria and Russia were preparing to invade France on the eastern frontier with enormous armies. All offers of negotiation from Napoleon were unheeded, and his only hope lay in instant action.

Wellington's plan was to join the Prussian army in Belgium, and thence to march rapidly on Paris from the north-east. Napoleon, who had by tremendous efforts concentrated an army of four hundred thousand men in the north of France, resolved if possible to prevent this union. About 3 A.M. on the 15th of June, he began to move his army in three masses across the Sambre at Charleroi and Marchiennes. Ziethen, the

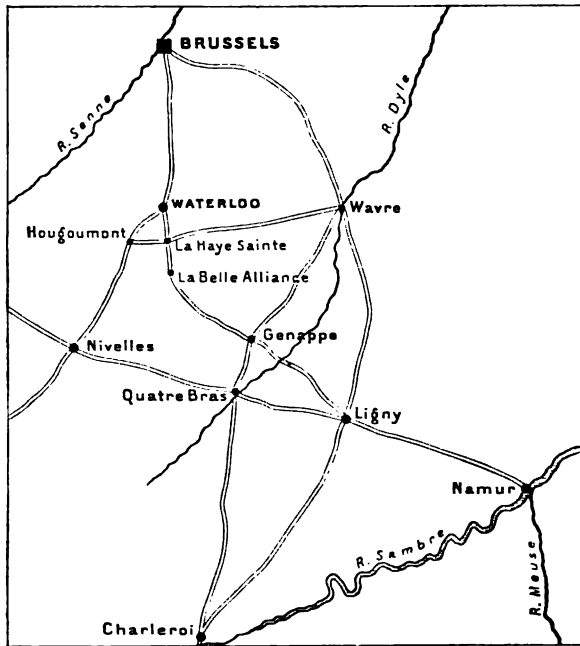
Prussian general, fell back toward the main body of **June 15.** the Prussians, massed about Namur. Wellington, then at Brussels, stood with eagle eye, bright and watchful, until the afternoon of the 15th, when news reached him that the French had crossed the Sambre. Having then made his arrangements for taking a position at Quatre Bras,* he went calmly to the brilliant ball given in the Belgian capital by the Duchess of Richmond, where a hurried whisper, passed round among the officers, summoned them for the march at daybreak.

Two battles—Quatre Bras and Ligny†—took place on the 16th. By 7 A.M. on that morning Napoleon had matured his plan of action. Dividing his forces into right wing, left wing, and reserves, he gave the command of the two former to Grouchy and Ney, keeping the last under his own direction. At 11 A.M. Ney received orders to occupy Quatre Bras, toward which Wellington's troops had been pouring all the **June 16.** morning from Brussels. The battle began at 2 P.M.

It was on the whole a rehearsal of the greater coming fight, for Ney attacked with guns and cavalry, while

* *Quatre Bras* (Four Arms, because the roads from Brussels, Charleroi, Nivelles, and Namur meet there), twenty miles from Brussels.

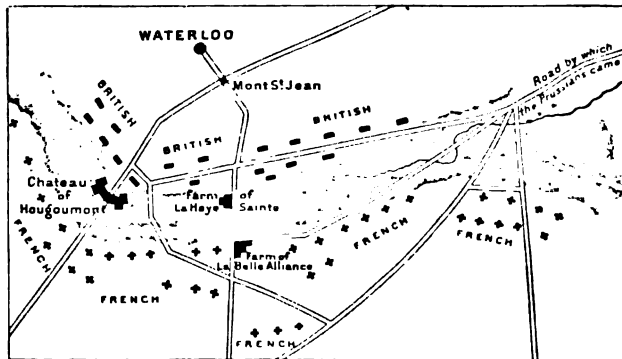
† *Ligny*, a Belgian village lying about two miles west of Sombrefe.



Wellington maintained his position by trusting chiefly to his foot massed in solid squares. Gallant Picton with his Fighting Fifth came up at a critical moment, when the Prince of Orange had been driven back. Close behind rode the Duke of Brunswick at the head of his Black Hussars. He received a mortal wound as he tried to rally his men, somewhat shaken by the hostile horse. At the same time of day, Napoleon in person was engaged with the Prussians at Ligny, whom he drove back, but did not scatter or disorder, after seven hours of hard fighting. A French corps of twenty thousand under D'Erlon spent the day wandering between the two fields, being turned from their march to Quatre Bras by a pencil-note requiring their aid at Ligny.

On the 17th, Blücher, repulsed at Ligny, retreated on a line known to the British, and by nightfall concentrated at Wavre* his army, which Marshal Grouchy followed. Wellington made a corresponding retreat from Quatre Bras to Waterloo, June 17. where he had already surveyed the line of country, probably attracted to the position by the fact that Marlborough had once selected it for a battle which never came off. Napoleon, following the duke closely, seems not to have anticipated the possibility of a junction between the British and the Prussians by one day's march.

On the evening of the 17th, Wellington arranged his army, which amounted to sixty-eight thousand men, on the crest of a ridge that turned sharply off at an angle to the west, just where the old red brick of the Flemish château of Hougoumont gleamed through its orchards. Wellington waited under pelting rain



PLAN OF THE BATTLE-FIELD.

for the dawn of Waterloo. Day broke between three and four. Across the hollow, which ran between the British position and the concave ridge, on which Napoleon marshalled his men, two white farm-houses—La Haye Sainte on the British side, La

* Wavre, about six miles east of Waterloo, which is twelve and one-third miles from Brussels.

Belle Alliance on the French—looked at each other, each standing just on the dip of its own slope, and close to the highroad from Genappe to Brussels, which cut at right angles through the two positions. Hougoumont stood on the road from Nivelles, and both roads converged on the village of Waterloo, which lay behind the British lines. Between La Haye Sainte and Waterloo was Mont St. Jean, which gives its name to the battle in French history. The château of Hougoumont was the key of the British position.

Napoleon reviewed his great force of seventy thousand men early on the morning of Sunday, the 18th. The rain of the night before had damped the cartridges in the loaded muskets on both sides, so that they could be neither fired nor drawn. This created some delay, until a British sergeant discovered that by swinging his musket in the air the wet cartridge could be driven out. Shortly after eleven o'clock—when the service in the churches at home was just beginning—the first shot was fired from the British guns. The French artillery replied; and then followed such a cannonade as had never been heard on battle-field before. The French battalions dashed on Hougoumont, which was held by the Guards. Round this château the battle raged furiously for hours. The French took the wood, broke the gate to pieces, but could not withstand the withering fire from the house, and the rain of shells from British howitzers. Ney led several columns against La Haye Sainte, and gained a temporary lodgment there, because the Germans had exhausted their ammunition; but that success came too late to be of any use. The circumstance that gave Waterloo a special character was the trial of strength between the “rocky squares” of British infantry and the torrents of French horse. When the latter had almost spent their strength in frequent charges, nearly the whole of the British cavalry dashed at a sweeping gallop into the hollow, and literally rode over the lancers and cuirassiers, who had been vainly

June 18,
1815

flinging themselves on the squares all day. About four in the afternoon, the head of the Prussian column under Bulow began to emerge from the wood to the east, menacing the right flank of the French position. That obliged Napoleon to risk his last desperate cast upon the game, then all but lost—namely, the advance of the Old Guard, which had been kept in reserve in the rear of the French line. To the foot of the British position Napoleon himself led these veterans, who had never failed him yet. “There, gentlemen,” he said, pointing to the British lines—“*there* is the way to Brussels.” He had seen his splendid artillery foiled, his splendid cavalry broken, but he still trusted in the Old Guard. On they went under Ney’s command, up the face of the ridge near La Haye Sainte. On the top of the ridge the British Guards under Maitland and the brigade of Adams, arranged four deep by Wellington himself, lay on the ground, awaiting the attack. When the French were within fifty yards of the top, the British started to their feet and levelled their muskets. Then there was poured in so fearful a fire that the columns, hampered on their flanks by other attacks, became mixed in the act of trying to deploy, and were driven in rout down the hill. “They are mixed!” cried the fallen Corsican, as he rode away to the rear. “Let the whole line advance!” was Wellington’s final order, as he galloped to the front. Then the great mass, which with patient resolution had stood on the plateau since early morning with scarce a murmur, now swept grandly forward—infantry, horse, and guns—in one imposing rush which carried every French position, and drove the relics of the Grand Army along wreck-strewn roads toward the frontier of France. During the three eventful days (June 16, 17, 18) forty thousand French, sixteen thousand Prussians, thirteen thousand British and Germans, were killed.

Paris, where he abdicated in favour of his son; Rochefort,*

* *Rochefort*, a maritime town on the west coast of France, seven miles from the mouth of the Charente. and eighteen south-east of La Rochelle.

whence he tried to escape to America ; the Roads of Aix,* where, on the quarter-deck of the *Bellerophon*, he cast himself on the mercy of the British king ; the lonely rock of St. Helena,† where for six years he dwelt imprisoned by the Atlantic waves—these are the last scenes in the history of Napoleon I. He died on the 3rd of May 1821 ; and in 1840 his remains were removed to France.

Before Waterloo was fought—on the 9th of June 1815—the Congress of Vienna had marked on the map of Europe the changed lines which were to follow the fall of Napoleon. This Treaty of Settlement was followed in November (20th) by the second treaty of Paris, which was signed by Wellington and Castlereagh on the part of Great Britain. By these treaties the empire of France, distended far beyond its natural limits by the ambition of Napoleon, collapsed into a kingdom similar in size to that of 1790. Thus ended a war during which Britain had made gigantic efforts. The National Debt, which at the end of the Seven Years' War (1763) was £139,000,000, and at the end of the American War (1783) was £268,000,000, had now reached the enormous sum of £880,000,000. But fast as the debt grew, still faster grew the wealth of the cotton-mills, where steam-power had come to the aid of the spinning-frame and the hand-loom. Without these it might have been impossible for Great Britain to bear the long-continued strain and the heavy burden.

* Roads of Aix, off the island of Aix, fourteen miles north-west of Rochefort.

† St. Helena, an island in the South Atlantic, twelve hundred miles from the coast of Africa.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE ERA OF REFORM.

Effects of the war—Agitation for reform—The Princess Charlotte—The Algerine pirates—"Peterloo"—Birth of Princess Victoria—Death of George III.—The Cato Street conspiracy—Queen Caroline—State of Ireland—Canning's foreign policy—Commercial crisis—First Burmese War—The Canning ministry—Navarino—The Wellington ministry—Repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts—The Catholic Emancipation Act—The first locomotive—The Grey ministry—The Reform Bill—First Reformed House of Commons—Abolition of slavery—The Melbourne ministry—Municipal Reform Acts—Death of William IV.

THE proclamation of peace was followed by great distress in Britain. When the excitement of the war was over, people had time to consider its consequences, and were forced to feel them. Commerce was almost completely stagnant. The weight of taxation was excessive, owing to the enormous debt which the country had incurred. Food was scarce, and therefore dear. There was little demand for labour, and therefore wages were low. Nevertheless, the government, in order to favour the British farmers and land-owners, **1815** passed a Corn Act, forbidding the importation of foreign grain until the price of wheat* had reached eighty shillings per quarter. This led to riots in the larger towns, which were attended with great destruction of property, especially of machinery, and in some cases with loss of life.

* *Wheat*. During the ten years from 1875 to 1885 the price of wheat averaged 47s. per quarter. Its highest price since 1815 was 96s. 11d. in 1817. The maximum of the century was 126s. 6d. in 1812.

Then arose the cry for a reform of the House of Commons, with universal suffrage and annual Parliaments. Political societies called Hampden Clubs were formed all over the country—that in London being presided over by Sir Francis Burdett. The writings of William Cobbett the journalist, who had begun life as a ploughman, had great influence with the tradesmen and labourers, whose champion he proclaimed himself to be. The ministry, influenced by Lord Castlereagh, stood firm in resisting all change.

The agitation thus resumed, which continued during the next seventeen years, had been in progress before the war began. While the war lasted, the public mind was occupied by it to the exclusion of nearly every other subject; but when peace came, the question of reform was reopened with all the more keenness because of the national distress and the widespread disaffection. Ever since the reign of Queen Anne, the ascendancy of the House of Commons had been undoubted; but the complaint was that that House did not represent the nation. The influence of the crown, of the ministry for the time being, and of the chief land-owners, was so great that a large proportion of the representation was in their hands. As has been already noticed, the younger Pitt was one of the first to raise the question, but the excesses of the French Revolution led him to abandon reform. The subject was again raised by Sir Francis Burdett in 1810; but it was not till the close of the war that the question really aroused the nation.

The marriage of the regent's only child—the Princess Charlotte—to Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg was celebrated on the 2nd of May 1816 amid rejoicings shadowed by no prophetic cloud. During the autumn of the same year Canning joined the Liverpool ministry as President of the Board of Control.

A terrible lesson was taught to the Algerine pirates by Lord Exmouth, who bombarded the white walls of the African city for six hours, sweeping away hundreds of the bearded demons

with shot and shell. The immediate release of one thousand and eighty-three *Christian* slaves followed this stern piece of punishment (Aug. 27, 1816). The cause of this assault was an act of massacre at Bona, where some Moslem soldiers had trampled on the British flag.

The price of wheat continued to rise steadily after the peace.

It reached its maximum in 1817—a year of gloom and
1817 distress. The prince-regent was fired at when returning from the opening of Parliament. No fewer than six hundred petitions for reform—some of them with thirty thousand signatures—were sent to Parliament. In spite of a royal proclamation against rioting and unlawful assemblages, both riots and seditious meetings increased. The *Habeas Corpus* Act was suspended; but the riots still continued, and at Derby three of the ringleaders were executed. In May, Burdett introduced in the House of Commons a motion for reform. It obtained only seventy-seven supporters, while two hundred and sixty-five voted for its rejection. Towards the end of the year the death of the Princess Charlotte caused deep national sorrow, and revived for a time the loyalty of the people.

During the next two years, the excitement and the discontent continued to spread. In 1818 Burdett's resolution for universal suffrage and annual Parliaments obtained only two
 votes in the House of Commons. A crisis came in

1819 1819. Riots by the unemployed were common in the manufacturing towns. Public meetings in favour of parliamentary reform were held everywhere. A great meeting held at Smithfield was watched by the military and by six thousand "special constables." In St. Peter's Field, Manchester, one hundred thousand persons assembled to petition for reform. They were dispersed by the military, but not until several had been killed and hundreds wounded. The affair was derisively called the Battle of "Peterloo." For writing a letter condemning the "Manchester massacre," Sir Francis Burdett was fined

£2,000, and was imprisoned for three months. Parliament met in November and passed Six Acts* restricting public liberty. An unusually severe winter added greatly to the sufferings of the poor.

Soon after the death of the Princess Charlotte, no fewer than four of the royal dukes married. Edward Duke of Kent, fourth son of the king, married a princess of the Saxe-Coburg family. On May 24th 1819, their daughter and only child, the Princess Victoria, was born at Kensington Palace. On the 23rd January following, the Duke of Kent died; and on the 29th the old king, blind as well as insane, also **1820** breathed his last. His age was eighty-one, and his reign of sixty years was the longest in the long list of English sovereigns. The prince-regent, who had already ruled for nine years, now became king.

Riot and social misery had during the regency heralded the reign. They did not cease to afflict the country. A few days after the king's accession, the police discovered a plot to murder the ministers during a cabinet dinner at Lord Harrowby's. The leader of the conspiracy was Thistlewood, a desperate fellow, who had already been a year in jail for challenging Lord Sidmouth, the Home Secretary. After the murder, the prisons were to be broken open, London was to be set on fire, and a revolution accomplished. On the very evening fixed for the crime, the police came suddenly on the conspirators in a hay-loft in Cato Street, near the Edgeware Road. A desperate scuffle ensued—a policeman was killed; but the capture was made. Thistlewood and four others were executed; the rest were transported. A slight rising about the same time at Kilsyth in Stirlingshire was soon suppressed.

The depressed state of commerce still caused much anxiety and suffering in the large towns. Mercantile men complained of the legal restrictions to which trade was subjected by such

* *Six Acts.* These were—(1) for the more speedy execution of justice; (2) to prevent military training; (3) to punish profane and seditious libels; (4) for seizing arms; (5) for repressing libels; (6) to prevent seditious meetings and assemblies.

laws as the Corn Act of 1815. Petitions with this burden began to pour into the House of Commons. Thus, side by side with the demand for parliamentary reform, there arose the demand for free trade. A third question which agitated the public mind at the same time was Roman Catholic Emancipation. The cause had been taken up by Canning in 1812, and in nearly every session since that year a Relief Bill had been introduced, and had been thrown out by very narrow majorities.

Shortly after the king's accession, popular excitement found a new channel, in connection with his attempt to obtain a divorce from his wife, Caroline of Brunswick, to whom he had been married in 1795. They had never agreed, and had soon separated. During the regency she had lived in Italy; but when she heard that her husband was king, she hastened to

England to claim the honours due to a queen. On the
1820 6th of July 1820, a Bill of Pains and Penalties was brought into the House of Lords, charging her with flagrant misconduct. She was ably defended by Brougham and Denman; and on the 10th of November the bill was abandoned, to the great joy of the people, who were nearly all on her side. George Canning resigned his office, rather than take any part with the Liverpool cabinet in supporting the "Bill of Pains and Penalties," and spent the summer on the Continent.

In the following year the queen went to the door of Westminster Abbey on the day of her husband's coronation;
1821 but she was refused admittance. She sank under this blow, and nineteen days later she died. Even around her coffin, as it was borne from London to Harwich on its way to Brunswick, there was deadly strife between the soldiers and the people. In the same month in which his wife died the king visited Ireland, where he was received with joy, as the first English king who had paid a visit of peace to the island.

The condition of Ireland, pinched by famine and disease,

was then attracting great attention. Much had been done for the suffering land by its viceroy, the Marquis of Wellesley, who was clear-sighted enough to acknowledge the justice of the Catholic claims. To this object Canning's parliamentary efforts were now directed. A bill for permitting Catholic peers to sit in the Lords received all the support which his influence and eloquence could give, but it was lost on the second reading.

Neither the prevailing distress nor the threatening attitude of a large section of the people had any effect on the government or on Parliament. In February 1822, the Commons rejected a motion, proposed by Brougham, for **1822** inquiry into the causes of the national distress. In April it threw out Lord John Russell's motion for reform. Towards the end of the year, the king spent thirteen days in Scotland. There he received the news that one of his chief ministers, the Marquis of Londonderry—better known as Lord Castlereagh—had committed suicide. He was succeeded as Foreign Secretary by Mr. Canning, who then became leader of the House of Commons. Under his influence the ministry began to assume a more liberal tone.

The spirit of Canning's foreign policy was diametrically opposed to that of Londonderry. It may be shortly summed up as lying in a desire to undermine the Holy Alliance, a despotic league formed in 1815 by Russia, Austria, and Prussia, and also to loose the shackles of oppressed nationalities in all parts of the world. Refusing to interfere in Spanish affairs, he yet acknowledged the new-won freedom of the South American states, which had lately shaken off the Spanish yoke. To preserve peace, and yet to cut Great Britain loose from the Holy Alliance, were the conflicting aims which the genius of Canning enabled him to reconcile. He saved Portugal in a critical moment of December 1826. Spain, jealous of her western sister's free constitution, permitted some renegade Portuguese to harass the frontier of the country they had betrayed. The

princess regent applied to Britain, and troops were in the Tagus by Christmas-day. They were not needed. Canning's speech had gone before them, and had frightened the aggressors into flight.

The hands of Canning were strengthened early in the year 1823 by the appointment of his old and tried friend William Huskisson to the Presidency of the Board of Trade. With Canning he went out and came in oftener than once, a true affection for that statesman being almost a ruling passion in his breast. The appointment of Frederick Robinson (afterwards Viscount Goderich and Earl of Ripon) as Chancellor of the Exchequer also infused new blood into the cabinet. The principal measure carried through Parliament by Huskisson was the Reciprocity of Duties Bill (1823), by which the ships of foreign states trading to Britain were placed on a par as to duties with our own vessels, on condition that these states should do likewise. He removed a number of taxes protecting British products, and showed himself favourable to the principles of free trade.

In 1824 a great rage for joint-stock companies seized the nation. Trade had begun to revive. Money was abundant, and men invested it, on the promise of high interest, in schemes of the wildest description. Loans were granted to half the states of the world. Paper money was issued by the banks to an extent far beyond what was prudent. The natural result was a panic or commercial crisis in 1825, when sixty banks suspended business, and more than two hundred merchants became insolvent. By causing the issue of one and two pound notes, by coining in great haste a new supply of sovereigns, and by inducing the Bank of England to lend money on the security of goods, the government met the crisis, allayed the panic, and to some extent restored commercial credit.

About this time the first Burmese war occurred. Disputes about the boundary-line provoked the Court of Ava to in-

solence. Assam was taken. In May 1824, a force under Sir Archibald Campbell captured the city of Rangoon. The march up the river was impeded by stockades of teak-wood and bamboo, which the Burmese defended with the fierceness of wild cats; but the British bayonet forced its resistless way on to Yandaboo, within sixty miles of Ava. There in 1826 a treaty was signed, by which we came to number Aracan and Tenasserim among our possessions.

Apoplexy having struck down Lord Liverpool early in 1827, Canning became Prime Minister. Many of his former colleagues, including Peel and Wellington, refused to **1827** accept office under Canning, because of his strong advocacy of Roman Catholic Emancipation. That, however, gained him the support of Burdett and Brougham in the House of Commons. The short session then opening was a time of misery to Canning. Estranged from his old associates, taunted by many foes, the sick man held resolutely to his post in the face of every difficulty. But the springs of life were failing. When he had secured an object for which he had long been working—the conclusion of the treaty of London—he took his last journey to the Duke of Devonshire's villa at Chiswick. There, in the room where Fox had died, he too died, ostensibly of cold, in reality of thankless political toil (Aug. 8, 1827). Viscount Goderich (Robinson) was his successor.

Before the year closed, the treaty which formed the last act of Canning's foreign policy, and which bound together Britain, France, and Russia in a league to save Greece from the despoiling hands of Turkey, bore "the blood-red blossom of war," which, however, ripened into peace. While negotiations were pending, Ibrahim Pasha with the Egyptian fleet entered the harbour of Navarino,* where the Turkish squadron lay. The British admiral, Codrington, warned him that he would be driven in again if he ventured out. In violation of an express

* *Navarino* (or *Neocastro*), a town and bay in the south-west of the Morea.
(875)

agreement, he did sail out, and the allied admirals then mounted guard over the fleets in the harbour. The Turks opened fire: the allies replied: the engagement became general: and in four hours the Turko-Egyptian fleet was utterly destroyed (28th of October).

The news of this unexpected fight nearly shook to pieces the cabinet of Lord Goderich. Discord soon dissolved the ministry, and in the first month of the next year the Duke of Wellington became Prime Minister, with Peel as Home and Palmerston as War Secretary, at a time when the political sky was charged with war.

The most notable event under the Wellington administration was the passing of the Catholic Emancipation Act. At various times after the Reformation, penal laws, the most rigorous and cruel, had been imposed on that large section of the people, and especially in Ireland the weight of them had been bitterly felt. The treaty of Limerick (1691), confirming the title of William the Third to rule Ireland, made a hollow provision in favour of the Roman Catholics. In this respect the treaty was a mere dead letter, for in a year or two after it was concluded the screw got several turns, and the oppressed Catholics were ground to the very dust. Laws were enacted depriving a father of natural rights over his child, and sometimes even reversing the relations of the two. A Catholic teacher was treated like a felon, and a priest who married a Protestant to a Catholic exposed himself to hanging. The firm position taken by the Irish people under the leadership of Henry Grattan in 1780 was the beginning of a series of efforts which rent these heavy chains. Once started, the question kept rolling with growing momentum, stirring strife and shattering cabinets. In the struggle of the Irish union a promise was given that the Catholic disabilities would be removed, and in fact on this promise the union hinged. In 1807, Pitt having died before his promise was redeemed, the chief Catholic disabilities were

these:—They could not enter either House of Parliament; they could not act as guardians to Protestants; they were scarcely allowed to possess arms; they were practically excluded from juries, and from the majority of public offices. Canning was their firm friend through nearly all his career as a statesman, and made more than one decided effort to remove some of their disabilities. Grattan, having entered the Imperial Parliament in 1805, devoted the ripe eloquence and wisdom of his old age to the advocacy of their cause. With two such champions victory was sure; yet neither saw the final triumph of the question. In course of time a vast confederacy, called the *Catholic Association*, and supported by a weekly tax on the Irish peasantry called the *Catholic Rent*, was organized, and began to work with ceaseless and resistless force. Its life and soul was Daniel O'Connell, a barrister of great natural eloquence and skill in wielding the minds of a popular mass. Between the banded Catholics and the Orange societies, called Brunswick Clubs, a civil strife seemed imminent.

An important step in the direction of religious freedom was taken in April 1828, when Lord John Russell moved for the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts,* and **1828** carried this relief of Dissenters through Parliament in spite of ministerial opposition supported by Peel, Huskisson, and Palmerston. That was the first triumph of the party of progress and reform. The result greatly encouraged the advocates of the Roman Catholic claims. An incident which occurred this year brought that question to a crisis. In consequence of changes in the ministry, several seats in the House of Commons became vacant. One of these was for Clare county. Daniel O'Connell, the great champion of emancipation,

* *The Test and Corporation Acts.* The Test Act (1673) required military officers to be members of the English Church. The Corporation Act (1661) required the same of officers in corporations. The insertion, in the new declaration prescribed by the act, of the words, "On the true faith of a Christian," had the unintentional effect of excluding Jews from Parliament, till 1858.

and himself a Roman Catholic, was elected. Government saw plainly that his exclusion from the House would inevitably be followed by a rebellion in Ireland. Wellington and Peel therefore withdrew their opposition.

Having first resigned his seat for Oxford and secured his election for Westbury, Peel set about the preparation of a pacific measure. On the 5th of March 1829 the Bill was brought before the Commons. Modifying the oath which members took along with their seats so as to admit of its being taken by Roman Catholics, it opened to that **1829** religious body all corporate and public offices with the exception of four—the regency, the lord chancellorships of England and Ireland, and the viceroyalty of the latter country. About four in the morning of the 1st of April this important measure, on its third reading, was passed in the Commons by a majority of 178 in a House of 462. Ten days later, it passed the Lords by a majority almost equally large. It received the king's signature on the 13th of April 1829. On the 26th of June in the following year George the Fourth died, and his sailor-brother William reigned in his stead.

When it was proposed to unite Liverpool and Manchester by a railway, all eyes turned to George Stephenson, who had risen from the humble position of a colliery-fireman, as the fittest man to undertake the task. The difficulties were great; but patience and genius surmounted them all. When the railway was completed, it was still an open question whether steam or horse-power should draw the trains. In the battle that ensued, almost all the engineering world was arrayed in arms against the plain workman of Wylam. At length the directors of the railway were induced to offer a premium of £500 for the best locomotive suited to the traffic of their line. This gave the Stephensons—father and son—a chance which with their experience and their energy they could not lose. In their engine-factory at Newcastle they constructed the *Rocket*, which

distanced all competitors by running a mile in less than two minutes. Thus the victory was won: the locomotive was established in its place as an engine suited for passenger traffic.

On the occasion of the opening of the railway there was a gathering of cabinet ministers and other noted men to make a trial trip. During a temporary stoppage of the train, while Wellington and Huskisson were talking on the line, a shout from an approaching engine startled them. Huskisson, enfeebled from recent illness, fell on the rail, and had his leg crushed. He died the same night.

The revolutions of 1830 in France and Belgium caused much excitement and discontent in Great Britain, and gave a new impetus to the agitation for a reform of the House of Commons. The new Parliament, which met in October, 1830 contained a large proportion of Liberal members.

Some rash sentences against the popular desire for reform which fell from Wellington one night, shook his cabinet to the foundation. A defeat on the Civil List overthrew it (Nov. 15). A Whig ministry under Earl Grey was then formed, pledged to promote "peace, retrenchment, and reform." Brougham became Lord Chancellor; Palmerston took the Foreign Office; and Lord John Russell, though not in the cabinet, became the champion of the nation in the coming struggle.

Lord John Russell introduced a Reform Bill in the House of Commons on the 1st of March 1831. Its sweeping provisions, aiming at the utter extinction of close or rotten boroughs, took even the friends of reform by surprise: for the first night it seemed to the opposition only an amusing farce. There was no division on the first reading—March 14th; but on the occasion of the second reading (March 21), after a hot debate, the numbers stood 302 to 301, the ministry being victorious by *one* vote. This looked ominous for the bill; and the House, going into Committee, took up the clauses. The government experienced two defeats within three days. Grey

insisted on an appeal to the country, and with difficulty induced the king to agree to it (April 22).

The people, roused and terribly in earnest, returned a new House of Commons packed with reformers. The battle was then renewed, the ground being disputed inch by inch, clause by clause. At last the bill passed the Commons (22nd September) by a vote of 345 to 234, and was carried by **October**. Lord Althorp, attended by a hundred of the Lower

House, up to the Lords. After a hot and fierce debate of five nights, they threw it out by a majority of 41 on its second reading (Oct. 7th).

At once the excitement of the people exploded in riots. At Derby and Nottingham, and especially at Bristol, these were excessively violent. Men looked with bated breath for the close of the short parliamentary recess. On the 12th of December Lord John Russell made the first move by proposing a new bill. On the 18th of the same month it was passed on its second reading by a majority of 162. Then came the Christmas holidays. In Committee the battle raged **1832** fiercely, the opponents of the bill using all the forms of the House for the purposes of obstruction, but to no purpose. The majority on the third reading was 116 (March 21, 1832).

The great question then became, "What will the Lords do?" Many of them had come under the influence of those second thoughts which are proverbially the best; and on the 14th of April, after a debate of five nights, the second reading of the bill was carried by a majority of 9, where it had six months earlier been rejected by 41. The opposing Lords resolved to stifle the measure in Committee, a resolve of which Grey had a foretaste by being left in a minority of 35 on the very first clause (May 7th). Grey proposed to create new Peers, to give him a majority in the Lords. The king refused, and Grey resigned. Wellington was requested to form a Tory ministry, but

he failed. The current of public feeling turned fiercely against him, and the hero of Waterloo was obliged to barricade his London house against a mob. The people, indeed, took an attitude at this juncture the resolute meaning of which could not be mistaken. The reformers of Birmingham, mustering 200,000 strong, and including a large proportion of the soldiery, pledged themselves to pay no taxes and to give themselves up to the cause of reform. The aspect of affairs began to look serious, even ominous, when news radiated everywhere to the effect that Lord Grey had been recalled. Great indeed was the popular joy at this sign of victory. But there was still a doubt how the Lords could be made to yield. This last doubt vanished when the king appealed to the waverers, holding in the background a resolve to create new Peers if his appeal was rejected. All was over then. The Reform Bill passed the Lords triumphantly, and received the king's assent on the 7th of June 1832. On that memorable day, the opposition benches in the House of Lords were empty. Reform Bills for Scotland and Ireland received the royal assent on the 17th of July and on the 7th of August. Three great changes were thus made :—1. Seats in Parliament were taken away from many places—called pocket or rotten boroughs—in which there were very few voters, and sometimes none, residing in the borough. Of this class the most notorious example was old Sarum,* in which there was not a single house! 2. Seats were given to large towns, such as Birmingham, Leeds, Manchester, and Sheffield, which had grown within the last century into first-class cities. At the same time the number of county members in England was nearly doubled. 3. The franchise was extended more widely among the middle classes.

* *Old Sarum*, in Wiltshire, two miles north of Salisbury. A few traces of walls and ramparts and of its castle and cathedral are all that remain to represent the ancient city. New Sarum is Salisbury, to which the inhabitants began to migrate in the time of Richard I. The old town, we are told, had become wholly deserted in the time of Henry VII.

In towns, the right of voting was given to owners, and to tenants of houses worth £10 a year. In counties, all were entitled to vote who owned property worth £10 a year, or who paid a yearly rent of at least £50 for their holdings. These changes established the principle that the House of Commons is the People's House of Parliament, and that it should be made to represent all classes and interests in the country.

The first reformed House of Commons met in February 1833. The first question which occupied its attention was the emancipation of the slaves in the English colonies. Ever since 1788 a movement had been going on in the country and in Parliament with that view. William Wilberforce, member for the county of York, first brought forward the motion in the House of Commons; and through a long life he clung with noble perseverance to the work. From time to time the debates were renewed, amid great opposition from slave-holders, planters, and merchants. The slave-trade had been abolished in 1807, on the motion of Mr. Fox; but it was not until **1833** the question was forty-five years old that slavery itself was abolished. £20,000,000 was granted to slave-owners as compensation; and the slaves were not set free at once, but were bound to serve their masters as apprentices for five years longer. In 1838 eight hundred thousand slaves received their freedom. Wilberforce lived only long enough to see the triumph of his life's work. He died in 1833.

A difference in the cabinet on an Irish question led to its reconstruction in 1834. Earl Grey retired and Viscount Melbourne became Prime Minister. The chief work of this ministry was a new Poor Law. The rate to support the poor had risen to £8,000,000 a year; and a great part of the sum was squandered on the support of strong men and women, who were too idle to work. The new bill placed the local boards under the superintendence of a government department called the Poor Law

Board,* and ordered that no aid should be given to able-bodied paupers, unless they chose to go to the poor-houses, and to work for their living there.

The same year is memorable as the first in which trade strikes occurred on a serious scale. Laws regulating the price of labour, and prohibiting workmen from combining for their own protection, were common from the time of Edward the Third, when two Statutes of Labourers† were passed. All the laws against combination were repealed in 1825. Thereafter trade unions‡ became common, and frequently led to disturbances in the manufacturing towns. In 1834 the tailors of London struck work for increase of wages; and their example was followed by the weavers of Leeds and by the calico-printers of Glasgow. In each case the loss of wages led to great suffering.

Signs of a Tory reaction now became perceptible. These were welcomed by the king, who was alarmed by the progress of the reforming spirit. When the Chancellor of the Exchequer resigned in 1834, owing to his transference to the House of Lords, the king seized the occasion to dismiss the Melbourne cabinet, and to place Sir Robert Peel at the head of the government. Peel immediately appealed to the country; but although his supporters were increased, he failed to obtain a majority, and resigned, having held office only four months. Lord Melbourne and most of his old associates then returned to power (April). The chief measure of the session was **1835** the Municipal Reform Act, by which the town councils of England and Wales were reformed. To the rate-payers and freemen was given the right of appointing the councillors, who elected the magistrates from among themselves.

* *Poor Law Board.* In 1871 the Poor Law Board was made a department of the Local Government Board, the president of which is a member of the administration for the time being.

† *Statutes of Labourers.* In 1349 and 1353. (See above, p. 227.)

‡ *Trade unions.* Acts regulating the proceedings of these societies were passed in 1868, 1871, and 1875.

Similar changes were afterwards made in the municipal government of Scotland and Ireland.

In 1835 a British contingent was sent to Spain in aid of Queen Isabella, whose rights had been invaded by her uncle, Don Carlos. With this exception, the foreign policy of William the Fourth is insignificant. At home an important measure was passed the Tithe Commutation Act (1836-37), by which tithes, formerly paid to the clergy "in kind," were converted into a rent-charge on the land, payable in money, and reckoned according to the average price of corn for seven years. The turbulence of the Irish was also kept under by a Coercion Bill, which troubled the government much and brought them into frequent collision with O'Connell.

On the 20th of June 1837 the kind old sailor, who had worn the British crown for seven years, died at the age of seventy-two, leaving the regal state to his niece Victoria, a girl of eighteen. His last act was one of mercy—the signature which gave pardon to a convict.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE ERA OF FREE TRADE.

Accession of Victoria—Hanover—Canadian Rebellion—The Anti-corn-law League—The Chartists—Afghan War—Chinese War—Peel's second ministry—The new tariff—Conquest of Sindh—The Rebecca riots—Irish agitation for repeal—Sikh War—Repeal of the Corn Laws—The Russell ministry—Irish famine—Responsible government in Canada—A stormy year—Irish discontent—The Punjab annexed—The first Great Exhibition—Australian gold—Death of Peel and of Wellington—The Derby ministry—Second Burmese War—The Aberdeen ministry.

ON the 21st of June 1837 Victoria was proclaimed Queen of the British Empire. The daughter of Edward, Duke of Kent, brother of the late king, she was born at Kensington on the 24th of May 1819. Left in earliest infancy to the care of her widowed mother, a princess of the Saxe-Coburg family, she grew up, an object of the tenderest **1837** solicitude, and received from her instructors such culture as made her a most accomplished woman. Yet were her mental gifts by no means her greatest endowments for the high position to which Providence called her. In her the domestic virtues have blossomed, making the royal home a model toward which her subjects may look with admiration and gratitude. Married on the 10th of February 1840 to Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, she bore him five daughters and four sons during two-and-twenty years of happy union.

The change of sovereign strengthened the ministry. Instead of having the influence of the crown against him, as in the late

reign, the Prime Minister was now the trusted adviser of the young Queen, who was dependent on him for guidance and advice in constitutional matters.

The Salic law, which prevailed in Hanover, separated that state from the British throne upon the accession of Victoria. The sceptre of this German kingdom passed into the hands of Ernest, Duke of Cumberland, fifth son of George the Third and father of George the Fifth, the recent King of Hanover.*

One of the earliest events of the new reign was a rebellion in the Canadas (December). Ever since their foundation, an oligarchical system of government had prevailed in the North American provinces. For years the colonists had been demanding free institutions and responsible government. For years the French in Lower Canada had been crying out against English exclusiveness and English tyranny. The triumph of reform in England inspired the malcontents with hope. The government, however, was stubborn when it ought to have been conciliatory. Its conduct drove the reformers in the Assembly of Lower Canada to withhold supplies till grievances should be redressed. This deprived government officials of their salaries, and caused much distress. Thereupon the English Parliament empowered the governor-general to appropriate a large sum out of the treasury. The extreme reformers in the two Canadas then coalesced, and rebellion followed.

The rebellion was short-lived. Papineau, Speaker of the Parliament of Lower Canada, headed the revolt there, which broke out first at Montreal; but a few companies of soldiers and volunteers crushed the rising. At the same time, a man named Mackenzie made a futile attempt to seize Toronto; and then formed a rebel camp on Navy Island in the Niagara River. Colonel M'Nab extinguished the revolt in both instances. Attempts on the part of American "sympathizers" to invade Canada were met and crushed with promptitude. There was

* Hanover was annexed to Prussia by law in September 1866.

little actual fighting and little loss of life. Before the end of December, the leaders either had fled or had been lodged in jail. A second rising in Lower Canada in the following year was as speedily put down. These events, however, convinced the British Parliament of the necessity of making concessions. To strengthen the government of the colony, a Union Act was passed in 1840, by which the two Canadas were made one province.

There were loud complaints in Britain at this time of the hardships suffered by the mass of the population in consequence of the laws restricting the importation of corn. The Corn Act of 1815 had been superseded in 1828 by the Sliding-scale* Act, which reduced the duty on imported corn in proportion as the price of home-grown corn increased; but practically the duty was still prohibitory. The movement by which these laws were at last repealed had its origin in 1838. Then was formed the famous Anti-corn-law League, with Richard Cobden and John Bright as its leaders. There followed a great agitation all over the country. The Free-traders maintained that the "daily bread" of the people was the last article that should be taxed. Those who lived by agriculture wished to keep foreign grain out of the country. But to buy in the cheapest markets of the world was the policy advocated by the Free-traders.

About this time the proceedings of a society of men who called themselves Chartists began to attract notice. The Reform Bill had not satisfied the mass of the working-people; and especially in the manufacturing districts associations were formed, moorland meetings by torchlight were held, and threats of resort to arms were uttered by artisans of every class. The Chartists took their name from "The People's Charter," a document in which they demanded six sweeping changes in the

* *Sliding-scale.* The duty was £1, 5s. 8d. when the average price of English wheat was under 62s. a quarter. For every shilling added to the price of wheat, one shilling was taken off the duty.

Constitution :— 1. Universal suffrage. 2. Vote by ballot. 3. Annual Parliaments. 4. Payment of members of Parliament. 5. That every man, whether owning property or not, should be eligible for a seat in Parliament. 6. That the country should be divided into electoral districts. A band of these discontented men, headed by John Frost, who had once been a magistrate, raised a serious disturbance at Newport, which was attended with loss of life. For this, Frost and two others were sentenced to death; but they were afterwards reprieved, and transported for life.

In 1839 the Melbourne ministry was reconstructed. Having vainly tried to carry a measure for the suspension of the Jamaica Constitution, they resigned, and the task of **1839** forming a new government devolved on Sir Robert Peel; but he declined to take office, as the Queen objected to the removal of the ladies of her bed-chamber. Melbourne resumed office, with Lord John Russell as Colonial Secretary, Mr. F. Baring as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Thomas Babington Macaulay in the War Office, in the room of Lord Howick.

From 1839 to 1842 a war raged in Afghanistan. The suspicion that Russia had evil designs on India made it of the highest importance that a prince friendly to Britain should sit on the throne of Afghanistan; for that state lies between India and Persia, and Persia has always been friendly to the czars. Accordingly, early in 1839 a British army, under Sir John Keane, entered Afghanistan to replace Shah Soojah on the throne, which had been usurped by Dost Mohammed. The army amounted to nineteen thousand three hundred and **1839** fifty men. The march was first directed on Candahar.

On the 4th of May the British entered that city, from which the Afghan chiefs had fled. On the 23rd of July the gate of Ghuznee was blown open with gunpowder. Dost Mohammed fled from Cabul, into which the British marched unhindered; and

then Shah Soojah was enthroned, the land being apparently conquered. The surrender of Dost Mohammed, who placed his sword in the hands of Sir William Macnaghten, the British envoy, seemed to betoken the end of trouble. It proved far otherwise. The house of Sir Alexander Burnes at Cabul was beset by Afghans, and stained with the blood of massacre. The misery and peril of the beleaguered

Nov. 2,
1841



Europeans grew daily worse, reaching its crisis when Akbar, son of Dost Mohammed, came in person to direct the Afghan operations. Trusting to the honour of Asiatics, Macnaghten met Akbar in conference, and was shot dead by the treacherous hand of that chief. A little later—January 7—began that

fatal march through the Koord Cabul Pass to Jelalabad, which left a track of crimson on the winter snow. Of sixteen thousand five hundred human beings who began the retreat, about seventy were made captive; nearly all the rest were slaughtered on the road. Ghuznee also fell into Afghan hands; and a similar fate would have befallen Candahar and Jelalabad but for the ability and courage of Generals Nott and Sale. A new season and a new governor restored the credit of the British army. Lord Ellenborough arrived in India, while General Pollock, having forced the Khyber Pass,* was pursuing his victorious march to Jelalabad. From April to August he lay there; and then began to move on Cabul, towards which Nott was also advancing from Candahar. The occupation of Cabul, where Sir Robert Sale was reunited to his wife and daughter, who had been Akbar's captives since the retreat, formed the crowning operation of the war. The British troops soon withdrew from Afghanistan; and Shah Soojah having already met his death at the hand of an assassin, the way was clear for Dost Mohammed again to hold the throne. In 1855 he made a friendly alliance with Great Britain.

A smuggling trade in opium having sprung up on the coast of China, to the great anger of the Chinese authorities, **1839** an edict was issued by Commissioner Lin, aiming at the extinction of the traffic. Captain Elliot, the British superintendent, resisted this edict; and a fire from British ships was poured into a fleet of junks anchored in the Canton River—November 3, 1839. The island and town of Chusan were taken by British guns in June 1840; and in the following January Commodore Sir Gordon Bremer reduced the Bogue forts at the mouth of the Canton River. These two blows led to a Chinese proposal for peace, believing in which Bremer caused Chusan to be evacuated, and took possession of

* *Khyber Pass*, the chief northern pass between Hindustan and Afghanistan. It begins about ten miles west of Peshawur, and extends thirty miles, between lofty cliffs, from six hundred to one thousand feet high.

Hong-Kong. But war broke out again. Amoy, Chusan, and Ningpo fell into the hands of the British, whose march to Nankin in 1842 was the final movement, which led to the submission of the mandarins. The principal articles of the treaty of Nankin ceded the island of Hong- **1842** Kong to the British, established a right of trading with five cities—Canton, Amoy, Foo-Choo, Ningpo, Shanghai—and handed over to Britain twenty-seven millions of silver dollars as war indemnity.

In aid of Turkey, British fleets and troops assisted in operations on the Syrian coast, undertaken for the purpose of wresting that province from Mehemet Ali, Pasha of Egypt, who had declared himself independent of the Porte. Beirut and Acre were reduced in the autumn of 1840, Commodore Napier distinguishing himself in the attack upon the latter.

Before the conclusion of the Chinese War the Melbourne ministry resigned. In May 1841 Peel carried a vote of want of confidence in the government. Parliament was **1841** dissolved, and in the new House of Commons the Conservatives, as the Tories had come to be called since 1830, had a majority of eighty. Melbourne at once resigned, and Sir Robert Peel became Prime Minister for the second time. His administration lasted from September 1841 until June 1846, undergoing during that time but little change. In 1843 the Duke of Wellington became Commander-in-Chief, and in 1844 William Ewart Gladstone was made President of the Board of Trade.

The first question to which Peel turned his attention was the modification of the Corn Laws. In 1842 he carried the Second Sliding-scale Act, by which the **1842** duty ranged from one pound to one shilling, as the price of wheat rose from fifty-one shillings to seventy-three shillings per quarter. This, however, did not satisfy the Free-traders, and the agitation continued to gather strength. For

some years the national expenditure had been in excess of the income. To meet the growing deficiency Peel proposed and carried an income tax of sevenpence per pound. This, he estimated, would not only make up the deficiency, but also leave a surplus. This surplus he proposed to devote to the reduction of customs duties on imported articles. With this view he introduced a new tariff, in which the duty on the raw materials used in manufactures was reduced to a merely nominal amount, and the duty on manufactured articles was such as to enable the foreign producer to compete fairly with the home manufacturer. Peel's proposals alarmed some of his supporters, but they were heartily supported by many of his political opponents, who saw in them a recognition of free-trade principles; and they were carried by large majorities. This was the beginning of a new financial policy, which has greatly extended the commerce of the country, and has afforded new openings for domestic industry. At the same time, Peel objected to reduce the tax on corn, on the ground that he was unwilling to alarm the agricultural party.

The year 1843 was marked by ecclesiastical troubles in both divisions of Great Britain. In England, the Tractarian or Puseyite party created no small stir, especially in 1843 Oxford, the centre of their agitation. Holding doctrines resembling those of the Church of Rome rather than those of the Church of England, many of them in process of time went over to the ranks of the Roman Catholics. In Scotland, the National Church was rent by a new Disruption. The intrusion of unacceptable ministers under the Patronage Law of 1712 had long been regarded as a grievance by the Scottish people, and in 1834 the General Assembly passed a Veto Act, which gave a majority of the male heads of families in a congregation the right to reject the patron's presentee. The Court of Session, and the House of Lords on appeal, decided that the Veto Act was *ultra vires* of the Church. The

claim of the civil courts to have jurisdiction over the church courts in matters spiritual having been confirmed by Parliament, two hundred members of the Assembly which met at Edinburgh in May 1843 separated from the Church of Scotland, and formed themselves into the "Free Church of Scotland." The seceders were followed by many thousands of the people.

War had, in the meantime, broken out again in India. During the Afghan War, Sindh—a district of fifty thousand square miles, with a sea-coast of one hundred and fifty miles, lying around the mouths of the Indus—was occupied by British troops. The *ameers* or rulers of Sindh objected to this, and an attack was made on the British Residency at Hyderabad. Major Outram, who had only one hundred men, retreated skilfully after a gallant defence, and joined the main army under Sir Charles Napier. A few days later the British won the battle of Meeanee,* and a second victory at Dubba completed the conquest of Sindh.

The Rebecca riots in Wales, which affected chiefly the counties of Caermarthen, Pembroke, and Cardigan, arose out of the bad management of turnpikes and tolls. The strange distortion of a Scripture text gave origin to the name: "And they blessed Rebekah, and said unto her, Let thy seed possess the *gate* of those which hate them" (Gen. xxiv. 60). Disguised in bonnets, caps, and gowns, the rioters stole at dead of night upon the toll-bars, flung out the keepers' furniture, pulled down the houses, and levelled the gates with the ground. Some Chartist emissaries crept among them, and the spirit of the mob grew worse. They attacked workhouses, burned stacks, and spilled blood. At last some of the gang were taken; and by justice tempered with mercy the ferment was allayed.

Before Sir Robert Peel took office, Daniel O'Connell had begun an agitation in Ireland for the Repeal of the Union.

* *Meeanee*, in Sindh, six miles north of Hyderabad. *Dubba* is also in the neighbourhood of Hyderabad.

This agitation reached its height in 1843. Monster meetings at Trim and Mullingar preceded a still greater gathering on the historic hill of Tara* (Aug. 15). O'Connell drove out of Dublin in a four-in-hand on that fine summer morning, his green coat glittering with the button of Repeal. On a Sunday morning somewhat later (Oct. 8) cannon and dragoons went to the Strand of Clontarf,† sent by the viceroy to support his proclamation forbidding a monster meeting there. O'Connell wisely refrained from meeting the artillery. Six days later (Oct. 14), he was arrested with his son and eight other men on a charge of conspiracy and sedition. The trial, delayed by the difficulty of forming a jury, began on the 15th of January. For six-and-twenty days it continued to linger, until a verdict of "Guilty" came from the exhausted jury. The sentence, not pronounced till the 30th of May, inflicted two years' imprisonment and a fine of £2,000 upon O'Connell; but dealt more lightly with his accomplices. He lay, accordingly, in Richmond Penitentiary in Dublin for a time, until a verdict of the Lords, to whom an appeal was made, reversed the sentence and set him free. He had before this time been joined in his agitation by Smith O'Brien, an Irish gentleman whose reputation for good sense and moderation had been previously unstained. O'Brien became the leader of the Young Ireland party. O'Connell then went abroad to die. His body, borne from Genoa in the summer of 1847, was followed through the streets of Dublin by thousands of his sorrowing countrymen.

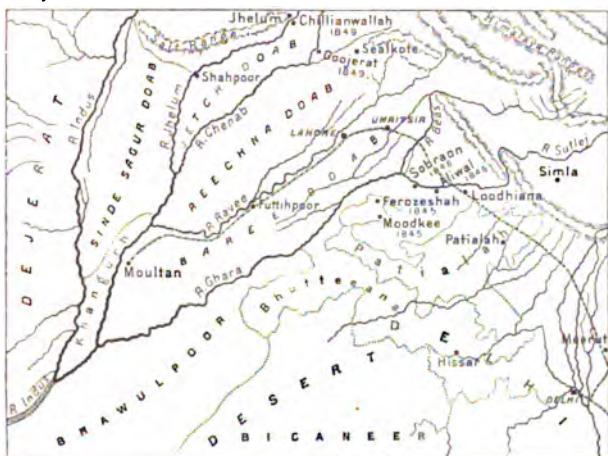
North-east of Sindh, higher up the Indus, lies the great district of the Punjâb, which derives its name from Persian

* Tara, a hill in county Meath, twenty-five miles north-west of Dublin. It has been immortalized by Moore in one of his *Irish Melodies*:—

"The harp that once thro' Tara's halls the soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls as if that soul were fled."

† Clontarf, a town three miles north-east of Dublin, on the northern shore of Dublin Bay. Brian Boru was King of Munster, and the deliverer of Ireland from the Danes in the end of the tenth century. In 1014 the King of Leinster treacherously recalled them. Brian defeated them at Clontarf; but some fugitives slew him in his tent while he was thanking God for victory.

words meaning "five waters."* The country was then held by the Sikhs—the Highlanders of India—who had seized it in the middle of last century. One of their princes, Runjeet Singh, had been a firm friend to the British; but his death in 1839 caused a bloody strife for the throne, during which an unprovoked attack was made on a British force stationed at Moodkee† (Dec. 18th). The Sikhs were repulsed **1845** with loss; but they were no mean foes—they had fine horses, and their gunners were drilled by European officers of artillery.



The British army, under Sir Hugh Gough and Sir Henry Hardinge, then moved on the Sikh camp at Ferozeshah, and took it after two days' hard fighting. The Sikhs fled across the Sutlej. The victory of Aliwal on the 26th of January 1846, and that of Sobraon a fortnight later, **1846** opened the path of the British soldiers to Lahore, the capital of the Punjab, where a treaty was signed.

* *Five waters.* It is watered by five rivers—namely, the Indus, and its tributaries the Jhelum, the Chenab, the Ravee, and the Sutlej.

† *Moodkee*, a village sixty-five miles south-east of Lahore. For this, and other places of importance in the Sikh War, see the Map.

Cobden became member for Stockport in 1841. In his agitation for free trade in bread he was greatly aided by his friend John Bright, who found a seat in Parliament in 1844 as member for the city of Durham, and whose manly and thoroughly English speeches won for him a name among the foremost orators of the century. By men like these no rest was given to the ministry and the country until the Corn Laws were wiped from the Statute-Book. The Protectionists were at first angry, then suspicious, and at last alarmed well-nigh to despair; but in spite of all that their association—the Agricultural Protection Society—could do and say, every hour brought the members of the league nearer to the time of triumph.

The excessive rain which fell in the summer of 1845, acting with other causes, rotted with a mysterious decay the potato crop, on which the peasantry of Ireland then largely depended. The blight was followed by fever and famine among the people during the ensuing winter. Generous aid was sent from Britain and from America; but still the destroying angel stalked abroad. These events gave a new impetus to the agitation for the repeal of the Corn Laws. Sir Robert Peel had entered office in 1841 as a pledged upholder of the Corn Laws. The success, however, of his new tariff of 1842 had led him to modify his views on that subject very considerably. The Irish famine of 1845 completed his conversion to free-trade principles. In the end of that year he resigned, in order to give those who had advocated these principles an opportunity of introducing a measure. Lord John Russell attempted to form a ministry, but failed. Sir Robert Peel then resumed office; and in January 1846 he introduced a measure for the repeal of the Corn Laws, which became law in June. The duty on imported corn was reduced at once to four shillings per quarter; and after 1849 it was to be reduced to the nominal rate of one shilling per quarter.* Peel's change of side for the second

* The duty was wholly abolished in 1860 by the Gladstone government.

time alienated from him many of his supporters. These malcontents were for a time known as the Protectionist party, under the leadership of Lord Stanley, afterwards Earl of Derby.

On the same night on which the Lords passed the Repeal Act, the ministry was defeated, on a bill to repress outrages in Ireland, by a combination of the Whigs and the Protectionists. Peel at once resigned, and Lord John Russell became Prime Minister, and continued in office during the next six years. Richard Cobden, the champion of the people in this struggle for free bread, justly proclaimed at Manchester that "if Sir Robert had lost office, he had gained a country." During the rest of his life, Peel gave an independent support to the Whig ministers in furthering the free-trade policy which he had inaugurated.

Things looked very black indeed when Russell took the helm of the state. During the winter of 1846-47 the sufferings of the Irish peasantry were frightful. Great Britain came nobly to her sister's relief, devoting millions of public and private money to the aid of the sick and the hungry. Extensive public works were set on foot for the benefit of the labouring population; and cargoes of Indian meal and other articles of food were sent across the sea to Ireland. In spite of all these kindly efforts the double scourge—death and emigration—deprived Ireland of nearly two millions of people. The madness of the railway speculations increased the misery of the times; and to these sources of present woe was added the dreadful news that cholera was approaching.

The principle of responsible government, for which the reformers in the North American provinces had been struggling so long and so determinedly, was fairly established in 1847, not only in Canada, but also in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. Lord John Russell's despatch on tenure of office in 1839, when he was Colonial Secretary, had prepared the way for this. It had intimated that members of the Executive

Council and the chief officials were no longer to consider themselves as appointed practically for life, but as holding office during the pleasure of the crown or of its representative. It was appropriately reserved for the ministry of Lord John Russell to complete the work. In 1847, Earl Grey, as Colonial Secretary, wrote a despatch in which the **1847** rule was distinctly laid down that those who directed the policy of a province should hold office only as long as they had the confidence of the majority of the representative branch. The rule was first put in practice in 1848, and it has been acted on ever since. The beneficial results were soon felt. Discontent was allayed; the energies of the country were turned into more useful channels than that of political agitation. The history of Canada since 1848 has been a history of steady and in some respects unexampled progress in industry, in commerce, in intelligence, and in the development of free institutions.

The year 1848 was stormy over all Europe. In France, Milan, Palermo, Florence, Munich, Madrid, Berlin, Budapesth, Vienna, all felt the shocks of revolution more or less.

But in France they were most severe. The only **1848** tumult in England worthy of notice was a Chartist meeting on Kennington Common (April 10th), which gathered for the purpose of escorting a petition to the House of Commons. In anticipation of a possible attack on the public offices, the Duke of Wellington put them under an elaborate system of defence. Fergus O'Connor, who was to present the petition, was made aware of the government preparations. When the Chartists saw the streets filled with two hundred thousand sturdy citizens, sworn in as special constables, they slunk quietly through the day's programme.

A short week of revolution (Feb. 21-27) hurled Louis Philippe from the throne of France, to which a revolution had raised him. The prohibition of a reform banquet kindled the

Paris mob ; the papers were torn down ; and the trees along the Boulevards supplied material for barricades. In vain came concession, and then abdication on the part of the king. The throne, borne from the pillaged Tuileries, was broken to pieces ; and a provisional government announced that France had become a democratic republic. The royal family of France fled for refuge to England ; and there, in the palace of Claremont, old Louis Philippe died in 1850.

Ireland quickly caught the revolutionary infection. O'Brien and Meagher, leaders of the Young Ireland party, visited Paris to exchange tokens of fraternity with Lamartine and the republican leaders. During the spring, pikes and green flags were manufactured abundantly in Ireland. Rebellious newspapers—of which the cleverest and most violent was the *United Irishman*, edited by John Mitchell—excited the people to arms. Groups of workmen might have been seen every day at ball-practice on the sands and in the fields. But all ended in nothing. A feeble rising under O'Brien and others took place in Tipperary, where, among the cabbages of a widow's garden near Ballingarry, a skirmish took place which would have been amusing but for the blood that was spilled. It was suppressed by a few policemen, and the leaders were soon taken. Four of them were condemned to death, but the sentence was afterwards changed to exile. They were ultimately released one by one, or were allowed to escape. Smith O'Brien was permitted to return home after a time. Meagher, who escaped from Tasmania in 1852, found in the American civil war a fitting outlet for the martial fire which won for him the name "Meagher of the Sword."

The Earl of Dalhousie, succeeding Hardinge in the government of India, arrived at Calcutta on the 12th of January 1848. A little later occurred events which led to a second Sikh war. It originated in a rebellion at Mooltan, where two British officers, who had gone there to install a new governor,

were murdered. The Sikhs, strongly posted at Chillianwalla on the Jhelum, were attacked by Lord Gough on the **1849** 13th of January, and a victory was won; but the loss of the British was so severe that their leader was greatly blamed for having risked the engagement. Eight days later Mooltan surrendered to General Whish. On the 21st of February, at Goojerat, Gough utterly routed an immense host of Sikhs, and thus redeemed his fame. The Punjâb was shortly afterwards, by a proclamation of the governor-general, annexed to the Indian government (March 30).

The Great Exhibition of the Industries of all Nations, held in London in 1851, was a striking proof of the rapid development which the resources of the country had lately undergone. To Prince Albert is due the credit of first starting the idea of this great enterprise. It was, indeed, a splendid success.

1851 A palace of iron and glass, designed by Sir Joseph Paxton, was raised in Hyde Park, enclosing many acres with its walls, and overarching lofty trees with its crystal roof. There were gathered articles of various kinds from almost every land; and for five months (May till October), day after day, wondering thousands thronged the courts of the vast building. Its chief results were two: it gave a great impulse to every branch of manufactures and of arts; while, by drawing together men of every complexion, costume, and national character, who met under the same roof for the same peaceful end, it caused a kindlier feeling to prevail among the nations of the earth. Similar exhibitions have since been held at London repeatedly, as well as at Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dublin, Liverpool, Manchester, Paris, Vienna, and Philadelphia.

The discovery of gold in Australia in the same year gave a great impetus to the colonization and development of that continent. The first gold-field was discovered near Bathurst, in New South Wales. Soon afterwards gold was found also in Victoria, which has from the first yielded more gold than

any other colony. Melbourne, its capital, is probably the most extraordinary example of rapid city growth in the history of the world. Where there was in 1835 merely a group of squatters' tents, there is now a city with 200,000 inhabitants, a university, active commerce, and the reputation of being the greatest seaport south of the equator. Victoria was constituted a separate colony in 1856, and Queensland in 1859.

Before the project of the International Exhibition took a definite shape, Sir Robert Peel, earnest in his promotion of that and every other public good, died from the results of a fall from his horse (July 2, 1850). Not very long afterwards, Arthur, Duke of Wellington, expired at Walmer Castle, the residence of the Wardens of the Cinque Ports—one of the many offices he then held (Sept. 14, 1852). Laid on a car of triumphal bronze, "the gaunt figure of the old field-marshal" was borne with the wail of trumpets and the sad reverence of many million hearts to lie beside Horatio Nelson under the pavement of St. Paul's.

The Russell ministry was considerably weakened in 1851 by the opposition which its Ecclesiastical Titles Bill provoked. The Pope had divided England into Roman Catholic sees, and had appointed Cardinal Wiseman "Archbishop of Westminster." The bill, which was passed with great difficulty, prohibited the assumption of territorial titles by English priests under a penalty of £100. It was never acted on, and was repealed in 1871.

In December 1851 Lord Palmerston had been summarily dismissed from his office as Foreign Secretary because he had signified his approval of Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état* in Paris; and he now retaliated by overthrowing the government. Early in 1852 the ministry was defeated on a Militia Bill, and resigned. The Earl of Derby then formed a Con- **1852**
servative ministry, in which Mr. Benjamin Disraeli
(afterwards Lord Beaconsfield) was Chancellor of the Ex-
chequer and leader of the House of Commons.

A second Burmese war broke out in 1852. The governor of Rangoon having ill-treated the commanders of two British vessels, Commodore Lambert was sent by the Indian government to demand compensation. He was met with an insulting refusal. Lord Dalhousie's moderate request for an apology and compensation being then rejected, war began. General Godwin sailed to the Delta of Pegu, and there, with a few war-steamers, took the town of Martaban. The White House stockade of Rangoon was stormed on the 12th of April; and after a sharp bombardment the chief defence of the city, the Shoa Dagon Pagoda, fell before a rush of infantry—April 16th. The 19th of May saw Bassein, ninety miles up the river, in British hands. But these operations on and near the sea did not touch the heart of Burmah. When Prome fell (Oct. 9) a serious blow was struck, and the Burmese put forth all their strength to recover that important place; but Major Hill held out until such relief arrived from Rangoon as secured the prize. The result of this war was the annexation of Pegu* (Dec. 20).

Before the year closed, the Derby ministry collapsed. As the support given to it in the House of Commons was manifestly declining, Lord Derby had recourse to a dissolution of Parliament (July). The new House of Commons assembled in November; but although the government had abandoned protection, it failed to secure a majority. It was defeated on the Budget proposals, and resigned in December. Lord Aberdeen then formed a coalition ministry, consisting of Whigs and Peelites, and including Lord John Russell, Lord Palmerston, and Mr. Gladstone. The new ministry was pledged to a free-trade policy, and the further development of Peel's principles of finance.

* *Pegu*, formerly an independent state, and when we took it a province of Burmah, is formed by the lower part of the basin of the Irrawaddy, and lies between the Saluen and the mountains of Aracan.

CHAPTER XX.

THE CRIMEAN WAR AND THE INDIAN MUTINY.

The Eastern Question—Sinope—Silistria—The Crimea—The Alma—Bala-klava—Inkermann—A terrible winter—The Palmerston ministry—Kertch—The Tchernaya—Final assault—The treaty of Paris—War with Persia—Annexation in India—The Mutiny—The siege of Delhi—Relief of Lucknow—Chinese War—Second Derby ministry—Extinction of the East India Company—Admission of Jews to Parliament.

WHAT is called "the Eastern Question" has oftener than once during this century broken the peace of Europe. The Eastern Question, it has been wittily said by an English statesman, is, "Who shall have Constantinople?" For upwards of four centuries that city has been held by the Turks. Though the Turks are an alien race in Europe, and one with which the other European nations have little sympathy, the great powers are willing that they should hold Constantinople, rather than that it should fall into the hands of any European state. For years it has been the dream of Russian statesmen to extend the empire of the czars to the Bosphorus. With that view quarrels have been picked and fomented, and bloody wars have been waged, over very trifling matters. On the present occasion the cause of dispute was found in a paltry difference between certain Greek and certain Latin monks as to the custody of the "holy places" at Jerusalem. The czar made this an excuse for claiming protection over all members of the Greek Church within the Turkish dominions. Turkey rejected the demand. Suddenly Russia pushed her troops across the Pruth

into Moldavia, which with its neighbouring principality Wallachia she wished to hold as "a material guarantee"

1853 that her demand would be conceded (July 2, 1853).

This step led Turkey to declare war (Oct. 5). Some weeks later, a British fleet entered the Bosphorus; for Britain and France had resolved to interfere on the part of Turkey, desirous both of succouring the oppressed and of preserving the balance of power. That desire was sharpened into resolve by the massacre of Sinope,* where on the 30th of November a Russian squadron destroyed some Turkish frigates and slew two thousand men. Though anxious to the last to bring the rupture to a peaceful close, the allies nevertheless thought it well to prepare for emergencies by sending their united

1854 fleets into the Black Sea (Jan. 4). War was declared against Russia by France and Great Britain on the 28th of March 1854.

Between the declaration of war and the landing of our troops on the Crimean shore nearly six months elapsed. The **April 22.** first operation of the war was the bombardment of Odessa,† whose batteries opened fire upon a British boat proceeding under a flag of truce to carry off the consul. For this flagrant outrage the city suffered severely under the guns of twelve war-steamers. Although the British took no direct part in the war upon the Danube, the siege of Silistria‡ is memorable for the heroic part taken in its defence by two young Anglo-Indian officers, going home on leave—Captain Butler and Lieutenant Nasmyth. Owing mainly to their efforts, the Russians were forced to abandon the siege.

The Crimea was the chief theatre of the war. An army of fifty-one thousand men, under Marshal St. Arnaud and Lord

* *Sinope*, a town of Asia Minor on the southern shore of the Black Sea, three hundred and fifty miles east of Constantinople.

† *Odessa*, a commercial seaport in the north-west angle of the Black Sea, one hundred and twenty-five miles north-east of the Sulina mouth of the Danube.

‡ *Silistria*, a fortified city in Bulgaria, on the southern bank of the Danube. Its siege lasted from May 17th till June 15th.

Raglan, landed at Eupatoria* on the 14th of September. As they pressed southward, they found fifty thousand Russians under Prince Menchikoff lining the steep slopes on the left bank of the Alma. The battle was confined to **Sept. 20, 1854** infantry and artillery. In three hours the passage of the river was forced; the southern heights were scaled; and the Russians fell back on Sebastopol, their great stronghold. The allies then took up a position on the south of that city. Behind the British army, some six miles distant, was the port of Balaklava, where lay their ships and stores. On the 17th of October, the city was bombarded by land and sea. But the Russians had made good use of their time, and the works, strong before, were now almost impregnable.

A Russian attack on the British lines at Balaklava on October 25th was nobly repulsed. General Liprandi, with thirty thousand men, fell suddenly on the few troops **Oct. 25.** whom the needs of the great siege had permitted the English commander to leave for the defence of his base of operations. Forcing the redoubts, which the Turks were



* Eupatoria, a Russian seaport on the west coast of the Crimea, fifty miles north of Sebastopol.

unable to hold, Liprandi was rapidly breaking in upon the line, when a single British regiment, the 93rd Highlanders, led by Sir Colin Campbell, deployed in a double line—"that thin red streak topped with a line of steel"—and with the rifle only brought the gray-coats to a stop. The brigade of Heavy Horse—Scots Greys, Enniskillens, and Dragoon Guards—rode like a whirlwind through a mass of Russian cavalry thrice their number. But an interest more intense clings to the heroic feat of "the Light Brigade" in the afternoon of that eventful day. By a mistake a band of light horsemen, little more in number than six hundred, rode a mile down a slight slope, exposed to a merciless cross-fire, for the purpose of saving a few guns from capture. They reached the battery, sabred the gunners, and rode back—

"But not—not the six hundred."

Less than two hundred escaped from the carnage of that gallop on the guns. The Chasseurs d'Afrique coming up then caused a part of the attacking Russian force to retreat, which led to the final rout of the whole.

There were two battles of Inkermann. The first, won by Sir De Lacy Evans and General Bosquet, repulsed a formidable sortie from Sebastopol on the day after the conflict of Balaklava. The second, a terrific struggle, took place on Sunday the 5th of November. A host of sixty thousand Russians loomed huge and dark through the morning fog as they pressed up the hill towards the British lines. The drizzling rain at first concealed the full force of the enemy. It became manifest that ninety cannon of large size were in the field. An earth-work, called the *sand-bag* or *two-gun battery*, formed the pivot of the whole engagement. Finding the Russians in possession of this place, the Grenadier Guards, scarcely nine hundred in force, dashed gallantly on, supported by the Fusiliers, cleared the battery, and kept it all day in spite of everything that the enemy could

do. Inkermann differed from most modern battles in its want of a plan, and in the opportunity thus afforded for the display of individual prowess. It was emphatically Nov. 5. the *soldiers* who won the day, not the *generals*.

Every little knot in the ever-waving but never-broken line of British troops kept firing, charging, and driving the Russians down the heights as fast as they swarmed up. The French arrived late in the day, and saved the heroic line of exhausted men from giving way to numbers that seemed to have no end. Eight thousand British troops, helped by a division of French amounting to six thousand, kept the heights of Inkermann that day against a Russian force four times as great.

And then set in a woful time ; for it was resolved to continue the siege of Sebastopol during the winter, and there were but slight preparations made for facing the rigour of a Crimean frost. The hurricane that burst upon the camp on the 14th of November was a foretaste of what was yet to come. How the ragged, ill-fed, sick, exhausted men kept any courage in their hearts, as they crouched in the muddy trenches, or staggered with a scanty supply of beef and biscuit through the six miles of slime that led from Balaklava to the camp, can be understood only by those who know the nature of the British soldier. Little by little in the letters that came home the sad news leaked out that our gallant force was wasting through sheer mismanagement on the part of those who directed their supplies and their transport ; and then a cry arose for remedy, inquiry, and redress. A noble band of women, led by Florence Nightingale, went out to tend the sick and wounded at Scutari and elsewhere. The pity of the nation took a practical shape in the formation of committees, the establishment of funds, and the transmission of supplies to Balaklava.

A motion taxing the ministry with mismanagement of the war was passed in the Commons by a majority of 157 votes. The Earl of Aberdeen then resigned, and Lord Palmerston

became Premier. More active measures were at once taken. A railway soon stretched from Balaklava to the camp; and a telegraph wire stretched from the Crimea to Varna, and thence to London, where every turn in the great struggle was known an hour or two after its occurrence. The leading newspapers, too, had reporters in the camp. Of these the most distinguished was Dr. William Russell, the "special correspondent" of the *Times*, whose *Letters on the War* have made him famous.

The Russians in Sebastopol had not wasted the chances afforded by the comparative rest of winter. With earth-works especially they had strengthened their lines of defence. The Mamelon, the Malakoff, the Redan, the Flagstaff Battery, and other defences assumed a size and strength un-
1855 known to them before. Sorties and advances kept the men on duty in the trenches and the rifle-pits always on the alert; but the Russians gained no decisive advantage in these frequent struggles. An expedition to Kertch* and the Sea of Azov, in May, destroyed many Russian ships and several towns. Twice during the war the French and the British leaders were changed. St. Arnaud, dying after the victory of Alma, was followed by Canrobert; who in May 1855 gave place to the victorious Pelissier. In the following month Lord Raglan died of cholera. General Simpson then took the command; but he was soon displaced by Sir William Codrington.

Events were now verging toward the last act of this tremendous drama. In August, Prince Gortschakoff, who had been the great director of the Russian defence, felt that there was but one hope left—such a success in the field as
1855 might force the allies to raise the siege. Accordingly on the 16th of August he made an attack in force upon the French position at Traktir Bridge on the river Tcher-

* Kertch, a town on the shore of the Strait of Yenikale, leading from the Black Sea to the Sea of Azov.

naya. Pelissier repulsed the advance with signal success, and afforded the Sardinians, who had joined the allies in winter under Della Marmora, an opportunity of showing their valour.

After a last bombardment, the sixth in number and the most terrific in violence, which lasted night and day from the 6th to the 8th of September, a double assault was made on the Malakoff and the Redan. A brilliant and resistless rush left the French masters of the Malakoff* in a quarter of an hour; nor could all the efforts of the Russians, maintained with overwhelming forces for many hours, succeed in dislodging them from the footing which they had won. Not so fared the British in the Redan. When the tricolor glittered on the Malakoff, the attacking force, organized chiefly by General Codrington, left the British trenches for the Redan. There were only a thousand men, and during their race of two hundred yards to the foot of the angle, at which their rush was directed, many fell under the sweeping fire that met them. With difficulty they scrambled over the ditch into the work; and there, huddled into a corner, on which converged a pitiless fire from many points, they stood waiting for reinforcements that never came. Colonel Windham, reckless of the danger he incurred, rushed out of the work to General Codrington to urge the instant advance of a supporting force. But the spirit of the men gave way in his absence, and those who could leaped from the Redan and fled to the trenches. During that night Gortschakoff led the Russian garrison across the harbour to the northern part of the city; which they held till peace was concluded. Before their flight the Russians sank their ships. All the batteries and dock-yards were blown up by the allies; and the grand fortress of Southern Russia was left a heap of ruins.

* *Malakoff Tower*, a strongly fortified tower on a hill of the same name, forming the chief defence of Sebastopol on the southern side. The Mamelon and Redan were strong works on the same side.

During the summer of 1855, Admiral Dundas, who had superseded Sir Charles Napier in the command of the Baltic fleet, inflicted a severe blow on Russia by the bombardment of Sveaborg* (Aug. 9-11, 1855). The Russian War raged also in Circassia, where the brave chief Schamyl fought against the troops of the Czar. Kars,† the central point of attack, was nobly defended by General Williams, until the want of reinforcements compelled him to surrender. Crippled both on the Baltic and on the Black Sea, Russia at 1856 last sought for peace. The treaty was signed at Paris in March 1856.

Before the Russian War was over, Britain was embroiled with Persia. A convention made in 1853 had declared the independence of Herat, a city and state on the borders of Khorassan and Afghanistan, so placed as to command the approaches to India through the Hindoo Koosh. Persia now interfered, with regard to a disputed succession in that state. The British government resented the interference, and war was declared in October 1855. A squadron under Admiral Leeke with troops on board appeared (Dec. 7) off Bushire, 1855 which stands on a peninsula in the Persian Gulf, separated from the mainland by swamps. As the troops landed, some shots were fired from clumps of date-trees; but the opposition was of the slightest kind. Bushire soon fell before a cannonade. Then came Sir James Outram, with Havelock and Stalker under his command, who defeated the Persians near Khooshab, and took several fortified places. Lessons such as these brought Persia to submission, and to an acknowledgment of the independence of Herat.

In India Lord Dalhousie, appointed governor-general in 1848, carried out the policy of annexation with a determined

* *Sveaborg*, a strongly fortified Russian town, built on seven islands on the north of the Gulf of Finland, nearly opposite Helsingfors. Russia took it from Sweden in 1789.

† *Kars*, a fortified city of Asiatic Turkey; 100 miles inland from the south-eastern shore of the Black Sea. The houses are all built of black basalt.

hand. Sattara in 1849—Berar in 1853—Jhansi in 1854—Nagpore in the same year—and, greatest of all, Oudh in 1856, were the trophies of his administrative talent. Moslems and Hindus in Oudh having come into fierce collision, and the king seeming to be involved in the war, a body of British troops marched to Lucknow, deposed the monarch, and completed the work of annexation.

Early in 1856 Lord Dalhousie gave place to Viscount Canning, a son of the great statesman George Canning. During his administration the terrible Indian Mutiny occurred. It broke out at Meerut near Delhi on the 10th of May 1857, by the 3rd Bengal cavalry attacking the prison. There some of their comrades had been confined for refusing 1857 to bite cartridges, which they alleged were greased with cow's fat so as to make the Indians lose caste. Not content with liberating their comrades, the sepoys set houses on fire and murdered several Europeans. The mutineers then marched to Delhi, which was garrisoned by sepoys. Fortunately a British officer blew up the powder magazine at Delhi before the rebels could seize it. A similar outbreak took place at Lucknow on the 31st of May. These two capitals became the great centres of the strife. On receiving the news, Sir John Lawrence, commissioner in the Punjâb, at once disarmed the sepoys at Lahore; and the example was followed at Peshawur and Mooltan.

On the 4th of June 1857 the siege of Delhi was begun by an army of about three thousand men, almost all Europeans. About the same time Sir Henry Lawrence, upon whom his own guns had been treacherously turned, took refuge in the Residency of Lucknow, and was there besieged by sepoys. On the 27th of June a number of Europeans, who had fled out of Cawnpore to a hastily formed intrenchment in the neighbourhood, surrendered to the Mahratta chief, generally known as Nana Sahib, on condition that they should be sent to Allaha-

bad. They were nearly all slain either in the boats or in the barrack-yard. The advance of Colonel Neill, who quelled the mutineers of Benares, crushed also the rising flame at Allahabad. On the 16th of July Colonel Henry Havelock drove Nana Sahib from Cawnpore, and saw for himself the traces of the pitiless cruelty that had been perpetrated there. The relief of Lucknow, whose defender Sir Henry Lawrence had already received his death-wound, then became the great task of Havelock. On the 25th of July he set out from Cawnpore. Sir James Outram, coming to supersede Havelock, generously declined to interfere with his operations, and served with him as a volunteer. Havelock and Outram crossed the Ganges with two thousand eight hundred men on the 19th of September, pushed their way on to the Alumbagh, which they took, and reached the Residency on the 23rd, where they were received with joy. It soon appeared, however, that the women and children could not be removed : so that Havelock and Outram were themselves besieged in the place which they had come to succour.

The fall of Delhi on the 20th of September was mainly due to Sir John Lawrence, commissioner in the Punjâb. By almost superhuman exertions he gathered forces of every kind, and sent down heavy cannon to breach the walls. Sir Archdale Wilson and General Nicholson were the officers under whose command the siege was brought to a successful end.

Sir Colin Campbell, who had been hastily sent out from England to take the command, then marched to the relief of Lucknow, which he entered on the 17th of November. From the Residency, round which the earth was honeycombed with mines, those who survived the siege were removed to a place of safety. Sir Colin then defeated the Gwalior mutineers, and swept the basin of the Ganges, gradually trampling out the rebellion. On the 2nd of March 1858 he cleared Lucknow of rebels. The fall of Bareilly on May 7th was the closing act of the terrible

drama. For these services the veteran chief received the title of Lord Clyde of Clydesdale, and later the baton of a field-marshal. Sir Hugh Rose had also a glorious share in the laurels of the war; for he accomplished a successful march from Bombay to Bengal, taking Jhansi and recapturing Gwalior for Scindia, the firm ally of Great Britain.

A new Chinese war began in 1856. A *lorcha*, or small native ship, called the *Arrow*, flying the British flag, was boarded in the Canton river by the Chinese police, who in search of a pirate arrested the crew. Sir John Bowring, the British minister at Hong-Kong, demanded **1856** an apology from Commissioner Yeh of Canton. A refusal led to an attack on the forts which defend that city, and to the shelling of the city itself in October. About this time Lord Elgin and the Baron Gros, plenipotentiaries from Britain and France, arrived at Hong-Kong. A free admission to Canton for British subjects being demanded and refused, the bombardment began again (Dec. 28, 1857), and next morning British and French soldiers scaled the walls and took the town. Yeh was sent as a captive to Calcutta. The plenipotentiaries sailed to Tien-tsin, a city at the entrance of the Grand Canal, and there—June 26, 1858 **1858**—was signed a treaty opening to British trade five new ports, Formosa and Hainan among them, and allowing British subjects with passports to go to any part of the interior. Lord Elgin then went to Japan, landed in state at Jeddo, and concluded a treaty on terms favourable to British trade.

In the meantime, a change of ministry had taken place at home. In consequence of a plot formed in England to assassinate the Emperor of the French, Lord Palmerston introduced a Conspiracy to Murder Bill, making such conspiracy a felony punishable with penal servitude. On the second reading of the bill the ministry was defeated, and therefore resigned. In February Lord Derby became a second time Prime Minister.

The India Act of 1858 extinguished the East India Company as a ruling body. On the 1st of November in that year, before Government House in Calcutta, a public proclamation declared that the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland had assumed the direct control and sovereignty of India, which would thenceforth be ruled by a viceroy in her name. The home government of India was intrusted to a Secretary of State and a council of fifteen.

A struggle concerning the admission of Jews into Parliament, which had long been dividing the Houses, now reached a close after some legislation, which proved especially difficult in the Lords. Chiefly through the exertions of Lord John Russell, it was settled that an oath might be taken on the Old Testament, leaving out the words "On the faith of a Christian." Accordingly, on the 26th of July Baron Rothschild took his seat for the city of London.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE GROWTH OF DEMOCRACY.

The Radical claims—Attempts at parliamentary reform—The Volunteer movement—War with China—American Civil War—Mason and Slidell—The *Alabama*—Death of the Prince Consort—International Exhibition—Royal marriages—Earl Russell's ministry—New Reform Bill—Third Derby ministry—The Disraeli Reform Act—First Disraeli ministry—Dominion of Canada—Abyssinian War—First Gladstone ministry—The Irish Church—The Suez Canal—The English Education Act—The Scottish Act—The Ballot Act—Gladstone's Irish University Bill—Ashantee War—Second Disraeli ministry—Domestic legislation—The Eastern Question again—Berlin Congress and Treaty—The "Secret Treaty"—New Afghan war—Zulu War—Second Gladstone ministry—Transvaal War—Egypt—Tel-el-Kebir—War in the Soudan—"Chinese Gordon"—Fall of Khartoum—County franchise—Redistribution of seats—The Salisbury ministry—Third Gladstone ministry.

PARLIAMENTARY representation had remained practically unchanged since 1832. A Corrupt Practices Act had been passed (1854), and the property qualification of members of the House of Commons had been abolished (1858); but the franchise remained unchanged. The necessity for a further extension of it had long been evident, and the desire for it had been steadily growing. The act of 1832 left the representation in the hands of the propertied class, though within the limits of that class it was widened. The masses of the people—the democracy—were still outside of the enfranchised circle. It had, however, been brought so near to them that it had quickened their desire to be embraced within it. Import-

ant social and industrial questions were pressing for settlement. Every day new questions were arising in connection with the relations of capital and labour. So long as legislation was mainly in the hands of the capitalists, the labouring classes could expect little benefit. Not merely an extension but a complete reconstruction of the representative system was demanded in the interest of the democracy, and with a view to the just settlement of other questions. The demand was raised and supported within the House of Commons itself by a small but growing body of Radical reformers, conspicuous among whom were George Grote, the historian of Greece, John Arthur Roebuck, Joseph Hume, Locke King, and Edward Baines. As early as 1833, Grote introduced for the first time his annual motion in favour of the ballot. Other points raised were—household suffrage, the assimilation of the county with the borough franchise, and triennial parliaments. These sweeping proposals at first alarmed the Whig aristocrats who had carried the Reform Act of 1832. Lord John Russell himself asserted the “finality” of that measure.

The exigencies of party government by-and-by forced the Whigs, and even the Tories, to give consideration to the Radical claims. It fell to the lot of Lord John Russell to be the first minister to falsify his own declaration of finality. In 1854, as a member of Lord Aberdeen’s cabinet, he introduced a reform bill which proposed a £10 rating franchise in counties and a £6 franchise in boroughs, together with educational, professional, and other “fancy” franchises, which were intended as concessions to the Radicals. The bill was ultimately withdrawn, owing to the outbreak of the Russian War. The question was not again raised till 1859, and it was raised by the Conservatives. Lord Derby found himself in the unfortunate position of having to carry on his government with the majority of the House of Commons against him. He hoped to secure a majority by adopting the Liberal tactics and bringing in a

reform bill. On the 28th of February, Mr. Disraeli explained the government proposals in the House of Commons. They included the assimilation of the county with the borough franchise—the latter remaining unchanged—a lodger franchise, and educational and other “fancy” franchises.

The debate on the second reading lasted for seven nights, after which Lord John Russell’s adverse amendment was carried by thirty-nine votes. Lord Derby ap- **1859** pealed to the country : and there was a general election ; but that did not give him the majority he hoped for. When the new Parliament met on the 31st of May, the debate in the Commons on the Address turned on the conduct of ministers, who were left in a minority of thirteen. They resigned, therefore, on the 17th of June 1859 ; and were succeeded by Lord Palmerston, with Lord John Russell as Foreign Minister, and Mr. Gladstone as Chancellor of the Exchequer. Lord John Russell brought forward a reform bill in 1860, which proposed a £10 franchise in counties and a £6 qualification in boroughs ; but, being coldly received, it was withdrawn.

Notable events drew all eyes to Italy in the summer of 1859, when Austria and Sardinia came into violent collision. Britain observed a strict neutrality in the war. During the same year the Volunteer movement began. With the temperate words *Defence, not Defiance* as their motto, a great army of British civilians learned rifle and cannon drill, in the prospect—possible but scarcely probable—of an invasion by some aspiring European neighbour.

The war with China was resumed in 1860. When the British envoy was about to ascend the Peiho for the purpose of having the treaty of Tien-tsin ratified, he was fired on at the mouth of the river. An expedition under **1860** Sir Hope Grant and Admiral Grant proceeded to avenge the insult. After destroying the Taku forts, they captured the Summer Palace at Peking on the 6th of October : but

Pekin did not surrender until the 12th. A convention, signed October 24, ceded to Great Britain a district of the province of Canton called Cowloon.

The American Civil War, between the Southern or Confederate States and the Northern or Federal Government, now attracted the earnest attention of all Europe. The first shot was fired on the 9th January 1861 in Charleston Harbour, when a battery on Morris Island cannonaded a Federal ship going with troops to Fort Sumter. Adhering closely to a policy of non-intervention, Great Britain watched the progress of the struggle keenly until an incident, trifling enough in appearance, almost embroiled her in the war. On board the *Trent*, a British steam-packet plying between Havanna and St. Thomas, Messrs. Mason and Slidell, two Southern envoys bound for Europe, were seized by Captain Wilkes of the Federal cruiser *San Jacinto*, and placed on board of his ship (Nov. 8). The British government resented this, and matters assumed a very warlike look. It soon appeared, however, to President Lincoln and Secretary Seward that a mistake had been made, and the envoys were placed on board a British vessel. This closed what at one time seemed to be a very serious matter, and the policy of non-intervention was afterwards steadily maintained. The Americans, however, held Great Britain liable for the loss inflicted by a Confederate cruiser, *The Alabama*, because the vessel had been built on the Mersey; and it was decided by a court of arbitration, which met at Geneva (1872), that Britain should pay to the United States government upwards of three million sterling.

In the Budget of the year 1861, Mr. Gladstone's proposal to repeal the paper duty excited a strong Conservative opposition, which, however, was unavailing. The clause relating to this tax was carried in committee by a majority of fifteen. Mr. Gladstone also reduced the import duty on light wines.

The last month of 1861 was saddened by the death of the

Prince Consort, who well deserved the title accorded to him by public writers and speakers of every class—Albert the Good. Fully aware of the delicate position he held as a foreigner and a subject, and yet as the husband of the Queen, he carefully avoided all interference with the affairs of government, while his advice was ever ready in emergency. His share in the success of the Great National Exhibition of 1851 has been referred to already. To him also was mainly due the origin of the extensive Museum of Science and Art formed at South Kensington.

The year 1862 passed without much domestic incident to mark it. Across the Atlantic the war still raged with varying fortune. At home debates on national education excited much attention. The revised code, classifying children by age, and paying according to results, drew forth much variety of opinion. The International Exhibition of the same year, which drew crowds to London from all parts of the world, displayed a wonderful advance in the industrial arts. The disastrous war in America interfered seriously with the Lancashire cotton manufacture, by stopping the supply of cotton. Great distress followed, but the sympathy of the higher classes led to the formation of a fund which to some extent mitigated the evil.

On the 10th of March 1863, Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, married the Princess Alexandra of Denmark. Other marriages have linked the royal house to Continental thrones. In 1858 the Princess Royal was made the wife of Prince Frederick William, afterwards the Crown Prince of Prussia, and ultimately Emperor of Germany, though only for three months. In 1862 her sister Alice married the Prince of Hesse-Darmstadt; and in 1874 Prince Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh, married the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia.

The death of Lord Palmerston, which occurred on the 18th October 1865, left a serious blank in political circles, and deprived Great Britain of a statesman whose unerring tact, especi-

ally in affairs relating to foreign policy, had tided over many public difficulties and perils. Earl Russell* became Prime Minister in his stead, and Mr. Gladstone became leader of the House of Commons.

The Russell ministry took up once more the subject of parliamentary reform. Ever since the withdrawal of the bill of 1860, the question had been kept in the background, though year after year Messrs. Locke King and Baines had pressed on the attention of the House of Commons their proposal for the lowering of the franchise, both in boroughs and in counties.

The new bill was introduced in the House of Commons **1866** by Mr. Gladstone in March. It proposed a county franchise of £14 rental, and a borough franchise of £7 rental, with a lodger franchise of £10 clear annual value. The second reading was carried by five votes only, owing to the secession of the "Adullamites" led by Mr. Lowe, Mr. Horsman, and Lord Elcho. In committee one of that party (Lord Dunkellin) moved as an amendment to substitute "rating" for "rental," and that amendment was carried against the government by a majority of eleven.

The government consequently resigned, and the Earl of Derby became Prime Minister for the third time, with Mr. Disraeli as Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the House of Commons. The change of ministry was accompanied by popular demonstrations in favour of reform. The new government was bound to deal with that question; nor did Mr. Disraeli shrink from the task, in spite of his failure in 1859. The new bill was introduced in February. Its radical character alarmed many Conservatives, and General Peel, Lord Carnarvon, and Lord Cranbourne (afterwards Marquis of Salisbury) resigned the offices of war, colonial, and Indian secretary respectively. On the same ground it disarmed the opposition of the Liberals, who contented themselves with making sugges-

* Lord John Russell was made a peer in 1861.

tions for its improvement, most of which were accepted. The bill was read a third time without opposition in the Commons in July, and in August it passed the House of Lords and became law. In its final shape, the new Reform Act established household suffrage in boroughs, and thus the democracy gained a signal triumph. A lodger franchise of £10 **1867** was also granted. In counties the occupancy franchise was fixed at £12. In boroughs returning three members, each voter was allowed only two votes—a device for giving power to minorities which was inserted by the House of Lords. Corresponding bills for Scotland and Ireland were passed in the following year. In Scotland the occupancy franchise was fixed at £14, and in Ireland the borough franchise was reduced from £8 to £4. The lodger franchise and the minority franchise were intended to be checks on the democratic tendency of these measures. Another device with the same intent was the grouping of small boroughs in Scotland and Wales into constituencies with one member each. The effect of the change was to withdraw from the counties a large Radical element, and to make them more Conservative. In the redistribution of seats, England lost eight, of which Wales received one and Scotland seven. Of the latter, two were given to the universities. At the same time a member was given to the University of London. In the following February Lord Derby* retired, owing to failing health, and Mr. Disraeli became Prime Minister, with Earl Cairns as Lord Chancellor.

British North America was started on a new career of prosperity in 1867 by the confederation of the four leading colonies—Quebec (Lower Canada), Ontario (Upper Canada), Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick—and the formation of the Dominion of Canada, with Ottawa as capital. All the other colonies except Newfoundland have since entered the Dominion. Several new provinces have been carved out of the old Hudson

* The Earl of Derby died in 1870.

Bay Territory. Since the Dominion was established, the resources of the country have developed enormously.

Beyond the arena of parliamentary strife, the great achievement of the year was the Abyssinian War. The war arose from the refusal of an Abyssinian king, named Theodore, to liberate some British subjects whom he had seized in reprisal for a visit which the British consul had paid to provinces owning the sway of Egypt. Having landed on the shore of the Red Sea, with a military force of nearly twelve thousand men, and a train of fourteen thousand non-combatants, Sir Robert Napier marched toward Magdala, the rock-fortress which represented the capital of Theodore's dominion. It was an enterprise of exceeding difficulty, owing to the nature of the country through which the expedition passed. The engineers were in fact obliged to make a path for the army through deep gorges, over gigantic rocks, and across the face of precipices.

Having retired to the rock of Fahla, Theodore planted there a large cannon, on whose performances he rested all his hopes. With this piece of ordnance he commenced to fire on the British, as they advanced up the *Arogee Pass*. They replied with the Snider rifle and their light field-pieces so effectively that the African force was completely scattered in a short time. In response to Napier's demand, all the European captives were sent into the British camp. Next day the rock of Magdala was stormed by five thousand men; and when the stockade guarding the northern gate was forced, Theodore in despair shot himself dead with a pistol (April 12, 1868). Napier was made Lord Napier of Magdala. The expedition cost the country £8,300,000.

While these events were transpiring in a distant region, a keen political contest was progressing in the House of Commons. Mr. Gladstone, as leader of the Liberal opposition, proposed three resolutions in favour of the "disestablishment and disendowment of the Irish Church." He was met by the Con-

servatives with a determined resistance ; but he succeeded in carrying his first resolution by a decisive majority. Mr. Disraeli offered to resign, but it was arranged that an appeal should be made to the new constituencies under the recent Reform Act, in the autumn.

The general election took place in November, and it gave the Liberals so decided a majority (393 to 265) that Mr. Disraeli resigned office at once, and made way for a cabinet presided over by Mr. Gladstone (Dec. 9). The new administration included for the first time members of the Advanced Liberal or Radical party, chief of whom was Mr. John Bright, who became president of the Board of Trade. This was another step in the progress of democracy.

Irish questions naturally received immediate attention. The next two years saw the passing of the Irish Church Act (1869), and the Irish Land Act (1870), to which reference will be made in next chapter.

Although not strictly an event in British history, the opening of the Suez Canal may be mentioned here, because of its subsequent connection with Great Britain, and of its importance to the commercial traffic with India. It was the work of a distinguished French engineer, M. Lesseps, and was inaugurated in November 1869. In 1875 the British government, in order to secure the control of the canal, purchased nearly one-half of its shares from the Khedive of Egypt for £4,080,000.

The parliamentary session of 1870 produced the English Education Act, which was rendered necessary by the extension of the franchise, and was another proof of the growth of democracy. That was expressed epigrammatically by Mr. Lowe, when he said, "We must educate our masters." Mr.

W. E. Forster introduced the bill, and steered it suc- **1870**
cessfully through the Commons. It naturally excited a vigorous contest between the Church of England and the Dissenters ; and in the end was carried through by concession

and compromise. Some of its leading features were : That no catechism or sectarian formulary was to be used in the new national schools ; and that it should rest with the school boards to decide whether or not the Bible was to be read. Vote by ballot was publicly used for the first time in England in the school-board elections.

The act has been amended by subsequent acts, especially by that of 1876, which introduced compulsory attendance and instituted school attendance committees wherever there were no school boards. In 1886 a royal commission was appointed, with Lord Cross as chairman, for the purpose of settling the questions in dispute between the denominationalists and the supporters of school boards, and also those in dispute between the department and teachers. The commission reported in 1888 in favour of abolishing payment on results, and of aiding voluntary or denominational schools from the rates.

The act of 1870, which applied only to England and Wales, was followed in 1872 by a Scottish act of a more complete and thorough-going character. It established a school board in every parish and in every borough in Scotland, with power to levy rates, build schools, and enforce attendance. The country was very soon covered with a magnificent supply of public school-houses. Denominational schools are now the rare exception in Scotland. The Scottish act was administered by the English Education Department until 1885, when under the Secretary for Scotland Act a separate Scottish department was created, which differs from that of England in having secondary as well as primary education under its control. A further stimulus was given to popular education in Scotland in 1889, when under the Local Government Act Scotland's share of the probate duty was devoted to the relief of fees in elementary schools.

The democracy had obtained the franchise, in the boroughs at least, but working-men did not think themselves safe in the exercise of their rights without the protection of the ballot.

Nearly forty years had passed since the adoption of the ballot had first been proposed in Parliament by Grote the historian. For many years the proposal was rejected by large majorities. The great extension of the franchise now made it indispensable, and its utility and convenience had been proved by the school-board elections. A Ballot Act was therefore one of the achievements of the session of 1872. The House of Lords, having rejected a similar measure in the previous year, accepted the bill with evident dislike, and inserted a clause limiting its operation to eight years. When the time came for renewing the act, it was made permanent as a matter of course. The Ballot Act abolished the ancient custom of the public nomination of candidates on the hustings.

A ministerial crisis was brought on in 1873 in connection with an Irish University Bill introduced in the House of Commons by Mr. Gladstone, and supported with his accustomed earnestness and eloquence. The bill proposed the erection and endowment of a non-denominational university in Dublin, to which the existing colleges, including Trinity College, would be affiliated. The teaching of mental and moral philosophy, of theology, and of modern history, was to be excluded. On the second reading the bill was thrown out by a combination of Roman Catholics and discontented Liberals with the Conservative opposition, and Mr. Gladstone resigned. As the Conservatives were not prepared to carry on the government with a majority of the House of Commons against them, and as a dissolution was impossible at the moment, Mr. Disraeli declined to take office, and Mr. Gladstone returned to power. Before the crisis came on, the Supreme Court of Judicature Act was passed, consolidating the existing courts in two great branches—the High Court of Justice, and the Court of Appeal.

The Ashantee War—one of those little wars consequent on the widespread character of the empire, from which Great

Britain is seldom free—occupied the remainder of the year. In exchange for a concession to Holland on the Strait of Malacca, the Dutch granted to Great Britain certain forts on the African Gold Coast. The warlike Ashantees, occupying the interior north of the Gold Coast, objected to the change, because the British required them to pay customs duties on imports, which the Dutch had not done. The British also protected the Fantees, a neighbouring tribe whom the Ashantees hated. Suddenly a host of these barbarians swooped down on the coast and threatened the British settlements. A small force having been sent out under the command of Sir Garnet Wolseley, it marched to Coomassie, the Ashantee capital, and after defeating the natives in two battles, burned the town and the royal palace. The king could not be induced to sign a treaty until a second British division under Captain Glover arrived and terrified him into submission.

Before the war was over, the Gladstone ministry had fallen. Its prestige had been damaged by its defeat on the Irish University Bill. Though it had passed several great measures—the Irish Church Act, the Irish Land Act, the Education Acts, the Ballot Act, the Judicature Act—it had latterly been growing more and more unpopular in the country. Nevertheless Liberals as well as Conservatives were surprised when, in January 1874, Mr. Gladstone suddenly dissolved Parliament. Although he put in the forefront of his manifesto a promise to abolish the income tax, the country declared against him. In the new Parliament the Conservatives had a majority
1874 of 50 over Liberals and Irish Home Rulers combined.

Mr. Gladstone resigned at once, without waiting for a formal dismissal by the House of Commons, and Mr. Disraeli became Prime Minister for the second time. Some months later Mr. Gladstone retired (only temporarily, as it proved) from the leadership of the Liberal party, and the Marquis of Hartington was chosen in his place.

The second Disraeli, or the Beaconsfield * ministry, held office for six years and three months. As the Conservatives had accused the Liberals of adopting harassing and heroic legislation, they felt bound, on succeeding them in office, to devote their energies to the production of soothing domestic measures. Among the important acts which they passed were that abolishing lay patronage in the Church of Scotland and transferring the election of ministers to the communicants and adherents in each congregation; the Public Worship Regulation Act, designed to check the increase of ritualism in the Church of England; the Employers and Workmen Act, placing the contract between them on a purely civil basis, but making criminal any breach of contract that endangers the public safety; an Agricultural Holdings Act, allowing compensation to tenants for unexhausted improvements; a Regimental Exchanges Act, regarded in some quarters as a partial return to the system of purchase; and the Additional Titles Act, which enabled the Queen to add to her existing titles that of Empress of India. Her Majesty's new title was proclaimed in London on April 28, 1876, and at Calcutta with great solemnities on January 1, 1877.

The events with which the ministry is chiefly identified, and which indeed led to its overthrow, occurred in the field of foreign politics. The Eastern Question—the question which gave rise to the Crimean War in 1854—was reopened by a new war between Russia and Turkey in 1877. Russia made herself the champion of the “oppressed nationalities”—the Servians, the Bulgarians, the Montenegrins—who had been groaning for years under the tyranny of the Sublime Porte, not without the occasional stimulus supplied by Russian emissaries. The Servians had failed in an effort to throw off the Turkish yoke in 1876, and had made peace; but after Russia declared war (April 1877) she was joined both

* Mr. Disraeli was raised to the peerage as Earl of Beaconsfield in 1876.

by Roumania and by Servia. The British government took no part in the war, but watched its course very narrowly. Great Britain could not allow Russia to seize Constantinople. On the other hand, the atrocities perpetrated by Turkish agents in Bulgaria had aroused too much indignation in this country to make an open alliance with Turkey possible. The ministry resolved that the proper time for them to intervene would be when the terms of peace came to be settled. The Russians were successful in the war. The Turks in their disorganized state, and unaided by European allies, were no match for the Muscovite hordes. Osman Pasha made a brave and stubborn stand in an intrenched camp at Plevna for five months (July to December). When Plevna fell, the Russians poured masses of troops over the Balkans and threatened Constantinople. Then Turkey yielded, and signed with Russia the treaty of San Stefano (Feb. 24, 1878).

That treaty had not the sanction of the European powers, and was regarded as provisional. At the suggestion of
1878 the British government a congress of the powers was summoned at Berlin to arrange the terms of a permanent treaty, and met there in July, Lord Beaconsfield and the Marquis of Salisbury, the Foreign Minister, attending as the British plenipotentiaries. In the meantime it became known that a convention or defensive alliance between Great Britain and Turkey had been signed at Constantinople in June. Under this "secret treaty," as it was called, Great Britain agreed to protect Turkey from aggression in Asia; Turkey promised internal reforms, and gave up the island of Cyprus to be administered by Great Britain. By the treaty of Berlin, Roumania, Servia, and Montenegro were made independent states. Bulgaria was made a free tributary state; and Eastern Roumelia received a share of self-government and a Christian prince. Greece was promised an extension of territory; while

Russia recovered the part of Bessarabia lost in 1856, and received Batûm, Ardahan, and Kars in Armenia.

The conduct of the Beaconsfield ministry in connection with the Eastern Question, and especially with the "secret treaty," undoubtedly damaged its reputation in the country. Lord Carnarvon and Lord Derby withdrew from it early in 1878, because they believed that it was drifting into war. Its position was further weakened by a new Afghan war, begun in the end of 1878. The objects of the war were to force the Ameer Shere Ali to receive a British Resident at Cabul, so as to counteract Russian influence there, and to obtain a better frontier for the defence of India. After these objects had been secured by the peace of Gandamak, concluded **1879** with Yakub Khan, the son of Shere Ali, who had fled and died, Sir Louis Cavagnari, the British envoy, was murdered at Cabul, and the war was renewed. Its most brilliant exploit was General Roberts's march from Cabul to Candahar to relieve a small British force beleaguered in the latter stronghold. He accomplished the march of three hundred and twenty miles across a barren country with eighteen thousand men in twenty-three days with only two halts; and at the end of the march he attacked and **1880** defeated the enemy. The British then withdrew, having recognized as ameer Abdurrahman Khan, a nominee of Russia.

At the same time the country was burdened with another petty war in Zululand, brought about by the refusal of Cetewayo, the Zulu king, to disarm and disband his **1879** army. The British, under Lord Chelmsford, suffered a great disaster at Isandhlana, redeemed somewhat by the magnificent defence of Rorke's Drift by a handful of British soldiers under Chard and Bromhead. That check prevented the Zulus from pouring into Natal, and saved the colony. In the end Cetewayo was subdued and captured (1879). The Queen's sovereignty over Zululand was proclaimed at Ekowe

in 1887. In this war Prince Louis Napoleon, son of the late Emperor Napoleon the Third of France, was killed in a reconnaissance.

The country had obviously grown tired of Lord Beaconsfield's spirited and imperial policy. It had little sympathy with his desire that Britain should become again a Continental power, or with his devotion to what were called British interests. When he returned in triumph from Berlin, bringing, as he said, "peace with honour," his fame had reached its zenith. Thereafter it declined. In March 1880 he deemed it

prudent to appeal to the country. His ministry, like
1880 most ministries that have held office for several years, had failed to realize all the hopes it had raised, and had disappointed many of that considerable class that is swayed from side to side by personal interest. In the general election the experience of 1874 was almost exactly reversed. The Liberals had a majority of 46 over Conservatives and Home Rulers combined. Mr. Gladstone was recalled to power, and formed a ministry which included a still larger representation of the Radical party than his previous administration—notably Mr. Bright, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Fawcett, Sir Charles Dilke, and Mr. (afterwards Sir George) Trevelyan. Lord Beaconsfield did not long survive his retirement from office. He died in April 1881.

Mr. Gladstone returned to office with the full intention of dealing thoroughly with the state of Ireland, and with a strong desire to escape from the entanglements of foreign wars. In the latter particular he was not successful. Before the end of the year there was a revolt of the Boers in the Transvaal.

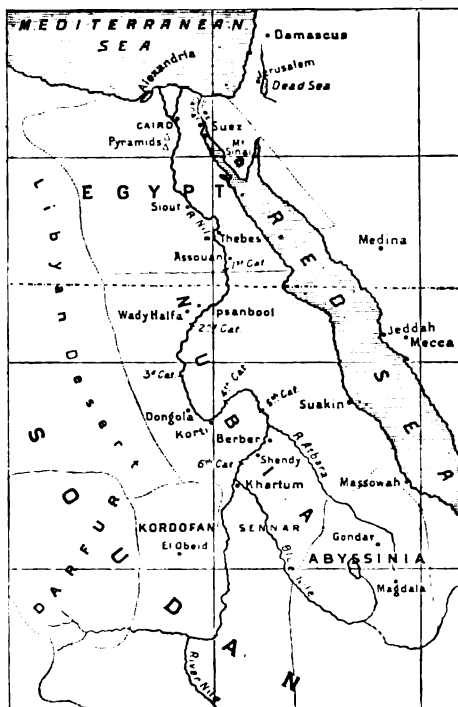
They proved themselves stubborn soldiers as well as
1881 splendid riflemen at Laing's Nek and Majuba Hill (Feb.); but they submitted, after being promised self-government under British suzerainty. The settlement of the affairs of Egypt proved a more difficult task. The security of

the Suez Canal, the highway between England and India, depends on the presence of a stable and friendly government in Egypt. A military revolt in 1882, headed by Arabi Pasha, overthrew the government of the khedive. The cry of British interests in danger was at once raised. It was felt, or feared, that if Great Britain did not interfere to restore order, France would. Armed intervention was therefore resolved on.

The British fleet, under Admiral Seymour, bombarded **1882** the forts of Alexandria on July 11th. Thereafter the rebels set fire to the town and massacred many foreigners. Sir Garnet Wolseley drove Arabi out of his intrenchments at Tel-el-Kebir (Sept.). A rapid march on Cairo followed, and the war was finished. The khedive was restored. Arabi surrendered, and was banished to Ceylon. Most of the British army at once withdrew. Sir Garnet Wolseley and Sir Beauchamp Seymour were rewarded with peerages.

A revolt of the native tribes in the Soudan caused a fresh disturbance. The revolt was headed by Achmet Mahomet, a fanatical chief who called himself "the Mahdi," or reformer of Mohammedanism; and its avowed object was to drive the Egyptian rulers and garrisons out of the Soudan. In November an Egyptian force was sent to Kordofan, **1883** under Colonel Hicks, a British officer; but it was surrounded and annihilated. The Mahdi was elated with this victory, and declared himself to be invulnerable and his mission to be a divine one. Osman Digna, one of his lieutenants, occupied the Nubian Desert north of Abyssinia, and threatened the coast of the Red Sea. A British force, under General Sir Gerard Graham, was despatched to Suakim, to protect the Red Sea coast, and to relieve the Egyptian garrisons at Tokar and other places. There were many skirmishes **1884** and one or two important battles. The Soudanese fought bravely with spears and swords; but the British were victorious, and broke up the native force for the time.

In order to prevent bloodshed, the British government was induced to send General Gordon ("Chinese Gordon") to



Khartoum, to negotiate for the withdrawal of the Egyptian garrisons there and at Berber and Dongola. Gordon went with a small escort and without troops, as his mission was a peaceful one. But his mission failed, and he had to defend himself in Khartoum against the followers of the Mahdi, who besieged the town. The cry was then raised at home that Gordon was being sacrificed, and the excitement became intense when

weeks and months passed without any communications having been received from Khartoum. Yielding at last to the public clamour, the government despatched a force of ten thousand men under Lord Wolseley to relieve General Gordon. The Nile route was selected for the advance.

When the army reached Korti, one division was sent across the Bayuda Desert, with instructions to push on to Khartoum. The desert march was a splendid feat, ending in a brilliant victory at Abu-Klea, and another, two days later, near Metammeh, where General Stewart was mortally wounded (Jan. 19). From

Metammeh, General Wilson steamed up the river to Khartoum, only to find that the place had fallen, and that Gordon had been killed two days previously (Jan. 26). The 1885 news of Gordon's death caused extraordinary excitement at home ; but it soon died down, and then the expedition was gradually withdrawn. As Osman Digna still threatened Suakim on the coast of the Red Sea, General Graham returned there with a large force. His army was joined by a contingent of volunteers from New South Wales—the first occasion of Australian troops sharing in the defence of the empire. Osman Digna was driven off, and his force was dispersed. Lord Wolseley returned to England in July.

One of the last acts of the Gladstone ministry was to complete the fabric of the British democracy by the extension of the household and lodger franchise to counties. The rejection of the measure by the House of Lords in July led to an autumn session being held for the purpose of passing the bill. During the recess there were defiant demonstrations against that House over the whole country. Its very existence was threatened. When the bill was reintroduced, attempts were made to lessen its democratic tendencies by compromises and amendments ; but these failed, with the single exception that the government agreed to make known the terms of its Distribution of Seats Bill before the Franchise Bill was finally passed. The latter bill became law on December 6th. It added two million voters to the electorate, and it contained a novelty in the shape of the service franchise, giving votes to servants who enjoyed the occupancy of a dwelling-house as part of their wages. The Distribution of Seats Bill, though introduced in the House of Commons in December 1884, was by consent postponed till next session, and did not pass till June. Boroughs with less than 15,000 inhabitants were disfranchised as such, and were absorbed in their respective counties. Boroughs with less than 50,000 inhabitants were deprived of one member. Those with

more than 50,000 received an additional member. In England 43 new boroughs were created. England received 6 additional members and Scotland 12, while Ireland lost 2. The total number of members in the House of Commons was increased from 658 to 670.*

While the Redistribution Bill was passing through its final stages in the House of Lords, a ministerial crisis was precipitated in the House of Commons by the Budget proposals of the government. The features which were condemned by the opposition were the increase of the beer and spirit duties, and the failure to give relief to local taxation. An adverse motion in these terms was carried by a majority of twelve (June 8), and Mr. Gladstone resigned. The Marquis of Salisbury became Prime Minister, though he knew that he would have great difficulty in carrying on the government during the short period that must elapse before the general election under the new franchise. When the election came in November, it gave the Liberals a majority of eighty-four over the Conservatives; but as the Irish Nationalists numbered eighty-four, they evidently held the balance between the two great parties in
1886 British politics. Lord Salisbury resigned in January following, and Mr. Gladstone returned to power. Obviously he could not carry on the government without the support of the Irish Nationalists. Moreover, the large majority of Nationalists returned from Ireland led him to believe that the demand for Home Rule could no longer be resisted. He therefore made the Government of Ireland Bill his first important measure. In order to a clear understanding of the position of affairs, a short retrospect of the Irish question is necessary.

* See page 777.

CHAPTER XXII.

IRELAND AND HOME RULE.

Fenianism—Outrages—Real grievances—Disestablishment of the Irish Church—Irish Land Act—Peace Preservation Act—Home Government Association—University Bill—Home Rule—Obstruction in Parliament—Distress and discontent—The Land League—Boycotting—Relief of Distress Act—Protection of Life and Property Act—New Land Act—The Land League “proclaimed”—The National League founded—Murder of Cavendish and Burke—Prevention of Crimes Act—The American Irish—Grievances of Scottish crofters—Scottish Secretary of State Act—Third Gladstone ministry—Government of Ireland Bill—Land Purchase Bill—Formation of the “Liberal Unionist” party—Second Salisbury ministry—The Crofter Commission—Criminal Law Amendment Act—Jubilee of Queen Victoria.

OUR review of recent events in Ireland may conveniently begin with a reference to the Fenian conspiracy, which assumed proportions so serious in the summer of 1865 that the government of Lord Russell found it necessary to interfere. It was promoted mainly by some reckless adventurers in the United States, who, finding their occupation gone by the cessation of the American Civil War, organized a system by which the peace of Ireland was seriously disturbed, and the too excitable nature of certain portions of her peasantry was kindled into wild and lawless hopes. The Fenians, who derived their name from *Finn* or *Fionn*, a chieftain who commanded a famous body of Irish soldiers in the reign of Cormac, aimed, not at the repeal of the Union, which would have satisfied O’Connell and O’Brien, but at the

total subversion of the British government in Ireland, and the formation of that island into an independent republic. The seizure of the *Irish People*, a seditious newspaper published in Dublin, and the arrest of James Stephens, the "head-centre" or chief organizer of the plot in Ireland, and of O'Donovan Rossa, were the chief blows struck in 1865. Stephens escaped from Richmond Jail in Dublin; but several of his accomplices, convicted of treason-felony, were sentenced to penal servitude.

So urgent did the danger arising from Fenianism grow in the following year, that on the 17th February 1866 Parliament passed a measure for suspending the *Habeas Corpus* Act in Ireland. The bill ran through all the necessary stages in both Houses in a single day; and more than one hundred arrests were made. More important even than the arrests was **1866** the effect of this decided step in driving out of Ireland a horde of the American adventurers already referred to. This, however, did not cure the evil. Arms continued to be secretly conveyed into Ireland; money was collected from sympathizers with the movement in America and at home; and the misguided Irish engaged in midnight drill and lawless meetings, in spite of all that the Roman Catholic clergy, who were resolutely opposed to the treason, could say or do.

Baffled in two weak efforts at open war, which were easily crushed in the spring of 1866, the Fenians commenced a system of secret outrage, which displayed itself in three notorious instances. At Manchester, in September 1867, they attacked a prison-van and rescued two Fenian prisoners; and a **1867** police-sergeant was shot in the scuffle. For this crime three of them were executed in November. In December they blew up a part of the wall of Clerkenwell prison, in which two of their comrades were detained. The explosion shattered the adjacent houses and killed twelve and maimed many more of the inmates. Early in the following year (1868), a Fenian attempted to assassinate the Duke of Edin-

burgh, while he was visiting a public garden at Sydney in Australia. Reckless acts like these aroused strong feeling against the plot.

At the same time it could not be denied that the Irish people suffered from certain real grievances. They had two special grounds of complaint:—1. Their Established Church was the Protestant Church of England, while the majority of the people were Roman Catholics. 2. Their land laws were conceived and executed in a spirit favourable to the absentee landlords, and unjust to the Irish tenants. The Liberals, led by Mr. Gladstone, began the assault on the Irish Church. Shortly after Mr. Disraeli became Prime Minister in February 1868, Mr. Gladstone moved his resolutions declaring the disestablishment of the Irish Church to be just and necessary. The first and most important resolution having been carried by a large majority, Mr. Disraeli promised to dissolve Parliament in the autumn. The general election was followed by his resignation, and by Mr. Gladstone's advent to power, as already stated.

The first duty incumbent on the new ministry was to deal with the Irish Church on the lines of Mr. Gladstone's resolutions. On the 1st of March, the Prime Minister introduced in the House of Commons his "Bill for the Disestablishment and Disendowment of the Irish Church." The opposition to it in the Lower House was unreal and despondent, because the passing of it was deemed a foregone conclusion; 1869 and in May the third reading was carried by a majority of 114. In the House of Lords the measure was violently opposed; but instead of throwing out the bill, the majority introduced amendments vitally affecting its principle, and making more favourable terms for the Irish Church. On the motion of Mr. Gladstone, the House of Commons rejected these amendments. A deadlock seemed inevitable, when a compromise was arranged by Earl Cairns and Lord Granville,

which amounted in fact to a Conservative surrender. The bill received the royal assent in July.

By this act, which came into operation on January 1, 1871, the Protestant Church of Ireland ceased to be a state establishment, and became a free Episcopal Church, and the Irish bishops ceased to sit in the House of Lords. The clergy and officials of the church were compensated for their life interests. The crown grant (*Regium Donum*) to the Presbyterians, and the Maynooth grant to the Roman Catholics, were commuted. The capitalized revenues of the church were estimated at sixteen million sterling, of which the new church received about ten million, the remainder being reserved as a national fund for the relief of unavoidable calamity in Ireland.

The suspension of the *Habeas Corpus* Act was allowed to lapse at the close of the year (1869), and several Fenian prisoners were amnestied.

The Irish Land Act was the chief legislative work of the next session of Parliament. The act, which received the royal assent in August, gave legal recognition to tenant right in Ulster, and to similar customs in other parts of Ireland. It conferred on all tenants new rights in the matter of compensation for disturbance by the landlord, except in cases of eviction for non-payment of rent; it awarded compensation for improvements carried out by the tenant; and it enabled government to advance two-thirds of the purchase-money of their holdings to tenants desirous of buying from landlords willing to sell.

Along with this ameliorative measure, Parliament at the same time passed, rapidly and energetically, a Peace Preservation Act, intended to suppress disorder in Ireland. The act increased the powers of the police, intrusted magistrates with summary jurisdiction, prohibited the use of firearms in proclaimed districts, and gave the government power, under certain conditions, to suppress newspapers.

These measures produced quietness in Ireland, but not contentment. The Irish Church Act did not excite the enthusiasm of the people. The Irish Land Act did not go nearly far enough to meet their wishes. It was seen, however, that the Fenians had gone too far in demanding entire separation and an independent government. A more moderate demand was made toward the end of 1870—a demand for legislative independence under a federal system, without separation. To carry out the scheme, the Home Government Association—known after 1873 as the Home Rule League—was formed, with Mr. Isaac Butt as its parliamentary exponent. In its constitution it repudiated the idea of separation, or of interfering with the prerogatives of the crown.

The rejection of Mr. Gladstone's Irish University Bill (1873) was chiefly important on account of the ministerial crisis which it brought on. It was significant, however, of the Prime Minister's desire to induce the Liberal party to treat the Irish disorder with remedial measures. As the Church Act had redressed a religious, and the Land Act had attempted to redress an agrarian, grievance, so the University Bill was an effort to remove a disability which was partly religious and partly educational. Mr. Gladstone did not again touch the question of Irish education. In 1878 the Beaconsfield government passed an act devoting one million sterling of the Irish Church surplus to the encouragement of intermediate education. In the following year the same ministry passed an act constituting the Royal University of Ireland, in which the Queen's University (founded in 1850) was absorbed. The degrees, exhibitions, and scholarships of the new university—which is purely an examining body—were opened to women as well as to men.

Home Rule made its first appearance in Parliament in 1874, when a motion on the subject was made by Mr. Isaac Butt, the member for Limerick. The pleas for it were that Ireland

was entitled to manage its own affairs, and that the Imperial Parliament was overburdened with work and required
1874 relief. Mr. Disraeli heaped unmeasured ridicule on the proposal, which was rejected by four hundred and fifty-eight votes to sixty-one. In the following year the government showed its determination to put down disorder with
1875 a strong hand by renewing the Peace Preservation Act, and also the Act for the Protection of Life and Property in West Meath, passed by the Gladstone government in 1870. These acts were persistently opposed by the Home Rule members, but were passed by large majorities, including both Conservatives and Liberals.

The session of 1877 is memorable for an extraordinary development of obstruction in the House of Commons by the Irish members. Mr. Shaw's motion for a select
1877 committee to inquire into the nature, extent, and grounds of the demand for an Irish Parliament was rejected by four hundred and seventeen to sixty-seven. The minority, feeling themselves powerless to obtain what they demanded, resolved to punish the majority by preventing the ordinary business of the House from being advanced. During three years—ever since the general election of 1874, when fifty-eight Home Rulers were returned—these tactics had been indulged in occasionally and fitfully. In 1877 obstruction was practised systematically. It was reduced to a science, its instruments being in themselves legitimate. Not only were long and irrelevant speeches made for the purpose of consuming time, but the forms of the House, which were designed to facilitate business, were ingeniously used to retard it. For that end, Mr. Biggar, Mr. O'Donnell, and Mr. Charles Stuart Parnell made themselves masters of the forms of the House, and learned how they could be used or be abused with impunity, as well as did the Speaker or the Chairman of Committees. Mr. Butt, the ostensible leader of

the Home Rule party, did not countenance these tactics, and in fact confessed his inability to keep his followers in hand. A crisis came on the 2nd of July, when the House was in Committee of Supply. A small vote for the Army Reserve force was met by a motion to report progress. Though the motion was rejected by one hundred and twenty-eight votes to eight, it was repeated in that and in other forms till seventeen divisions were taken, and the sitting was prolonged till seven o'clock on the morning of the 3rd, when the House was counted out. As these tactics were repeated, the government proposed and carried new rules of procedure, limiting the powers of members in speaking, and in repeating motions in committee. Nevertheless, on July 31, when the South African Bill was discussed, the House was kept sitting continuously for twenty-six hours. Obstruction was continued in the session of 1878; but the action of Mr. Parnell and Mr. O'Donnell was repudiated even by some of the Irish members, and Mr. Butt withdrew in disgust from the leadership of the party. He died in 1879.

During the winter and spring there was much distress in the west and the south of Ireland; and, as usual, distress led to discontent, and discontent to outrage. A wet season in 1878 led to a failure of the potato crop, and also of the peat harvest. Famine seemed imminent. Political agitators took advantage of the distress to incite the people against the government.

The Home Rulers, now led by Mr. Parnell, put themselves at the head of the discontent, and demanded a complete change in the land laws. They formed a Land League, which advised the farmers not to pay rents. The advice was readily acted on, and more serious consequences followed. Landlords and their agents were shot; the cattle and goods of those who obeyed the law were destroyed. There came into vogue the system of social persecution which O'Connell had sanctioned as "exclusive dealing," and which was now called "boycotting"

—from a Captain Boycott, who was its first victim. Several of the Irish leaders, including Michael Davitt, were arrested, but were released on bail. The law was openly defied, and the country seemed on the brink of civil war.

The Queen's speech at the opening of Parliament in February 1880 expressed deep sympathy with the condition of the population in certain parts of Ireland, and announced 1880 that a grant would be made from the Irish Church surplus with the view of alleviating the distress. The House of Commons then set itself to revise its rules of procedure, so as to resist obstruction. Power was given to the Speaker and to the Chairman of Committees to name an obstructive member, whereupon the House could suspend him for the remainder of the sitting, or for a longer period. A Relief of Distress Act for Ireland, in fulfilment of the promise of the Queen's speech, had scarcely been passed when Lord Beaconsfield dissolved Parliament. This led to the return of the Liberals to power, as already recorded.

The serious view taken of the state of Ireland by Mr. Gladstone was shown by his appointment of so strong 1880 a man as Mr. W. E. Forster to the Irish secretaryship, alongside of Earl Cowper as lord-lieutenant. The new government allowed the Peace Preservation Act to lapse. They also passed a Second Relief of Distress Act, though the Lords threw out the Compensation for Disturbance clause which the Commons had inserted. The conciliatory measures of the government were, however, of little avail in presence of the growing distress and disorder. The withholding of rents at the instigation of the Land League was met by evictions on the side of the landlords. Great excitement followed, and agrarian outrages became fearfully common in the autumn. Mr. Parnell and other members of the Land League were prosecuted for inciting to breaches of the law; but the jury disagreed, and were dismissed. Early in the following session,

a Protection of Life and Property Act and a new Peace Preservation Act were passed in the face of determined obstruction in the House of Commons. The sitting at which **1881** the first reading of the former bill was carried extended to forty-one hours. On the following day thirty-six Irish members were suspended and removed from the House for defying the authority of the Speaker. A new rule was adopted giving the Speaker power to restrict discussion when "urgency" had been voted. A new Land Act was also passed granting to tenants still more liberal terms than the act of 1870. These included "the three F's"—Fair Rents, to be fixed by a land court, Fixity of Tenure, and Free Sale of their holdings by tenants. Among those imprisoned as "suspects," under the Protection of Life and Property Act, were Mr. Parnell and two other Irish members of Parliament. The Land League then issued a "No Rent Manifesto," ordering tenants to withhold their rents, but to hold their farms. Thereupon the government proclaimed the Land League as "an illegal and criminal association." It had not long disappeared when the National League arose in its place.

In the beginning of May 1882, the number of "suspects" in prison under the Coercion Acts was upwards of nine hundred. Mr. Gladstone seems to have thought that force had been carried far enough, and that a more conciliatory policy would be more effective. He is even said to have come to an understanding with Mr. Parnell, then in Kilmainham Jail. However that may be, the three imprisoned members of Parliament were released in May. Mr. **1882** W. E. Forster did not approve of this leniency, and resigned the office of chief secretary. At the same time Earl Spencer took the place of Earl Cowper as lord-lieutenant. A few days later, Lord Frederick Cavendish, the new chief secretary, and Mr. Burke, the chief under-secretary, were brutally murdered in the Phoenix Park, Dublin, in open

day. The history of the crime was not discovered till the following year, when a secret society called "the Irish In-
1883 vincibles" was discovered in Dublin, and its members were arrested. Several of the prisoners turned informers. One of them, James Carey, a Dublin town councillor, described in detail the formation of the society, and the plans for the murder in Phoenix Park. Five of the murderers were condemned to death and were executed. Carey was sent abroad for safety, but was afterwards murdered off the coast of Africa.

Immediately after the murder of Cavendish and Burke, the government introduced into the House of Commons a stringent Prevention of Crimes Bill, and an Arrears Bill, proposing that the arrears of rent due for the past three years should be paid partly from the Irish Church surplus, and partly from the Consolidated Fund. Both bills were passed, though the latter was keenly opposed in the House of Lords. The Crimes Act was vigorously administered by Earl Spencer, and by Mr. (afterwards Sir George) Trevelyan, who had taken the post of chief secretary. During the next two years the number of agrarian outrages steadily declined.

In carrying on their agitation for Home Rule, the Irish malcontents received substantial aid from their brethren in the United States. The American Irish subscribed thousands of pounds to the funds of the Land League and of the National League, and to the parliamentary fund for the maintenance of Irish members in London. Help of a more questionable kind came from a band of desperate men,
1884 headed by O'Donovan Rossa, who sought to strike terror into the heart of London by a series of well-planned dynamite outrages. In May 1884 a terrific explosion took place in Scotland Yard, the head-quarters of the Lon-
1885 don police, which wrecked several buildings and did much damage. Still more daring were the outrages of January 24, 1885, which were perpetrated almost simul-

taneously within the precincts of the House of Commons, in Westminster Hall, and in the Tower of London. For complicity in these wicked and dastardly exploits two men were sentenced to penal servitude for life.

The demand for land-law reform spread from Ireland to the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, where the crofters, or small farmers, suffered from causes similar to those which afflicted the Irish peasantry. There, as in Ireland, rents were withheld, and sheriff-officers sent to serve notices on the defaulting tenants were deforced with violence. The 1884 government issued a Crofter Commission in 1884. In the following year a Crofter Bill, proposing fair rents and fixity of tenure, was introduced in the House of Commons; but its progress was checked by a change of government, 1885 to be noticed presently. A similar bill, with additions favourable to the crofters, was introduced early in 1886.

At the same time, an agitation for Home Rule in Scotland took a more practical and more reasonable form than the similar movement in Ireland. For years great dissatisfaction had been expressed with the manner in which Scottish business was conducted by the administrative departments in London. This led to a demand for the transference of all Scottish business to a separate department, with a secretary of state at its head. The Gladstone government recognized the fairness of the demand, and introduced a bill to give it effect. The bill passed through its final stages under the Salisbury ministry in August 1885, and the Duke of Richmond and Gordon became the first Secretary for Scotland, with a seat in the cabinet.

As the Salisbury ministry had not a majority in the House of Commons, it existed by sufferance pending the general election. In the meantime the Crimes Act in Ireland was not renewed, and outrages again became common. When the general election came on in November, it was found that it would turn mainly on the Irish question. Mr. Gladstone asked

the country to give him such a Liberal majority as would counterbalance any possible combination of Conservatives and Parnellites, as the defeat of his ministry in June had been due to such an alliance. The result did not realize his hopes. The Liberals exceeded the Conservatives by only eighty-four, while the Parnellites numbered eighty-six.

When the new Parliament met in January, the Salisbury ministry was defeated on an amendment to the Address, complaining that no proposal was made for enabling agricultural labourers to obtain allotments and small holdings on equitable terms. While Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Chamberlain supported the amendment, Lord Hartington and Mr. Goschen voted with the government. The Irish Nationalists did not take part in the division. Lord Salisbury resigned, and Mr. Gladstone became Prime Minister for the third time. The new cabinet did not include Lord Hartington or Mr. Goschen. Mr. John Morley was the Chief Secretary for Ireland.

Mr. Gladstone explained the proposals of his Government of Ireland Bill in the House of Commons on April 8. They included the establishment in Dublin of a legislative body with executive powers, and comprising two orders; the exclusion of the Irish members from the Imperial Parliament; all taxation in Ireland, except excise and customs duties, to be in the hands of the legislative body; the appointment of the judges to lie with the same body; the question of the ordinary police to be left open; securities to be taken for the unity of the empire, and for the protection of the minority and of Protestants. The scheme produced intense excitement. It was hailed with joy by Mr. Parnell and the Irish members. It was denounced by the Conservatives and by a section of the Liberals, including Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Trevelyan, both of whom left the cabinet, and by Lord Hartington, who had refused to join it. A week later, Mr.

Gladstone introduced his Irish Land Purchase Bill, which proposed the issue of fifty million of new three per cent. stock, for the purpose of buying up the estates of landlords who were willing to sell their lands at a cost of from twenty to twenty-five years' purchase, the Irish taxes being held as security for the purchase money. The opposition to this bill was quite as violent as that to the other. Meetings for and meetings against the two bills were held in all parts of the country. Many influential Liberals broke off from Mr. Gladstone, and formed the "Liberal Unionist" party. It included the Duke of Argyll, Earl Cowper, Lord Hartington, Mr. Goschen, Mr. Bright, Sir Henry James, Mr. Chamberlain, and Mr. Trevelyan.*

The rejection of the Government of Ireland Bill was moved by Lord Hartington on May 10th. The division was taken on June 6th, when three hundred and thirteen (including eighty-three Irish Nationalists) voted with the government, and three hundred and forty-three (including ninety-three Liberal Unionists) voted against it. The bill was therefore thrown out. The cabinet resolved on an immediate dissolution of Parliament, and an appeal to the country on the sole and direct issue of self-government or repressive laws as the remedy for the ills of Ireland. Lord Salisbury, on the other hand, declared the issue to be separation or union; but Mr. Gladstone's followers explicitly repudiated the name of "Separatists" applied to them by their opponents, and denied the right of the latter to appropriate the title of "Unionists." The general election took place in July. It resulted in the return (excluding the Speaker) of three hundred and seventeen Conservatives and seventy-five Liberal Unionists (together three hundred and ninety-two), and of one hundred and ninety-two Liberals and eighty-five Nationalists (together two hundred and seventy-seven): majority against the government, one hundred and fifteen. The ministry at once resigned, and Lord Salisbury once more undertook the task of

* Mr. (Sir George) Trevelyan returned to Mr. Gladstone's party in 1887.

forming an administration. Lord Hartington was offered the premiership of a coalition government, but declined it, though promising Lord Salisbury the independent support of his party. The ministry continued purely Conservative till the resignation of Lord Randolph Churchill in January 1887, when he was succeeded by Mr. Goschen as Chancellor of the Exchequer.

It was announced in the House of Commons that the Irish policy of the government would include three points—the preservation of social order ; the settlement of the land question ; and the extension of local government—which points would be dealt with in that order. Legislative work relating to Ireland was postponed till next session ; but General Redvers Buller was at once sent to Kerry with powers which would enable him “to bring the reign of terror to an end.” A royal commission was at the same time appointed, to ascertain how far non-payment of rent was due to financial inability, and how far to other causes.

In the meantime the government ventured to deal with the Scottish land question. They succeeded in passing the Crofters' Holdings (Scotland) Act, giving crofters more secure tenure and compensation for improvements, and appointing commissioners to revise rents and to make reductions from arrears (June). The commissioners made very large reductions on rents and on arrears in the Highlands and Islands. Before they had reached the Hebrides in their inquiry, the crofters in Tiree and Skye refused to pay the arrears of their rents ; and when writs were attempted to be served, the officers were de-forded. Bodies of marines were sent to the islands to restore order, and several of the offenders were tried and imprisoned.

The parliamentary session of 1887 was given up almost wholly to Irish business. Two of the three points in 1887 the government policy were treated with great elaboration—namely, social order and the land question. The third point—local government—was postponed until it had

been dealt with in England and in Scotland. As a preliminary to its legislative work, the House of Commons further amended its rules of procedure. The most important of these amendments put it in the power of any member to move the closure ("That the question be now put") without the initiative of the Speaker—which motion would be carried if one hundred voted in the majority.

The first government measure of importance was the Criminal Law Amendment (Ireland) Act, which became law in July. All previous repressive acts had been passed for a limited period. This act was made permanent. It increased greatly the power of the Irish executive, enabling it to stop the holding of public meetings, to "proclaim" disturbed districts, to suppress dangerous associations, to change the place of trial, and to obtain convictions without a jury in certain cases. The measure was violently opposed and "obstructed" during its passage through the House of Commons, and the "closure" was frequently applied. The Land Act was designed to restrain evictions, and to reduce rents where they were excessive, and where landlords were extortionate; but no power was given to deal with arrears. The Crimes Act was promptly put in force by Mr. A. J. Balfour, the Irish chief secretary. The Irish National League was proclaimed in certain districts as a dangerous association (August). At Mitchelstown the police came into collision with a mob, and unfortunately killed three persons and wounded others (September). Several Irish members of Parliament were imprisoned for attending "proclaimed" meetings, and for publishing reports of their proceedings. The Nationalists adopted a scheme, called "the Plan of Campaign," for depositing rents with trustees until the landlords had agreed to reductions. The effect of the Crimes Act was soon seen in a diminution of outrages and an increased observance of the law. So much was admitted by the Nationalists; but they maintained at the same time that the improvement was

merely on the surface, and that the discontent and disaffection in Ireland were as strong as ever.

These keen controversies did not prevent men of all parties from joining cordially in the celebration of the jubilee of the accession of her Majesty Queen Victoria. The event was celebrated with the greatest enthusiasm in all parts of Great Britain on the 21st of June. The Queen attended a thanksgiving service in Westminster Abbey, at which there were present the members of the royal family, European and Indian potentates, the nobility, and representatives of public bodies in all parts of the United Kingdom. The jubilee was commemorated in permanent forms of countless variety in all parts of the empire—by the erection of monuments, hospitals, museums, and libraries, by the dedication of public parks and fountains, and by other benefactions. Two of the projects assumed national proportions—the Imperial Institute, for which half a million sterling was subscribed; and the Women's Jubilee Offering, amounting to £75,000, the bulk of which her Majesty applied to the establishment of an institution for nurses of the sick poor.

Here the detailed narrative may appropriately close. More recent events have not yet had time to crystallize into history. It is pleasant to close with a great national demonstration of affection and loyalty towards the person of a Queen whose public conduct has always been as judicious as her private life has been irreproachable.

CHAPTER XXIII.

PROGRESS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Steamships and railways—The penny postage and the telegraph—Ocean telegraphy—Iron-clads and turret-ships—Steel guns and rifles—Iron bridges and crystal palaces—Engineering works—The telescope—Sanitary affairs—Minor improvements—The North-west Passage—Australian exploration—African exploration—The Nile—The Congo.

THE application of steam to the purposes of locomotion has wrought a marvellous change on the life of the civilized world since the present century began. In 1811, Henry Bell, an innkeeper of Helensburgh, launched on the Clyde the *Comet*, a vessel of twenty-five tons burden, propelled by steam. Four years later, George Stephenson, a native of Wylam in Northumberland, achieved the construction of a locomotive engine capable of drawing waggons on a railway. In 1830 the same mechanical genius, aided by his son Robert, placed the *Rocket* on the rails of the new line between Liverpool and Manchester; and thenceforward the railway system grew and expanded over the world. The first ocean triumphs, achieved by steamboats, were the voyage of the *Savannah* from New York to London (1819), and that of the *Enterprise* to India (1825). The *Great Britain*, an iron steamer with wire rigging and a screw-propeller, and the *Great Eastern* (six hundred and eighty feet long), built at Millwall between 1854 and 1857, were the most remarkable steamboats of their time; but they are far surpassed in speed and luxury by the American

liners—such as, the *Umbria*, the *City of Paris*, and the *City of Rome*, which are built of iron and steel, are lit throughout with the electric light, and cross the ocean in less than six days.

Soon after its introduction, the steam-engine was in use in all kinds of factories. Other inventions made it possible to apply it on a wide scale. Before the end of last century the inventions of Hargreaves, Arkwright, Crompton, and Cartwright had started the cotton trade on its marvellous career. When the century opened the manufacture was still in its infancy, but very soon it began to grow and expand with rapid strides. With the joint aid of coal, iron, and the steam-engine, Great Britain has become “the workshop of the world.” The steam-engine is largely used in metal works, for the turning, planing, and drilling of iron and steel. One of the most wonderful of recent inventions is the steam-hammer, invented by James Nasmyth, which can in a few minutes beat out a huge mass of iron into a thin plate. Steam has also been applied to the printing-press, and has been the chief cause of the production of cheap books and newspapers in vast quantities. Many newspapers are now printed from a web of paper coiled into a reel at one end of the machine, while the papers, printed, cut, and folded, are delivered at the other end.

The efforts of Rowland Hill, the son of a Birmingham schoolmaster, resulted in 1840 in the establishment of a general penny postage, which has had the effect of immensely increasing correspondence. This was comparatively a slight matter when viewed beside the achievement of Wheatstone and Cooke, who, in 1837, jointly constructed the electric telegraph. Their first successful trial took place on wires laid between Euston Square in London and Camden Town. A necessary sequel was the invention of the submarine cable, of which the first idea occurred in 1842 to Morse, the famous American electrician. Jacob Brett reduced the idea to a practical form in 1851, by laying a wire wrapped in gutta-percha from Dover to

Calais. This was followed by the gigantic enterprise—completed in 1866, after a comparative failure in 1858—of placing a cable across the Atlantic between Valentia on the Irish coast and Trinity Bay in Newfoundland. There are now several cables connecting the New World with the Old.

In 1821 an iron ship, put together in a London dock, steamed down the Channel to Havre. The application of iron armour to vessels of war followed after a few years, and became an object of rivalry between France and Great Britain. These iron-clads, as they are called, came into use during the Civil War in America. The hull of the vessel consists of plates of iron, or of steel, off which cannon-balls rebound like peas off a plate-glass window. Armour has been recently applied also to forts; but the contest between cannon and iron-plating is not yet over. A shot-proof turret, or cupola, revolving on a pivot, is generally placed on the iron-clad or in the iron fort.

Steel cannon, not cast, but built ring by ring, are now made, weighing eighty or one hundred tons, and capable of throwing an enormous conical steel shell with such force as to penetrate iron plates several inches thick. In small guns or fire-arms remarkable changes and improvements have been made. The old flint musket, throwing its round leaden bullet, received a percussion or detonating lock, which proved a great advantage; but it has undergone further and more important changes, by which it has become a breech-loading rifle, capable of sending a conical bullet with remarkable precision and force. Another addition to the engines of destruction is the machine-gun, which consists of rows of rifles loaded and fired continuously by turning a wheel. These advances, and the introduction of the railway, the electric wire, and even the balloon into the field of war, have made the modern battle-field a scene whose conditions but slightly resemble those of Waterloo and Austerlitz.

It is well to remember that the modern applications of iron and steel have not been confined to the science of destruction. In addition to the railroads, locomotives, and steamboats already noticed, vast bridges, such as the Britannia Tubular Bridge across the Menai Strait (1805), have been constructed of iron. It has been applied also to building purposes, of which the crystal palaces, the first of which was erected for the Great Exhibition of 1851, have been the most notable examples. The Forth Bridge (1890), which has the widest spans in the world (one thousand seven hundred feet), is built entirely of steel.

The Thames Tunnel was a remarkable work of engineering when it was completed in 1843; but it is far surpassed now by the railway tunnels through the Alps at Mont Cenis and St. Gothard.

The giant reflecting telescope, constructed at Birr in Ireland by the Earl of Rosse (1844), has added greatly to our astronomical knowledge. Among new planets recently discovered are Astrea (1845), Neptune (1846), Victoria (1850), and Vulcan (between Mercury and the Sun) in 1859. The number of planetoids discovered (minor planets, between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter) is upwards of two hundred.

The general use of *coal gas* (first employed to light the streets of London in 1815), the advance of *photography* (first applied to the taking of portraits in 1839), the adoption of the *sewing-machine*, and the extensive use of the *electric light* and the *telephone*, may be noted as steps of progress. In *sanitary* affairs, the removal of cemeteries to the outskirts of cities—the improved ventilation and sewerage of houses—the enforcement of vaccination by law—have done much to abate the virulence of infectious diseases such as cholera and small-pox, and to improve the tone of public health.

There is more providence among the working-classes; and this has been encouraged by the establishment of *savings-banks*,

the increased facilities afforded by *insurance companies*, and the spread of *education*. *Emigration* to the colonies clears the land of its surplus population; while the *poor-houses*, under government control, minister to the wants of those unable to support themselves. The *repeal of the paper duty* (1861) gave a great impulse to the diffusion of literature and the extension of education. The abolition of the newspaper stamp, and the subsequent reduction of the postage to one halfpenny, greatly increased the number of newspapers and improved their quality. The daily newspaper—usually a *penny*, but in many cases sold at a *halfpenny*—is a marvel of the present age, which would have astonished a previous generation quite as much as a halfpenny post-card, a sixpenny telegram, or an express train.

Remarkable progress has been made in geographical discovery during the nineteenth century. The secret of the north-west passage from Europe to the Pacific Ocean has been solved by two independent explorers. The earlier was the hapless Sir John Franklin, who left England in 1845 with the *Erebus* and the *Terror*, but who was frozen up with his ships, and perished with all his associates. The relics of the expedition were found at the mouth of the Great Fish River in 1857. Captain Robert Maclure, in the *Investigator*, sailed, after much delay and peril of life among the ice, from Behring Sea to Baffin Sea, in October 1850. Numerous expeditions, both British and American, were sent out to search for traces of Franklin, and these were often the means of making fresh discoveries. The most famous of these were those of Dr. Rae, Dr. Kane, Captain Hall, Sir Edward Belcher, and Sir F. M'Clintock. A new British expedition, equipped for scientific purposes, was sent out by government in 1875. It consisted of two vessels, the *Alert* and the *Discovery*, and was under the command of Sir George Nares. The explorers ascertained that the passage to the North Pole is impracticable, and they found no traces of an "open Polar sea." The highest latitude reached was 83° 20' N. This

was surpassed by the expedition of Lieutenant Greely of the United States army (1881-84), which reached $83^{\circ} 24' N.$ —the farthest point by land or sea yet attained by civilized man.

The most successful explorer of Australia was Captain Sturt, who in 1829 traced the course of the tributaries of the Murray, and in 1847 penetrated the sandy interior of the continent. A tragic interest hangs over the expedition of Burke and Wills in 1860-61. After having reached almost to the shore of the Gulf of Carpentaria, they retraced their steps, but reached Cooper's Creek too much exhausted to proceed. There they died of starvation. In 1862, Stuart succeeded in crossing the continent from south to north. Much of the interior has now been explored, and it is no longer regarded as an inaccessible region. The best proof of this is that a telegraph line now stretches from the north to the south of the continent.

In Africa, the basin of the Zambesi was explored by David Livingstone, a medical missionary, who dispelled the delusion that the portion of Africa north of Cape Colony was an arid tract of barren sand. During his first journey (1849) he discovered Lake Ngami. His second (1852-56) resulted in the discovery on the Zambesi of the Victoria Falls, a cataract larger than Niagara. He then explored Lake Nyassa (1859), and everywhere found a fertile land, inhabited by tribes of some advancement, but blighted by the evil influences of the slave-trade, connived at by the Portuguese. In his last journey he explored Lake Tanganyika and the water-system of Central Africa. He died at Ilala in May 1873. His name and his work are commemorated in two missionary and trading settlements, Livingstonia and Blantyre—the former on Lake Nyassa, the latter ninety miles farther south.

In 1876 Lieutenant Cameron returned to England, having accomplished the feat of crossing Central Africa from the east to the west coast. This was done with better effect a year or two later by Mr. H. M. Stanley, who had "found Livingstone"

beside Lake Tanganyika in 1871, after he had been lost to sight for three years. Mr. Stanley descended the Lualaba—the great river which Livingstone conjectured to be the Nile—and found it to be the Congo. As the result of further explorations in this fertile region, a new state—the Congo Free State—has been organized under the sovereignty of the King of the Belgians, and has been recognized by the leading European powers.

The Nile has also received its share of attention from distinguished explorers. Captain Speke, an Indian officer, penetrated the continent from Zanzibar, and discovered (1858) a vast lake, which he named *Victoria Nyanza*. As Speke and his intrepid companion Grant were descending the Nile after this triumphant result of their toil, they met Mr. (afterwards Sir Samuel) Baker at Gondokoro. Accompanied by his wife, Baker pressed up the stream, and was rewarded by the discovery (1864) of another lake of great size, the *Albert Nyanza*, which was more fully explored by Mr. H. M. Stanley in 1875. In 1889, Mr. Stanley emerged from the same region after a journey of two and a half years, organized for the relief of Emin Pasha, a German representative of the khedive who had been surrounded by native tribes. Stanley discovered a lofty mountain—Ruwenzori, 18,000 feet—which he identified with the ancient Mountains of the Moon.

APPENDIX.

1. THE CONSTITUTION.

Its composite character—The Ministry—The Sovereign—The House of Lords—The House of Commons—The electors—Supremacy of the Commons—Progress of a Bill—In Committee—The Second House—The Royal Assent—The Privy Council—The Prime Minister—The Cabinet—Appeal to the country—Adjournment—Prorogation—Dissolution—Government of the Colonies—Dominion of Canada—Australasian colonies—India—The Viceroy—The governors of provinces—Ceylon

THE government of Great Britain, Ireland, and the English colonies and dependencies, is vested in the Sovereign and the two Houses of Parliament,—the House of Lords and the House of Commons. It is thus a mixed government,—not pure monarchy, nor pure aristocracy, nor pure democracy, but a compound of all three. In this composite character lies its strength. Every grade of society, every interest in the country, is represented in it. The power of the landed aristocracy has weight in the House of Lords. That of the great middle class, and of the industrial classes who co-operate with it in producing wealth, is supreme in the House of Commons. The influence of an ancient hereditary monarchy is preserved in the Sovereign, who crowns the edifice.

The chief business of the two Houses of Parliament is to make laws, and to vote money for the public service. In theory, the power of administering the laws belongs to the Sovereign alone; but in practice, this is done in the Sovereign's name by the Ministry,—a body of advisers chosen from both Houses of Parliament. The Ministry is responsible to Parliament for the conduct of affairs, and for the advice it gives to the Crown; and whenever it ceases to have the confidence of the House of Commons, the Sovereign must choose another body of advisers. Thus Parliament is virtually supreme.

The crown is hereditary, and females are not excluded; but the Sovereign must be a Protestant of the Church of England. The Sovereign has power to make war and peace; to pardon a convicted criminal; to summon, prorogue, and dissolve Parliament; to coin money; and to confer nobility. The assent of the Sovereign is also necessary to every new law. But, as already stated, these prerogatives are now exercised by the Sovereign under

the advice of the Ministry for the time being; or by the Ministry in the name of the Sovereign.

The House of Lords, or Upper House of Parliament, comprises Lords Spiritual and Lords Temporal, nearly as follows:—

LORDS SPIRITUAL		
English Archbishops.....	2	
English Bishops.....	24	
	—	26
LORDS TEMPORAL		
Royal Princes.....	5	
English hereditary Peers.....	338	
Scottish hereditary Peers, who are also Peers of the United Kingdom.....	50	
Irish hereditary Peers, who are also Peers of the United Kingdom.....	81	
Scottish representative Peers, elected for each Parliament.....	16	
Irish representative Peers, elected for life.....	28	
Life Peers.....	3	
	—	521
Total.....		<u>547</u>

The Lord Chancellor, sitting on the woolsack, acts as president or chairman of the Lords. Any Bill, except a money Bill, may originate in the House of Lords. As the Sovereign may create new peers at any time, the number of members of the House of Lords is constantly changing.

The House of Commons, or Lower House of Parliament, consists of 670 representatives of the counties, boroughs, and universities in England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, distributed as follows:—

	England.	Wales.	Scotland.	Ireland.	Total.
County.....Members	234	19	39	89	381
City and Borough ..	226	11	31	12	280
University ..	5	0	2	2	9
Total.....	465	30	72	103	670

The electors, both in boroughs and in counties, are householders rated for relief of the poor, lodgers occupying rooms valued at £10 a year unfurnished, and persons in service who occupy free houses as part of their remuneration. The members for the universities are elected by the graduates. The chairman of the Commons is called the *Speaker*, because he is their spokesman or

representative in approaching the Sovereign. A Speaker is elected at the beginning of each new Parliament. Any Bill may be introduced in the House of Commons; and money Bills can originate in that House alone. Thus, commanding the sources of supply, it can effectually control the Sovereign. In great emergencies it also controls the Upper House; for a Ministry, strongly supported in the House of Commons, may advise the Sovereign to create a sufficient number of new peers to give its party a majority in the House of Lords. The threat of this measure has generally induced the Lords to yield to the wishes of the Commons.

The process of law-making is conducted as follows:—The proposed law is introduced in either House in the form of a Bill, after leave has been given so to do. It is then read for the *first time*, usually without opposition, and is ordered to be printed, to acquaint the members with its details. The Bill is then printed and circulated, and a day is fixed for the *second reading*. The first debate and voting usually take place on the question whether the Bill shall pass this reading or not. If it pass the second reading, the House proceeds to consider and vote upon each clause in the Bill separately. For that purpose the House goes into *committee*. This committee consists of the same members as the House, but the Chairman of Committees takes the place of the Speaker, and the strict rules of debate and forms of procedure observed in the House are relaxed, to the extent of allowing a member to speak oftener than once on the same clause. After the Bill has passed through committee, it is *reported* to the House in its amended form, and is ready for the *third reading*. If it pass this reading, it is then sent to the other House. There it undergoes an exactly similar process—three readings, with a detailed examination in committee between the second and the third. If amended or altered there, the Bill is sent back to the House in which it originated, which either agrees to the amendments or not, and may demand a conference with the other House to settle differences. When the Bill has finally passed both Houses, the royal assent is required before it can become an act or law. This is given either personally or by commission. No Sovereign has ventured to exercise the right of *veto*—that is, of withholding the royal assent—since 1707.

From very early times, the advisers of the Sovereign have been known as the Privy Council, the members of which are dignified with the title of Right Honourable. But this body was found to be too numerous, and too widely scattered, for the systematic transaction of business. It moreover consists of men of different parties and conflicting views. It therefore became customary, after the Revolution of 1688, to intrust the government to a committee of the Privy Council, called the Ministry, or the Cabinet. Now ministers do not require to be selected from the Privy Council, but are appointed in the first place, and become privy councillors afterwards.

The head of the Ministry is the Prime Minister, or Premier. He used to

owe his office to the good-will or favour of the Sovereign, but now he owes it to the confidence of his supporters in Parliament. The Sovereign chooses as Prime Minister the recognized leader of that political party which has a majority in the House of Commons for the time, and intrusts him with the task of forming a Ministry from among his own supporters. The chief ministers form the Cabinet, which determines the general policy of the Ministry, and the measures which are to be proposed to Parliament. The Cabinet consists necessarily of—

1. The Prime Minister, or First Lord of the Treasury.*
2. The Lord Chancellor.
3. The Chancellor of the Exchequer.
4. The Home Secretary.
5. The Foreign Secretary.
6. The Colonial Secretary.
7. The Indian Secretary.
8. The Secretary of War.
9. The President of the Privy Council.

The following ministers have also at different times been included in the Cabinet; but that body does not usually consist of more than fourteen or fifteen members :—

The First Lord of the Admiralty.
 The President of the Board of Trade.
 The President of the Local Government Board.
 The Lord Privy Seal.
 The Secretary of State for Scotland.
 The Chief Secretary for Ireland.
 The Postmaster-General.
 The Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.
 The Vice-President of the Committee of Council on Education.

When a Ministry loses the confidence of the majority of the House of Commons, it is customary for it to resign. The Sovereign then intrusts the leader of the opposite party with the formation of a Ministry. Instead of resigning, a defeated Ministry may advise the Sovereign to dissolve the Parliament and to call a new one, in the hope that the constituencies may return a majority of members favourable to its views. This is called an "appeal to the country."

Each House of Parliament may *adjourn* its meetings from day to day. The Sovereign, advised by the Ministry, *prorogues* Parliament from session to session; and *dissolves* it when a new Parliament is to be elected. The

* Sometimes these two offices are held by different ministers, but they are usually combined.

duration of a Parliament is limited by law to seven years; but no Parliament, since that law was passed (1716), has exceeded six years in duration. During the present reign the average length of the Parliaments has been under five years.

The colonies and dependencies have their internal affairs administered by resident governors and councils, appointed by the Crown, and controlled in London by a Secretary of State, who is a member of the Cabinet. The more populous and older colonies have been placed as much as possible on the footing of self-government—that is to say, there is in each a legislative assembly elected by the people.

The Dominion of Canada may be taken as an example of a self-governed colony. The executive power is vested in the Governor-General, aided by a Privy Council, all the members of which are appointed by the Crown. The Legislature consists of two Houses: the Senate, or Upper House, consisting of seventy-seven members appointed by the Governor-General in Council; and the House of Commons, consisting of two hundred members elected by the people for the term of five years. The Executive Council, or Ministry, is responsible to the House of Commons—that is to say, when it ceases to command a majority there it resigns. For local purposes, each province has a Lieutenant-Governor and a Legislature of its own—the latter generally consisting of two Houses.

The governments of the Australasian colonies are very similar to that of Canada, with the exception that the legislative council, or Upper House, is generally appointed by the Crown. In New Zealand, New South Wales, and Queensland there is in each a Governor and a Cabinet, or executive council, of four or five members, appointed by the Crown; a legislative council of from fifteen to thirty members, also appointed by the Crown; and a legislative assembly, or Lower House, elected by the people. In South Australia the legislative council is elected by the whole colony voting as one province; in Tasmania and Victoria it is elected by the upper and moneyed classes, but in other respects the arrangements are the same as in the neighbouring colonies.

India is an example of a dependency still directly under imperial control. Since 1858 the affairs of India have been regulated by the Secretary of State for India and the Indian Council, sitting in London, of which the Secretary is president. The Council consists of fifteen members—seven appointed by the Court of Directors of the East India Company, and eight by the Crown. The executive authority in India is vested in the Viceroy, appointed by the Crown, and responsible to the Secretary of State for India. He is assisted in his administrative duties by a Supreme Council sitting at Calcutta, consisting of six ordinary members nominated by the Crown, of whom the Commander-in-chief is one, with about twelve additional members appointed by the Governor-General for the purpose of framing laws and regulations. There

are also seven chief secretaries of state in India, to superintend the different departments of the government. For administrative purposes, India is divided into eight provinces under governors or commissioners, four smaller provinces directly under the government of India, and one hundred and fifty-four feudatory states administered by Hindu and Mohammedan chiefs, with the aid of English political agents.

Ceylon, which in government is independent of India, is an example of a government in which the local and the imperial elements are combined. But the influence of the latter greatly preponderates. The Governor and the executive council of five members are appointed by the Crown. The legislative council contains fifteen members—five of them are the executive council, other four are also officials, and six only are unofficial.

2. BRITISH COLONIES AND DEPENDENCIES.

EUROPEAN.

GIBRALTAR—A rocky promontory in the south of Spain. Its extremity is called Europa Point. It is the ancient *Calpe*. The Rock is 3 miles long and 1,500 feet high. The name is derived from *Gibel* a mountain, and *Tarik* a Saracen leader, who landed there in 712 to conquer Spain. It was often taken and retaken by Moors and Spaniards; finally by the latter in 1462. The British, under Sir George Rooke, aided by the Prince of Hesse-Darmstadt, took it from Spain July 24, 1704. It was ceded to Britain by the treaty of Utrecht. The French and Spaniards besieged it unsuccessfully from June 1779 till October 1782. It is valuable as a naval and military station.

MALTA—Anciently Melita—the scene of St. Paul's shipwreck. It is about 60 miles south of Sicily. Capital, *La Valetta*. Given by Charles V. to the Knights of St. John in 1530; often attacked by the Turks; taken by Bonaparte in 1798; retaken by British and Maltese in 1800; then delivered up to Britain by the Maltese. It is the central station of the Mediterranean fleet. Gozo (5 miles to north-west) is a fertile island, but with few inhabitants.

THE CHANNEL or NORMAN ISLES—A group in St. Michael's Bay, off Normandy. Jersey the largest. Belonging to Britain since the Norman Conquest. Valued for cheap living and healthy climate. Officially attached to the English county of Hampshire.

MAN or MONA—An island in the Irish Sea. Taken by Alexander III. of Scotland from the Norwegians in 1270; surrendered to Edward I. in 1289; became the property of the Dukes of Athol in 1735 by inheritance;

finally purchased by Britain in 1825. Ruled by officials who are aided by the House of Keys, consisting of 24 chief commoners.

HELGOLAND, a small island 40 miles north-west from the mouth of the Elbe. Was held by Great Britain from 1814 till 1890, when it was ceded to Germany.

ASIATIC.

ADEN—A town in south-west of Arabia. Taken by the British in 1839. Steamers between Bombay and Suez stop there for coal, etc. Fine harbour—safe anchorage.

CEYLON—An oval island (270 miles by 145) lying south-east of Hindostan. It has always been a Crown colony. It was occupied by the Portuguese in the sixteenth century; then by the Dutch, from whom Great Britain took the coasts about 1796. It produces coffee, sugar, rice, pepper, teak, cinnamon, and gems, especially pearls.

INDIA—Hindostan, and the provinces of Assam and Burma beyond the Ganges, now form one dependency under the Viceroy or Governor-General of India. For administrative purposes the Indian Empire is divided into eleven provinces, each governed by a governor, a lieutenant-governor, or a commissioner—namely, the Punjab, the North-West Province, Oudh, Bengal, Assam, Burma, the Central Province, Bombay and Sindh, Madras, Mysore, and Berar; two states directly under the government of India—Ajmeer and Coorg; and 154 feudatory states, ruled by native chiefs, with the help of political agents representing the viceroy. The chief events in the history of British India are:—Charter granted by Elizabeth in 1600—Settlement at Madras, 1639—Bombay acquired by marriage of Charles II. to Catherine of Portugal, 1662—Fort-William, Calcutta, erected 1698—Surajah Dowlah of Bengal takes Calcutta in 1756—Clive recovers Calcutta, and wins battle of Plassey, 1757—Warren Hastings made governor-general in 1773—His wars with Hyder Ali and Tippoo Saib of Mysore—Fall of Seringapatam and death of Tippoo in 1799—Overthrow of the Mahrattas at Assaye by Major-General Wellesley, afterwards Duke of Wellington, September 24, 1803—Afghan War (1839-1842)—Sindh annexed, 1843—The Punjab conquered, 1849—Oudh annexed, 1856—Indian Mutiny, 1857—East India Company ceased to rule the Indian Empire, November 1, 1858. India is rich in all tropical produce; and its possession gives Great Britain weight among the nations.

HONG-KONG—A small island (8 miles long) at the mouth of the Canton river. It is 75 miles from Canton. Ceded by the Chinese in 1842. Occupied chiefly by British traders in tea, silk, and opium.

THE STRAIT SETTLEMENTS:—(1.) Penang (16 miles by 8)—an island in the north entrance of the Malacca Strait. Takes the name from *betel-nut*.

Capital, *Georgetown*. Rich in spices. Purchased from Quedah in 1786. (2.) Province Wellesley—on west side of Malaya—separated by a strait from Penang, with which it was acquired. Produces sugar-cane. (3.) Malacca—on the strait of same name—transferred by Dutch to Britain in 1824. (4.) Singapore—an island (25 miles by 15) off the south point of the Malay Peninsula. Purchased in 1824 from the Sultan of Jahore. (5.) The Dindings—islands in the Strait.

LABUAN—An island (10 miles by 5) off the north-west of Borneo—ceded by the Sultan in 1846.

CYPRUS—An island in the Levant. Belongs to Turkey; but administered by Great Britain since 1878.

OTHER DEPENDENCIES IN ASIA—Perim and Mosha, small islands at entrance to Red Sea, subject to Aden. Andaman and Nicobar Islands, in Bay of Bengal, subject to Viceroy of India. Andamans have Indian penal settlement, where Lord Mayo was assassinated in 1872. North Borneo, part of Borneo Island. Kuria Muria Islands, off south-east coast of Arabia. Kamaran Island, in Red Sea. Keeling Islands (or Cocos), in Indian Ocean, subject to Ceylon. Socotra, off Cape Guardafui, subject to Bombay.

OCEANIAN.

AUSTRALIA—The largest island in the world. Probably first discovered by the Dutch in 1606. Called New Holland by Dutch settlers. Its coast was traced by the British navigators Cook, Furneaux, Bligh, Bass, and Flinders. At Botany Bay, discovered by Cook in 1770, and so called from its beautiful flowers, a penal colony was formed by Britain in 1788. The settlement was called New South Wales; and its capital, *Sydney*, was built on Port Jackson. In 1829 West Australia was colonized—capital, *Perth*: in 1834 South Australia—capital, *Adelaide*: in 1837 Victoria—capital, *Melbourne*, on Port Philip: in 1838 North Australia—capital, *Victoria*: in 1859 Queensland—capital, *Brisbane*. In 1851 gold was discovered, and a great rush of emigration took place. Chief productions are wool, gold, tallow, and train oil.

TASMANIA—An island nearly as large as Ireland, south of Australia. Discovered by Tasman, a Dutch sailor, in 1642—called by him Van Diemen's Land in honour of the Governor of Batavia—now called Tasmania from the discoverer. Found in 1798 to be an island by Bass, who gave his name to the strait. Regularly occupied by the British in 1803 as a penal colony; declared independent of New South Wales in 1825, and placed under a lieutenant-governor and council. Capital, *Hobart*, on the Derwent. Productions similar to those of Australia. Norfolk Island, 900 miles to the east of Australia, is under the Government of Tasmania, and used to be only a penal colony.

NEW ZEALAND—Two large islands, North Island, and South Island, and a small one, Stewart Island, to the south-east of Australia. Capital, *Wellington*, in North Island. Colonized in the present century by the New Zealand Company; recognized as a British colony in 1842. Enjoys a very temperate climate; has coal, native flax, and some gold. The natives, called *Maories*, are bold and warlike.

OTHER DEPENDENCIES IN OCEANIA—*Fiji Islands*, in the South Pacific—capital, *Sura*. *Rotumah*, north of Fiji, and subject to it. *Auckland*, south of New Zealand. *Lord Howe Island*, north-east from Sydney. *Starbuck* and *Caroline*, *Fanning* and *Malden*, *Ellice* and *Kermadec Islands*, all in Pacific. *New Guinea*, the south-eastern part of the island.

AFRICAN.

GAMBIA—At the mouth of the river of that name—chief station, *Bathurst*—originally founded in 1631 as a place for trading in negro slaves. Chief productions, palm-oil, gold-dust, and gum.

SIERRA LEONE—The basin of the Rokelle on western coast of Africa. Means "Mountain of the Lion." Colonized by freed negroes in 1787. So unhealthy that it is called "The white man's grave."

GOLD COAST—A portion of the Guinea Coast. Produces gold, ivory, and palm-oil. Taken from the Dutch in 1661. Troubled by the warfare of the Ashantees.

LAGOS—A portion of the Slave Coast, east of the Gold Coast. A British possession since 1861; held in order to keep down the slave-trade.

ST. HELENA—A rocky island (10 miles by 7) in the South Atlantic. Discovered by the Portuguese in 1502; occupied by the Dutch (1645-51); then taken by the British. Famous as the prison of Napoleon from 1815 to 1821: his grave till 1840. A station for ships sailing to India.

ASCENSION—A small volcanic island half-way between Brazil and Guinea. Turtles taken there in abundance. Useful as an outlying station of our empire. Occupied in 1815.

CAPE COLONY—The southern extremity of Africa. Orange River the northern boundary. Discovered by Bartholomew Diaz in 1487, but he could not land—named Cape of Good Hope by John II. of Portugal, in hope of better fortune next voyage. Doubled by Vasco di Gama in 1497—colonized by the Dutch in 1652, and held by them for 150 years. Taken from the Dutch by the British in 1795, but restored at the treaty of Amiens—recaptured from the Dutch, who were then allied with France, in January 1806, by Sir David Baird and Sir Home Popham. Capital, *Cape Town*, under Table Mountain. The Cape is the maritime key to India and the East. Produces wool, wheat, and wine; beautiful flowers, especially heaths.

NATAL (so called from the coast being discovered on Christmas-day) is

outside the bounds of Cape Colony, and was established in 1824, and fully recognized in 1845.

MAURITIUS—An island 500 miles east of Madagascar. Capital, *Port Louis*. Discovered by the Portuguese in 1507, and by them called Cernè. Abandoned. Taken by the Dutch in 1598, and called *Mauritius* in honour of the Prince of Orange. Again abandoned. Colonized by the French in 1715: they called it *Isle of France*. Powerful under Labourdonnais (1734). Taken from France by British ships in 1810. A naval station on the sea-road to India: exports sugar, cotton, ebony, indigo.

Two groups of islets north of Madagascar—the Seychelles and the Amirante Islands: were taken from France in 1794. They have a fine climate, safe harbours, and produce spices. Rodriguez and the Chagos group also belong to Britain.

BRITISH BECHUANALAND—North of Cape Colony to the Molopo River, between the Transvaal and Kalahari. The region annexed in 1885 extends to 184,500 square miles.

The rest of Bechuanaland, extending northward to the Zambesi, is the region of the British South African Company, under imperial protection. The region between the Zambesi and the Stevenson Road (from Lake Nyassa to Tanganyika) is in the hands of the African Lakes Company (1890).

BRITISH EAST AFRICA—The country from the Usuba River to the Juba River, and northward to the Somali country; and westward from the Juba River and the coast to the Congo Free State. It is chiefly in the hands of the Imperial British East African Company (1890).

ZANZIBAR, PEMBA, and MAFIA—Islands off the east coast, now under British protectorate (1890). They are very fertile. The town of Zanzibar has a population of 100,000, and is the emporium of extensive trade.

OTHER DEPENDENCIES IN AFRICA—*Basuto Land, Zulu Land*, in South Africa. *The Transvaal* is under British suzerainty. *The Niger River Districts* are under British protectorate. *Walvisch Bay*, on south-west coast, was incorporated with Cape Colony in 1884. *Tristan d'Acunha*, an island in the South Atlantic. *New Amsterdam* and *St. Paul Islands*, between Cape Colony and Australia.

NORTH AMERICAN.

THE DOMINION OF CANADA—Constituted in 1867, by the union of Quebec (Lower Canada), Ontario (Upper Canada), Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick. It now includes all the North American provinces except Newfoundland.

1. **Quebec**—Watered by the St. Lawrence. Discovered by Cabot in 1497. Jacques Cartier, a French admiral, sailed up the St. Lawrence in 1535. Taken by the British in 1759. Called Lower Canada from 1791 till 1867. Chief towns, *Quebec* and *Montreal*, on the St. Lawrence.

2. **Ontario**—Separated from Quebec by the river Ottawa. The first British

settlers were refugees from the States at the time of the Revolutionary War, who preferred to remain under British institutions. The province was called Upper Canada from 1791 till 1867. Chief town, *Ottawa*, which is also capital of the Dominion.

3. **Nova Scotia**—A peninsula south of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Discovered by Cabot in 1497. The French (1605) called the colony *Acadie*. Called Nova Scotia by Sir William Alexander in 1621. Finally ceded to Britain by the treaty of Utrecht in 1713. The first permanent British settlement was formed at *Halifax*, the capital, in 1749. Incorporated with Nova Scotia is the island of Cape Breton.

4. **New Brunswick**—On the mainland south of the St. Lawrence, and connected with Nova Scotia by an isthmus. First colonized by the British about 1760; made a separate province in 1784. Capital, *Fredericton*, on St. John River.

5. **Manitoba**—A rectangular area west of Ontario. Organized in 1870. Formerly called *Selkirk Settlement* and *Red River Settlement*.

6. **British Columbia**—Between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific. Until 1858 it was a part of the Hudson Bay Territory. Then the discovery of gold attracted crowds of miners, and the country was organized as a British province. It was admitted into the Dominion in 1871. Capital, *New Westminster*. British Columbia includes Vancouver Island, the capital of which is *Victoria*.

7. **Prince Edward Island**—In the Gulf of St. Lawrence, north of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. Partially colonized by the French under the name of St. John's Island. Ceded to Britain in 1763. Until 1770 it was attached to the Government of Nova Scotia. Then it became a separate province. It joined the Dominion in 1873. Capital, *Charlottetown*.

8. **The Territories**—These are the *North-west Territory*; four districts, between Manitoba and Columbia—namely, *Assiniboia*, *Saskatchewan*, *Alberta*, and *Athabasca*; *Kewatin*, west of Hudson Bay; the *Northern* and *North-eastern Territories*, south and east of Hudson Bay. All these territories originally belonged to the Hudson Bay Company. The company received Rupert Land from Charles II. in 1670. In 1785 a rival company was established, called *The North Fur Company*. In 1821 the two companies were united. The whole was ceded to the Dominion of Canada in 1870, the company receiving 1½ million dollars, retaining liberty to trade, and certain other privileges.

NEWFOUNDLAND—A large island at the entrance of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Supposed to have been discovered by an Icelander in 1001. Visited by Cabot in 1497. Taken possession of by the British in 1583. The sovereignty of Great Britain was acknowledged in the treaty of Utrecht in 1713. Attached to the Government of Nova Scotia till 1728. Separate colonial legislature instituted in 1832. The small islands of Miquelon, St. Pierre,

and Langley, on the south, still belong to France. At St. Pierre is the terminus of the French Atlantic Cable. The coast of Labrador is attached to the Government of Newfoundland. Capital, *St. John's*.

BERMUDAS—Also called Somers Islands—in the Atlantic, 600 miles east of Cape Hatteras. Discovered in 1515, and acquired in 1609. They are healthy, picturesque, and fertile.

HONDURAS—On eastern side of Yucatan, with a coast line of 270 miles. Discovered by Columbus in 1502. Ceded to Britain in 1763. Governed by a superintendent, who is subordinate to the Governor of Jamaica. Valuable for its forests of logwood and mahogany. Capital, *Belize*.

SOUTH AMERICAN.

TRINIDAD (Spanish for Trinity)—Off mouth of Orinoco. Discovered by Columbus in 1498. Colonized by Spaniards in 1588. Attacked by Raleigh in 1595. Taken by Britain in 1797. Contains mud volcanoes and a lake of pitch. Tropical produce.

BRITISH GUIANA—In north-east of South America. Colonized by the Dutch in 1613. Seized by French in 1783. Taken from the Dutch in 1803. Insurrection of slaves 1823. Settlements on the rivers Berbice, Demerara, and Essequibo, united 1831. Tropical produce, chiefly sugar and coffee. Capital, *Georgetown*.

FALKLAND ISLANDS—Rocky islands 300 miles east of Patagonia. Discovered by Hawkins in 1594. Taken possession of for George III. by Byron in 1765. Claimed by Spain, but afterwards ceded to Britain. Chief value, their fine harbours, especially in East Falkland. *South Georgia*, south-east of the Falklands, is uninhabited.

WEST INDIAN.

JAMAICA, or Xaymaca (Indian for plenty of wood and water)—Discovered by Columbus in 1494. Taken from Spain by General Venables and Admiral Penn in 1655. Staple commodities, sugar and rum; produces tropical plants; fine cabinet woods. Chief towns, *Spanish Town* and *Kingston*. Caicos and Turks and Cayman Islands are dependencies of Jamaica.

WINDWARD and LEEWARD ISLANDS—The Windwards include—*Tobago*, taken from the French in 1793; *Grenada* and *St. Vincent*, taken from the same in 1762; *Barbadoes*, colonized by Sir William Courteen in 1625; and *St. Lucia*, taken from France in 1803. The Leewards include—*Dominica*, taken from France in 1783; *Montserrat*, colonized with *Antigua* and *Barbuda* in 1632, and *St. Kitts* in 1623, and *Neris* in 1628; *Anguilla*, colonized in 1650, and the *Virgin Islands* in 1666.

BAHAMAS—One of which, San Salvador, was the first American land seen by Columbus—were occupied by the British in 1629.

3. SUMMARY OF RECENT EVENTS.

1888. A Local Government Act for England and Wales was passed, establishing County Councils, three-fourths of the members of which are elected and one-fourth selected. To these councils were transferred the administrative and financial powers of the county justices.

— Under the direction of the chief secretary (Mr. A. J. Balfour), the Crimes Act was stringently administered in Ireland. The number of outrages and agrarian crimes decreased; but the imprisonment of Nationalist speakers and newspaper writers continued, and complaints were made of their treatment in prison.

— Lord Lansdowne succeeded Lord Dufferin as Viceroy of India.

— The House of Commons adopted new rules of procedure for the conduct of its business. A select committee had reported on the subject in 1886, and a new rule for the closure of debate was passed in 1887, enabling any member (without the Speaker's initiative) to move "that the question be now put;" but at least 100 must vote in the majority. Other new rules now adopted related to the hours of meeting, disorderly conduct, and standing committees.

— The *Times* newspaper having accused Mr. Parnell and other Irish members of being accessory to crimes and outrages, a special commission was appointed by Parliament to try the case.

— Lord Ashbourne's Irish Holdings Act was passed to advance money to enable tenants to buy their holdings.

1889. A Local Government Act for Scotland was passed, establishing elective County Councils, and granting Scotland's portion of the probate duty in relief of fees in elementary schools. A new Universities Act for Scotland, appointing an executive commission, was also passed.

— Mr. H. M. Stanley reached the east coast of Africa along with Emin Pasha, whom he had gone to relieve at Wadelai, on Lake Albert Nyanza. Stanley started from the west coast in 1887, and travelled inland by the basin of the Congo.

1890. The special commission of 1888 delivered its Report. The letters, the publication of which originated the charges, were declared to be forgeries. Certain specific charges brought against Mr. Parnell were held not to have been proved; but he and others were found to have countenanced intimidation which led to crime, and to have conspired against landlords.

— The British Government made an agreement with the German Government, by which their respective spheres of influence were defined. Heligoland was ceded to Germany, and the protectorate of Zanzibar was granted to Great Britain.

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